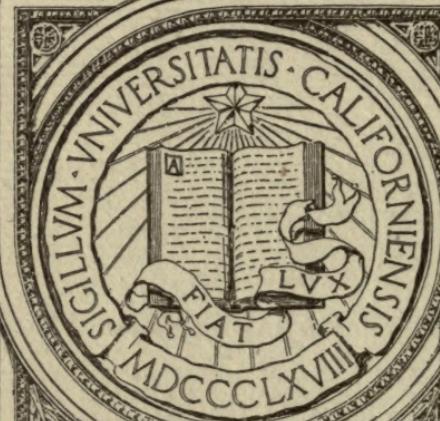


THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN QUINTON

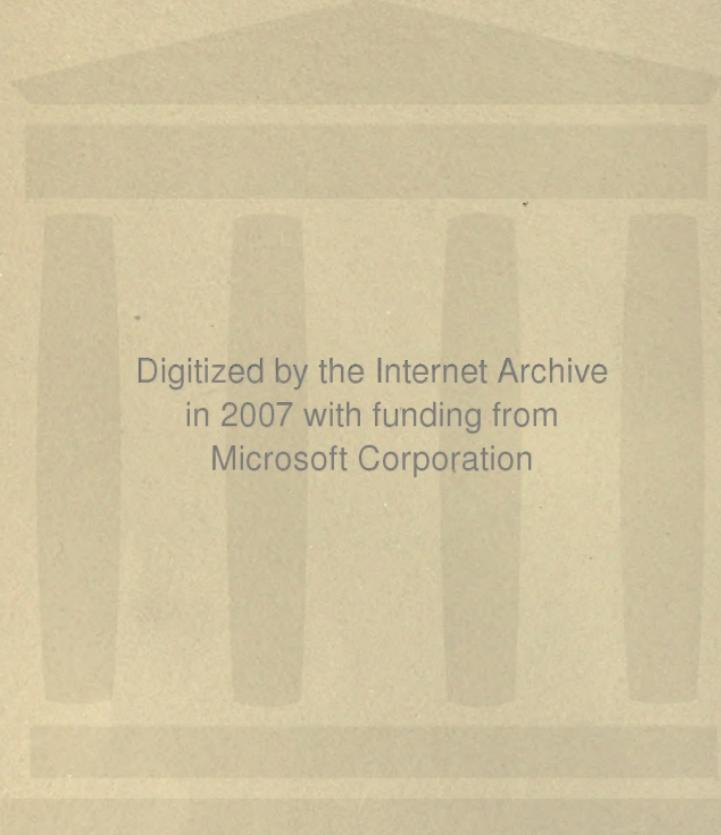


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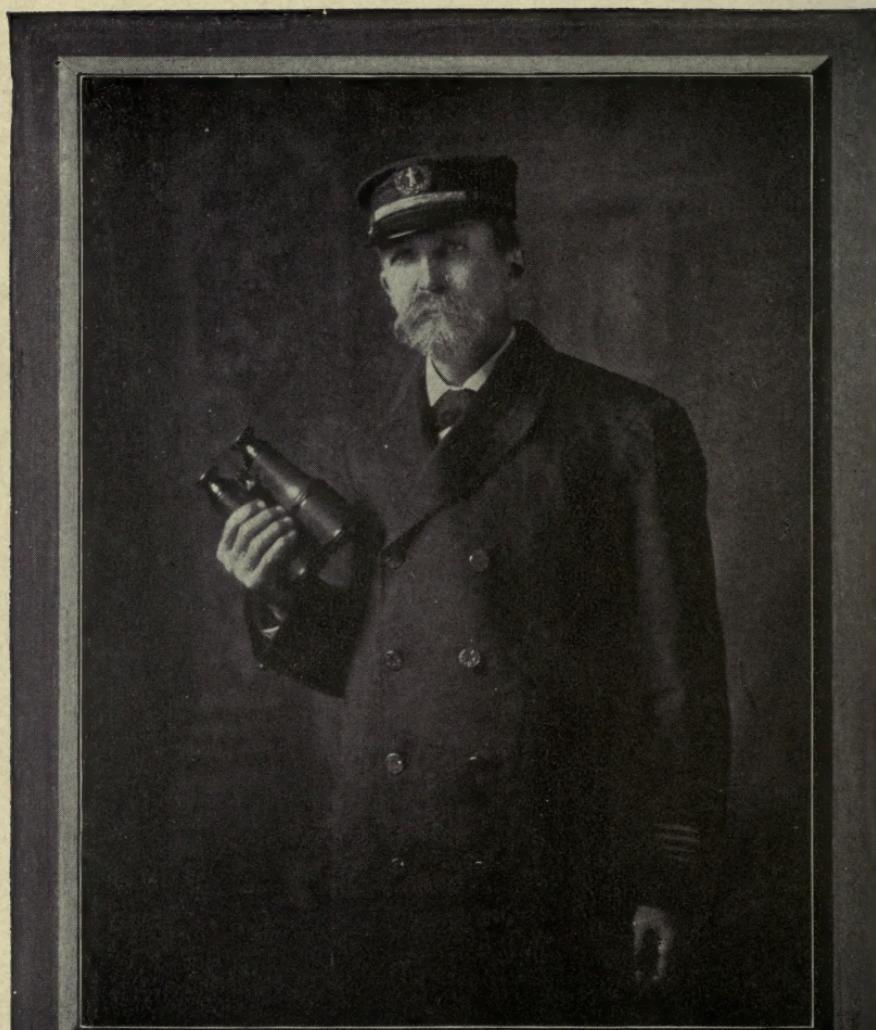


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Robert Quinton

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN QUINTON

Being a Truthful Record of the Experiences and
Escapes of Robert Quinton during his Life
Among the Cannibals of the South Seas

AS SET DOWN BY HIMSELF



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FOREWORD

In 1690, Daniel Defoe, who had never been out of England, sat him down, and from the depths of his imagination evolved Robinson Crusoe, a book that will probably remain forever enshrined in the hearts of adventure-loving mankind.

In 1912, Robert Quinton, who had traveled the world over, sat him down, and, without drawing on his imagination at all, wrote a history of his experiences in the Crusoe seas that is entitled to be placed beside the more famous book.

Much has been written of the South Seas, but "The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton" is one of the most compelling records of a life spent for the most part under the equator that has yet been written. It reveals a new world of adventure that is amazing to contemplate. Stanley, Livingston and Peary all together could not have had so many thrilling moments, so many escapes from death as had this unassuming sailor-man whose simple and convincing story is as the essence of truth.

Open the book at any place, and you will find him encountering one or more of innumerable perils—canoeing on a boiling lake; escaping under a shower of poisoned arrows; battling with cannibals; racing through the tropical night in a launch, pursued by crocodiles; imprisoned in a ship's cabin by a horde of monster devilfish; spending the night in a tree with a leopard; battling hand to hand with head hunters; being pursued by angry monkeys; running a gauntlet of war canoes.

These are sanguinary experiences which must be read with bated breath, yet they are not more thrilling in their way than are the exquisite descriptions of treasure-chambers in caves lurid and beautiful as a dream of Arabian Nights; of a wave dance in which tribes of cannibals with an uncanny sense of beauty and rhythm represent with their bodies the ocean dashing high on imaginary coral reefs; of a silvery night spent in tropical tree tops in order to witness the stately dawn-dance of birds of paradise. The very multiplicity of incident is overpowering, but it must be remembered that the experiences of over thirty years are crowded into this book.

Assuredly Captain Quinton's truth is stranger than any fiction possibly could be, and the spirit of the South Seas is in it.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton

CHAPTER I

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

From my boyhood I had always had a strong desire to visit Australia, that far-off land of which at that time we knew so little. The stories which, from time to time, I had heard told of this vast continent, and of the countless islands scattered over the broad Pacific, only increased my longing to penetrate the great unexplored territory inhabited by head-hunting and cannibalistic black men, beasts and fish hitherto unknown, filled with rare flowers, and birds whose beauty and song could not be matched elsewhere.

**I Ship
for a
Far-off Land.**

Scarcely more than a boy, I happened one day down into South Street, New York, that once famous docking place for sailing clippers engaged in far eastern foreign trade, and came upon a British bark displaying a sign that read:

KANGAROO LINE FOR AUSTRALIA

Promptly climbing on board the bark, which was named the *Thames*, I sought the captain and asked for a chance to ship as one of the crew. As a youngster I had gained some little experience of sea life, which stood me in good stead, and after the usual preliminaries were gone through with it was with no little satisfaction that I found myself upon the ship's articles for a voyage to the land of my dreams.

Within a week's time we bade good-by to New York, which I, for one, was not to see again for many years, and were towed down the harbor and out into the open sea. We soon encountered heavy weather, which lasted several days; then the seas went down and the *Thames* made good time under her great stretch of canvas. Nothing very worthy of note occurred until we were passing the West Indies, and here the night dews were so heavy that the water dripped from our sails like rain.

The first land we sighted was Fernando de Noronha in latitude $3^{\circ} 50'$ S., longitude $32^{\circ} 25'$ W., or about seventy leagues from Cape St. Roque off the Brazilian coast. The most prominent characteristic of Fernando de Noronha is the famous Campanario or Belfry, a rock rising to the height of a thousand feet and so peculiarly formed that the summit far overhangs the base. Shortly after passing it we ran into a "pampero," one of the frightful storms for which this coast is famous, and were driven back within sight of Pernambuco, a matter of a hundred miles or more. But the weather soon cleared and we witnessed those nights of matchless tropical splendor when the phosphorescent effects of the ocean are weird and beautiful beyond dreams.

Like the
Golden
Streets of the
New
Jerusalem.

Far as the eye can see, the water appears like one vast sheet of molten silver, the dazzling splendor of which eclipses the starry radiance of the brilliant tropical sky overhead. The wake of the vessel may be clearly traced for miles astern in a glittering pathway of shimmering white water barred with brilliant orange, and golden greenish lights beautiful enough to be the apocalyptic vision of the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Porpoises dart like lightning through the waves; a whale at play will perhaps leap clear of the water, falling back with a splash and churning the sea into a glittering mass of foam, for all the world like an

10 VOLUME
ADVENTURES

ocean of fire; a water-spout may go whirling past, towering aloft a pillar of flame in the sunset glow, and the beholder stands awed before the glory of God.

But we soon ran out of the region of fine nights, and kept away to $47^{\circ} 28' S.$, partly in order to avoid the strong current which sets toward the westward around the Cape of Good Hope, and partly to catch the strong winds which blow forever from the westward clear round the globe in the latitude of the "roaring forties." In this wild southern ocean the waves sweep clear around the world unobstructed by land, and here they attain a maximum height of forty feet and average nearly fifteen hundred feet in length. On August 9 we sighted Kangaroo Island, and next day towed into Port Adelaide, seven and a half miles from the city of Adelaide in South Australia.

We had brought a general cargo from New York, and after discharging it we loaded wheat and sailed for Sydney, New South Wales, which we reached after experiencing the usual dirty weather in Bass Strait. Approaching Sydney Heads ships appear to be sailing head on to a wall of solid rock, rising to a height of 300 feet and apparently without a break. It is not surprising that Captain Cook, most careful and observing of navigators, sailed past it without even discovering the entrance.

A little way south of the entrance is a depression in the wall, called "The Gap." A large English emigrant ship named the *Dunbarton* was caught in a terrific easterly gale just outside the "Heads" some fifty years ago on a dark night and, instead of standing off till morning, as he should have done, the captain determined to run in; mistaking "The Gap" for the entrance, he ran his ship on the rocks. Only one man out of the several hundred passengers and crew was saved.

As the vessel approaches, the rocky wall seems gradually to open up and reveals the most beautiful bay in the world,

with the possible exception of Avatcha Bay in Kamchatka. This magnificent harbor was discovered by Captain Arthur Phillip, who was sent by the British Government to found a penal colony here after the close of the Revolutionary War, when the English had lost the American colonies and found they could transport no more convicts to the plantations in the Southern States of America. Captain Phillip first landed at Botany Bay, but shortly after, on January 26, 1788, he founded Sydney.

In the center of the harbor is a small fort of gray stone, called Fort Pinchgut, though the authorities have recently changed this name to Fort Donelson. In convict days prisoners obnoxious to the authorities were confined here and actually starved to death.

**The
Australian
Bushranger.**

To the terrible ill-treatment of the native convicts by the British was due the Australian bushranger. Many people wrongly imagine that all bushrangers were desperate highwaymen and murderers. This is not so. The name was applied to all convicts who, at this time, escaped from prison and torture and took to the bush. Many of them died of starvation; others gave themselves up and were cruelly flogged for escaping; some joined tribes of native blacks and lived and died among them; still others supported themselves by rude farming far from civilization or became petty thieves or bold highwaymen. Some of the most desperate of them, who had been unjustly convicted and were so brutalized by abuse that they regarded the whole human race as their enemies, systematically robbed and murdered wherever they went.

A fair sample of this character of bushranger is the case of the renowned Martin Cash, most celebrated outlaw in the history of Australia. Cash, who was a free settler or emigrant (not a convict), was what is called in the colonies a "carrier," that is, a teamster employing from one to any number of teams

carrying all kinds of merchandise between small bush towns where there is no railroad. Mrs. Cash, his wife, lived with the wife of the governor as cook, and, from all accounts, the governor and his wife were modern types of the ancient Ahab and Jezebel.

The
Story of
Martin Cash.

The governor himself was bad enough, but his wife far outdistanced him in cruelty and was constantly urging her husband to practice greater severity upon the prisoners. She was taken ill one morning just as Cash was about to start on a journey with his team, so he stepped into the kitchen of the governor's house and quite complacently cooked some breakfast there for his wife. The wife of the governor was very angry at this; but cunningly dissembling her wrath, she smilingly asked Cash to deliver a note for her at the jail on his way to town. The letter was stamped with the governor's seal and was an order to the authorities "to flog and imprison the bearer of it for impertinence and robbery." Cash was accordingly given a terrible flogging and sentenced to several years' imprisonment. When his term was served and he was finally released he found that his wife had died several years before, and the property which he had acquired by his own industry had been confiscated. He was penniless, branded as a criminal, and subject to police supervision. Sufficient to add, he took to the bush and became leader of the worst class of Australian desperadoes.

As I was desirous of seeing the smaller South Sea Islands, I left the *Thames* at Sydney and shipped in the bark *Nardoo*, of Melbourne, carrying coal from Newcastle to Port Chalmers, in the southern part of New Zealand. It was the beginning of summer (about the end of our November), the weather was chilly and it rained nearly every day during the six weeks we lay off Lyttelton, a beautiful town on a slope between high hills and the bay.

The amount of shell-fish which the natives can procure at this place by simply digging in the sand is beyond belief, and the very hills are covered with small sea-shells as though they had once been the bottom of the ocean. It is interesting in this connection to note that in 1847 the hulk of an ancient ship was found 650 feet inland from the village of Lyttelton, and far above high-water mark. The main harbor is divided into several small bays. The one in which we first anchored bears the Maori name Kaitangata, which interpreted means, Lord of loving kindness.

A Strange Maori Legend. Kaitangata's servants built a very beautiful house for him and his father Rehua (the Maori name for the star Sirius) in the tenth heaven, but one of the beams, being badly fitted, fell upon Kaitangata's head and killed him. The Maoris believe that his blood stains the sky red at dawn and evening, and they speak of a red sunset as Te Rangitoto (the Sky of Blood).

The Maoris, who possessed considerable knowledge of astronomy, believed that the gods were constantly creating new worlds in the far distant realms of stellar space beyond the Milky Way, and as each new world was completed it took flight to the place assigned to it in the universe. Following this law Rehua suddenly burst in splendor through the southern sky beside the Southern Cross when passing from the place of his creation to the place which he now adorns to the eastward of Orion.

The place where Rehua burst through the sky still remains the strange black spot in the Magellan Clouds, commonly known as the "Coal Sack," which is always so conspicuous below the Southern Cross when all the rest of the southern sky is perfectly clear and cloudless. Even the most casual observer cannot fail to notice this phenomenon as it appears in the lonely night watches of the sea. It is really a vast

space in the stellar system in which there is not even an atom of stellar dust to shed a single flicker of luminosity.

Returning to Newcastle, we took a cargo of coal back to Lyttelton, which is also on the eastern coast of New Zealand, but farther north, so the climate is considerably warmer than Port Chalmers. Lyttelton is a fine town situated on a gentle slope between the hills and the bay; a walk to the top of the hills behind the city affords some of the views for which New Zealand is justly famous. On the one hand, the thriving city of Christchurch stands in the beautiful Canterbury Plains, which are many miles of fertile land devoted to wheat-growing and sheep-farming. On the other spread the dark blue waters of the vast Pacific. On the top of the hills, I noticed, the ground abounded with small sea-shells, as though it had once formed part of the bed of the ocean.

**The Extinct
Moa.**

One of the most interesting exhibits in the large Museum at Christchurch is the remains of a moa, an enormous bird which once roamed the New Zealand forests but is now extinct. The skeleton is over sixteen feet

high, its legs are as long and as strong as those of a camel, measuring more than a yard in length and more than twelve inches in circumference. The feet and toes appear to have been as strong as those of a tiger and were well adapted to the work of digging up fern roots, the principal article of food upon which the moa lived. While it is surmised that this giant feathered tribe was in existence in New Zealand when Captain Cook visited these waters, there is no record of the time when the species last appeared, beyond a Maori tradition to the effect that the last living moa was killed many years ago in the Poverty Bay district, on North Island.

Tradition also says that its habit was to sleep standing on one foot with its beak turned to the wind. Its extermination is probably due to the desirability of its flesh as an article

of food and to the beauty of its plumage, which was of regal splendor. The moa was such a desperate fighter that it was considered an act of great prowess and honor even to have taken part in the killing of one, since a moa in the vicinity usually meant the death of several natives. The moa, strange to say, was closely related to the tiny kiwi bird, still so plentiful in the New Zealand bush.

I often walked a couple of miles inland to a Maori village from which many inhabitants used to come down to Lyttelton in two large canoes on certain afternoons and perform their hideous and savage war-dances.

**My First
Glimpse
of Death.**

Shortly after clearing Cook's Strait on our return voyage to Newcastle, we were caught one night in a "southerly buster" during the middle watch (12 to 4 A. M.). It came up suddenly from the southward and blew with hurricane violence. A fellow from Denmark and I went up one breezy night to furl the foretopgallant sail, and as he was shorter than I, I told him I would pick up the weather leech while he unbent the gasket and stood by to reeve it as soon as I got the sail on the yard. I had managed to get half the sail in place, when suddenly the vessel luffed up in the wind, the sheet tore away instantly from me and filled aback like a balloon. There were no beackets to hold fast to, and the jackstay was so close to the yard that it was impossible to get my fingers around it or I might easily have hung by my hands underneath the yard and allowed the sail to fly over my head. But I could only crook my fingers over the jackstay, and as the sail flapped violently against my face and breast, tending to force me backward off the yard, I held on for dear life until the muscles in my back and shoulders burned like fire. In spite of all my efforts to hold on I felt my grip failing, and it presently occurred to me that there was no escape. I was bound to be killed.

I believe it is an established fact that no one is afraid when he feels death to be inevitable. However that may be, all at once a most intense curiosity about the other world came over me. In a few moments I should be there and see it for myself, thought I, and then I wondered whether any of the other men on the ship would be killed and whether we would be in heaven together or would I find myself there alone.

While these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, I was suddenly thrown backward off the yard, and the wind, dead ahead, carried me aft. Throwing out my arms as I came down I caught on a craneline between the shrouds and backstays and, as I pulled myself up onto the yard again, the Dane was holding fast to the lift and staring straight into the darkness at the place in the water where he supposed I had disappeared. When he saw me on the yard again he started so violently that he nearly fell overboard, and he afterward told me that he was sure I was drowned and imagined he saw my ghost alongside him. In the meantime, the captain, who was at the wheel, kept the ship off a couple of points and we had no further difficulty furling sail.

Soon after this I shipped in the schooner *Hinemoa*, which set out for Auckland, on the northeast coast of the North Island. Auckland is situated on the south side of

Waitemata Harbor, a beautiful expanse of water opening into Hauraki Gulf, and the town and harbor present one of the most beautiful scenes in the world, especially when viewed from the top of Mount Eden, an extinct volcano 700 feet high and situated between Auckland and Manukau Harbor. All around may be seen the craters of extinct volcanoes, three of them within a radius of five miles. Majestic Rangitoto, with its triple cone, is at the entrance to the harbor. Far out to sea on a clear day can be distinctly

A Sea
of Extinct
Volcanoes.

traced the bold outlines of Great Barrier Island, sixty miles away.

The charm of Auckland lies in its picturesque bays and islands and beautiful emerald green surroundings, including the sixteen extinct volcanoes that encircle the town, each of which is covered with grass to the summit. The verdure is almost tropical. The rainfall averages thirty-nine inches, and, although the temperature rarely rises above 80 in the shade, the climate is delightfully warm. The rich volcanic soil, humid atmosphere, and warm sunshine combine to produce an abundance of fruit and flowers. Every hillside is covered with suburban villas, half hidden among trees and flowers and vines. The thrushes, larks, vireos, and other song-birds imported from Europe have multiplied in the congenial climate, and their entrancing music fills the air and greets the traveler everywhere. Almost every spot in this beautiful country is associated with romantic Maori legends, in which fierce battles and cannibal feasts hold a prominent place.

Waitemata Harbor takes its name from the Maoris in commemoration of a bloody battle which took place on its waters between a large fleet of war-canoes belonging to the Nga Puhi tribe, under command of the celebrated chief Hongi, and a rival belonging to the Nga Timaru tribe of the Auckland district. So many men were killed in this battle that the Maoris commemorated it by naming the beautiful bay on which the conflict took place Wai-temata (Waters of Affliction).

In those days the narrow peninsula upon which Auckland now stands was a very difficult and dangerous place to hold, because it formed the boundary line between the fierce Nga Puhi tribe on the north and the warlike Waikato tribe on the south, and was constantly raided by both parties during the desolating wars which these savage antagonists waged. Mount Eden itself was a famous stronghold and the remains

of the terraced fortifications of the Maori warriors are plainly visible on its sides. In days gone by, the Maoris regarded fighting as the main object of their existence; but since there has been a stop put to their incessant warring their chief amusement is in canoe races, deep sea fishing, and war-dances.

CHAPTER II

AMONG THE MAORIS

During the year and a half which I spent around the coast of New Zealand, I was almost constantly in touch with the Maoris and learned many interesting things about this splendid race, which belongs to the same Polynesian stock as the Tongans, Samoans, Hawaiians, and Tahitians. These branches all show their descent from a common ancestor, by similarity of features, manners, customs, legends, traditions, and language.

**The
Splendid
Maoris.**

One of the first characteristics which strike the observer among the Maoris is that unquestionably they are a mixed race; the chiefs, for example, are an entirely different type from the common people. All the various branches of the Polynesians believe that their chiefs have immortal souls, while the common people, in their opinion, have no souls at all. In explanation of this, they declare their chiefs to be lineal descendants of a divine race that came from a sacred land far away toward the setting sun, to which their souls return after death. The common people, they believe, are descendants of the slaves whom the chiefs brought with them or conquered in New Guinea, Rongerupe, Rangitahuahua, and other islands where they stopped on the way from their original home, which they claim was submerged during a terrific cataclysm which changed the entire face of the Pacific.

Now, singularly enough, Professor Agassiz, after careful investigation during a six months' cruise in the U. S. Fish Commission steamer *Albatross*, proved to his own satisfac-

tion that a veritable sunken continent lies almost due west of South America and covers an area of 200,000 square miles. The eastern edge of this continent begins about 600 miles from the west coast of South America and extends north from the Galapagos Islands to a little south of Easter Island. Its western verge is believed to extend nearly to the eastern Paumotu Islands. This would place it exactly in that part of the Pacific Ocean covered by the Maori legend.

According to the same ancient traditions, the ancestors of the Maoris were at war, as usual, when a Tohunga, priest and general wise man, named Te Kupe incurred the displeasure of the ruling chief and was compelled to escape for his life. With a few attendants he sailed away in a canoe, landing in a bay between Taranaki and Wanganui, on the southwest coast of the most northerly island of New Zealand. About a year later he returned and gave such glowing accounts of the wonderful new country which he had discovered, abounding in huge forests, burning mountains, steaming lakes, fertile fields, and gigantic animals and birds, that he caused intense excitement among his people. The chiefs promptly felled great trees out of which they built seven giant canoes, the legend says, which were called Amatiatias. Each canoe carried one hundred men, besides their women and children, and was three-masted. When the fleet was provisioned and about to sail the chief in command of the fleet sent his first man, Rueao, ashore on pretext of bringing something to him which had been forgotten and then sailed away with his wife and his children, leaving Rueao alone on the forsaken island. Hence arose a saying constantly to be heard among the Maoris to this day, "No te uru o te Arawa koe," you belong to "the three-masted fleet—you are a cheat, a liar." The Maori chief and his fleet landed at Maketu on the Bay of Plenty, and proceeded up the coast to the mouth of the Mokau River, forming settlements along the way.

The island of Rarotonga, on which the ancestors of the Maoris fitted out the seven canoes which carried them to New Zealand, is situated in latitude $21^{\circ} 13'$ S., and longitude $159^{\circ} 50'$ W. It lies to the northeast and is about 1,560 miles distant from the place where they landed.

I have seen statements in print that the Maoris have no traditions and are supposed to have originated in Samoa or in the Hawaiian Islands. But, in my opinion, nothing can be more misleading, for many of the traditions of this race are preserved with marvelous accuracy.

In the Wanganui district the Tohungas, or Maori priests, maintained sacred colleges which they dedicated to their gods with sacrifices of human beings. These colleges always faced

the east and were deemed so sacred that none but the purified could approach them. Boys properly fitted for these colleges were carefully instructed in astronomy and agriculture and many useful arts, but, above all, in the history and traditions of their race.

Schoolboys preparing for these places of instruction were baptized with much pomp and ceremony. The priest, with a sacred branch of karamu, sprinkled their bodies with the water from the river and repeated the words:

"Baptized in the waters of Tu,
Be thou strong
By the strength of the heel of Tu
To catch men,
To climb the mountain ranges.
May the power of Tu be given this boy;
Be thou strong
To overcome in battle,
To enter the breach,
To grapple with the foe.

**A Heathen
Ceremony
of
Baptism.**

Be thou strong by the power of Tu
To pass over the lofty mountains,
To ascend the mighty trees,
To brave the billows of the ocean,
To battle with its might.
Be thou strong to cultivate thy food,
To build great houses,
To make war canoes,
To welcome visitors,
To complete thy works.
There comes strength from the land of Death
To bear me to the northern strand,
To the place where spirits depart into night.
Ah! What know I further?"

These boys were obliged to study from sunset to midnight during every night of the autumn and winter for five consecutive years.

A girl was baptized as follows :

"Baptized in the water of Tu,
Be thou strong by the strength of Tu.
To get food for thyself,
To make clothing,
To weave flaxen mats,
To welcome strangers,
To carry firewood,
To gather shell-fish.
May the strength of Tu be given this
daughter."

At regular intervals all the Tohungas and their pupils met in public assembly and each one had to repeat aloud historical traditions in the hearing of the whole company, so that others might correct him if he made the slightest mis-

take. There is a striking resemblance between these meetings of the Maoris and the Keltic Eisteddfods, which have been celebrated among the Welsh from time immemorial.

The history of the race is also preserved in innumerable historic wood carvings, somewhat resembling the totem poles of the Alaskans. A very important lawsuit involving a large tract of land was once being tried in Auckland when a Maori claimant brought into court an elaborately carved stick bearing the proof that his clan had owned the disputed land for upward of five hundred years. A very little research into Maori carving readily impresses one with the resemblance that it bears to the carvings of ancient Egypt and Mexico.

Unlike most heathens the Maoris never make idols to represent their gods. Each god has a toko, or symbol, which is set up in his temple and before which sacrifices are offered. These tokos are sticks of equal length surmounted with a huge knob. The Maori year is divided into thirteen months and begins with the first new moon after the star "Pu-anga" begins to be visible in the morning.

Like all illiterate people, the Maoris are firm **Witchcraft.** believers in witchcraft. If a priest cannot diagnose a case of sickness, for example, he conceals his ignorance by looking very wise and declaring that the arch-enemy has bewitched his patient. He then studies over the names of all who are likely to have a grudge against the ill man or woman, and having once settled upon a suspect that so-called guilty one is doomed to die. In such cases it is common for the relatives of the doomed person to demand compensation for his death, which is always readily paid, and everybody is perfectly well satisfied.

One of the most common proceedings in cases of illness is to dig a small hole in the ground and invoke the spirit of the victim to appear. The spirit appears over the hole in the form of a faint bluish-green light and the priest solemnly

prays that its eyes may drop out, its tongue may wither in its mouth, etc.

If you ask what possible harm or good such a childish ceremony can possibly do anyone, all I can answer is, the Maori's view of it is very different from ours. The medicine man who works the spell takes care that the suspected one shall hear the curse set upon him, and often the victim immediately gives up all hope and dies of fright. It is strange that the Maoris, who are brave to the point of madness, and who will go into battle as though life were of no value to them, will yet die from sheer terror in the belief that some old hag or wizard has bewitched them.

The natural intellectual powers of these people fitted them to attain the highest degree of civilization, but the incessant warfare in which they have passed their whole existence degraded them to the lowest depths of savagery.

The favorite weapon of the Maoris in battle has always been the war-club. These clubs are usually made from the wood of the ake tree, which is excessively hard and strong and variegated black and white. The club is usually five feet long, the handle being about an inch and a half wide and an inch thick, while the paddle-shaped blade is usually about four inches at the widest part and both edges are exceedingly sharp. A powerful man can deliver a terrific blow with such a weapon, and having been trained to it from childhood, the Maori warriors can fight and fence so skillfully that often their war-clubs have proved more than a match for British bayonets.

When the English General Cameron, who commanded one thousand three hundred men, besides artillery, once attacked Orakau Pa, that famous fort contained about four hundred Maoris all told, including women and children. The savages had nothing to eat but a few gourds and raw potatoes and not a drop of water. They were armed with war-clubs only.

Notwithstanding this they fought the English off for two days and nights, when General Cameron received strong reinforcements, and sapped the walls; he then called upon them to surrender, declaring that their lives might be spared if they would stop fighting; but the heathen chief Rewi jumped upon the fortification, shouting in the flowing Maori tongue, "We will fight to the end, forever, forever, forever." General Cameron then called upon the women of the tribe, signaling them to come out so that they might not be killed, but they replied that they would fight, too. Finding it was impossible to hold the fort any longer, the warriors invoked Ta Whakaheke, their god of destruction, and cried out to him to stand by and help. Savage men and women then charged like demons upon the British lines and, though they met a wall of bayonets and were exposed to a tremendous fire, a great number cut their way through the lines and escaped.

These indomitable fighters carried on war on the water as well as the land, and took great pride in their huge war-canoes, which were usually constructed of kauri pine, which grows from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty feet high and from ten to twenty feet in diameter at the base and eighty to one hundred feet to the lowest branches. The canoe is usually hollowed out of the trunk of this tree in a solid piece. The bow and stern are high and elaborately carved and decorated, mostly in human heads with a tongue extended to its utmost, and huge goggle eyes. The spaces between the figureheads, which are on both stem and stern,

are carved in graceful waving lines and the

Shark Hunting. war-canoes are usually painted vermillion. Many of them are over eighty feet long and carry from fifty to sixty warriors.

All South Sea Islanders are expert canoe men, but the Maoris surpass them all in this regard, and there is no occasion when their skill is more conspicuous than during their an-

nual shark-hunting expeditions, extending from about the middle of January to the middle of March. At this time countless millions of young fish swarm the numerous bays and rivers in these parts, and naturally attract multitudes of sharks, who prey upon them, while the Maoris flock from far and near to prey upon the sharks.

We were loading kauri pine in Kaipara, on the northwest side of North Island, where the tide rises and falls from eight to fifteen feet. The harbor is full of shoals and sand

banks left bare at low tide, with numerous deep channels and lagoons between them, into which the fish crowd, while an army of sharks hover on the outside to prevent the fish escaping. They take turns in guarding their prey while two or three dart like lightning among the frightened fish, which leap into the air, where their brilliant scales flash like burning silver in the bright rays of the sun.

The first shark fight that we witnessed was especially interesting because, just as hundreds of frightened fish leaped into the air to avoid the ugly ravenous jaws of the sharks, they were picked up by an immense flock of equally ravenous seagulls, which seized and flew away with them. Some blacks in a whaleboat about ninety yards off our starboard side harpooned a large hammerhead, one of the gamiest of the shark family. In his frantic efforts to escape he first leaped out of the water to a prodigious height; then, diving, took a course which led directly under our keel. Quick as a flash one of the black men lifted the bight of the line out from the bowchock and held it a few feet abaft the bow on the starboard side. This threw their boat's head to port and she shot past like an arrow without touching us. The shark towed them in all directions for fully half an hour, when they managed to haul him up under their stern and stunned him with a shower of heavy blows on the snout from their

**A Good
Shark Fight.**

clubs. They then stabbed him where the head joins the body, a thrust which disables the strongest shark in an instant, as it severs its spinal cord. It is difficult to say whether it instantly kills or only paralyzes, but the moment he receives it he becomes as inert as a log of wood.

A Fourteen-footer. A little later we saw them catch a fourteen-footer, but the line parted as they were hauling him in and the game monster darted away

with a sharp hook in his jaw and a few fathoms of line hanging to him. This was a signal for a general attack from all quarters and, though he fought desperately, other sharks bore down upon him from all directions and literally tore him to pieces, frequently leaping completely over him in their efforts to kill him. The furious struggles of the fishes churned the water into a sea of foam.

Although New Zealand is one thousand one hundred miles long, it is so narrow that no part of it is over seventy-five miles from the sea and the Maoris who live in the interior have fishing-camps which they visit every summer, the same that their ancestors have used from time immemorial. This custom of shark-fishing in the season was so religiously respected that it was not interfered with, even in time of war. After the sharks are caught and cleaned and their heads are cut off, they are hung up by their tails in the sun for three or four weeks until the meat becomes as hard and dry as wood. They are then wrapped in native mats and carried to the Maori villages in the interior.

**Off to
North
Island.**

An Englishman and I made a special trip through North Island for the purpose of seeing the hot lake district and the beautiful Wanganui River, because we had heard many extravagant accounts of the great beauty of these parts. We traveled principally on horseback, camping at night in the bush. Our first stopping place was the Oroha,

where there are twenty-one mineral springs—alkaline, acidic, sulphur, and magnesia—five of which are icy cold. The temperature of the others varies from 86° to 150° Fahrenheit. From here we proceeded to Tauranga, on the east coast, to see the Maoris in their home surroundings, and to visit some of the historic scenes of numerous battles between them and the English.

We made the acquaintance of a fine old Scotchman. He had served through the wars in which these savages had so gallantly fought the white men. Like every one else with whom I talked on this subject, he had the warmest admiration for the Maoris and referred to them always as "that noble race." Their courage in opposing danger, their skill in retiring from it, and their magnanimity under all circumstances might well serve as an example to many who have fairer skin. Unlike the American Indians, the Maoris never tortured their captives, though they frequently killed them by the blow of a club and feasted on their dead bodies.

Upon one occasion a company of Maoris captured a convoy of provisions from the English army, so the old Scotchman told us, and immediately they released it and permitted it to proceed to its destination, on the ground that it would be cowardly and unmanly to deprive their opponents of necessary food and thus render them incapable of fighting. At the celebrated attack on Fort Gate Pa, near Tauranga, the English force numbered over two thousand men and the fort contained less than two hundred Maoris at the moment of attack, but the savages were clever enough to plant their flag one hundred yards forward of their fortifications among tall bushes. This deceived the enemy and led them to fire many volleys in the immediate vicinity of the flag, thereby wasting much ammunition before they discovered the trick. By dint of bullets and shot the English reached the fortification at last and stormed it with heavy artillery, but the Maoris still

beat them back even after they had carried the outer defenses. Then the cunning savages pretended to run away and, thus thrown off their guard, the English soldiers swarmed into the recently vacated position and began gathering up mats, spears, and various other objects which had been purposely left lying about to excite their cupidity. This trick, too, worked to perfection, for the white men, grown too confident of their ground, suddenly found themselves exposed to a terrific fire which cut them down in great numbers, though it was impossible to perceive whence the shooting came. The Maoris had concealed themselves in rifle pits at their very feet and successfully lured the enemy to their destruction. Next morning the English again attacked the fort but found it was deserted.

It is touching to relate that the Maoris, who escaped during the night, had shared the scanty remains of their own provisions with the wounded English prisoners, and had taken the time to make each one as comfortable as possible. They had even placed a cup of water beside each suffering victim, although they had been obliged to procure the water by penetrating the English lines at the risk of their lives.

CHAPTER III

NATIVE DANCES AND TERRIFIC GEYSERS

Scarcely anything could be more enjoyable than a summer trip through North Island, if only to see the magnificent

**Matchless
Birds and
Beautiful
Trees.**

plumage and hear the wonderful music and peculiar calls of the many birds which abound there. The mako-mako bird that sings like a nightingale in the long twilight, and the warbling tui or parson bird, with notes like those

of the American thrush, cease their singing at sunset only to resume it lustily at break of day. The beautiful notes of the korimako or bell bird break softly on the air like silver bells exquisitely tuned. They are ever a strong contrast to the shrill sunset cry of the small night owl known as the ruru. Fiercest of all birds in New Zealand is a species of goshawk known as the kahu. It is very like the European goshawk in size and general appearance. The kahu has been known to descend with the swiftness of an eagle and carry off a chicken or a rabbit from the dooryard at the very feet of the owner.

The kea parrot, which is found in the mountainous region, is a curious example of a vegetarian changing to a carnivore. These birds are said to have once lived solely on vegetables, but learned to devour the carcasses of dead sheep which were frequently found in the immense sheep-runs; and from that they acquired the habit of attacking living sheep for the sake of the kidney fat which is their favorite portion.

Unlike Australia, New Zealand is almost entirely free

from snakes. The only known venomous things on the island are small black katipu spiders, the bite of which is deadly. In some parts of the bush, huge aki vines covered with bright scarlet flowers run over the tops of the tallest trees. The ground is covered with lovely native daisies, besides fragrant small white flowers called pototara and fine blue lilies. One day we were caught in a rain storm and stopped for the night at a Maori shelter. As the sun went down and the night came slowly on, the fallen trees and the flowery surface of the ground sparkled in a thousand places with the phosphorescence of decayed vegetable matter. The scene was as weirdly beautiful as an acre of fairyland might be. Most of the trees are lofty and the foliage is densely matted with creeping vines; the trunks and branches are thickly covered with filmy, lace-like ferns, mosses, lycopods, and orchids.

Shortly after daylight one morning we were disturbed by the excited barking of the dogs, and upon investigation discovered a pitched battle raging between one of our ship dogs and an ugly green lizard measuring about thirty inches, with a row of short pointed spikes along its back and neck. The lizard fought fiercely and the dog was rapidly getting worsted when a black man with a noosed stick ran out and captured the angry reptile and dragged it away. Even when tied very tight in the noose it still fought and struggled until it dropped into a small well at last, where, sinking from sight, it remained submerged for several hours. This species of lizard

differs structurally from all known lizards and

A Happy-Go-Lucky People. seems to be a solitary and degenerate descendant of the huge reptiles of the Saurian Age. It is accounted sacred by the Maoris.

Roto Ita is a lovely sheet of water connected with Rotorua by a winding river about a mile long. The shores are indented with innumerable bays and coves, and presented an ever-changing panorama as we paddled along

it in our borrowed Maori canoe. The water is so deep and the surface so calm that the woods fringing the shores are clearly mirrored there. At the head of the Roto a solid rock called Matawhero rises like a wall to a height of eight hundred feet and is completely clothed from base to summit with most exquisite ferns and clinging woods.

At the extreme eastern end of the lake we came upon a Maori village beautifully situated on a low, shelving beach, completely surrounded with woodlands and splendid with flowering vines, giant tree-ferns, and brilliant shrubbery, with the dark-brown summit of the Matawhero rising grandly in the background. As we approached the shore the inhabitants saluted with cheery shouts of welcome. We stopped for the night among them and were regaled with a feast of sweet potatoes, maize, flounders, eels, and I know not how many other things all stewed together in the same pot.

After supper we went to hear the native clergyman preach in his own language. His sermon was an excellent one, from the text "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth." Isa. 52:7.

The moonlight was clear and beautiful, every object shone out as distinct as at noonday. The natives were variously occupied, some fishing from their canoes or setting funnel-shaped wicker baskets for catching eels; others were chatting in little groups here and there or seated about their houses singing at the top of their voices. I could not help contrasting the lot of these happy-go-lucky people with that of the poorer classes in civilized life who are compelled to toil early and late, or starve. Very little labor enables these people to procure abundance of food, so they eat, sleep, dance and laugh their happy lives away, with never a care for the morrow.

Next morning we went by a charming bush-road to Roto Ehu, one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, with many arms stretching in various directions and surrounded by rolling hills clothed with magnificent foliage to the water's edge. The lake and surrounding country is full of romantic legends of bygone glories of the Maori race.

**Entrance
to the
Infernal
Regions.**

Proceeding westward we reached far-famed Tikitere, a desolate valley of mud volcanoes, solfataras, and boiling springs, all in furious activity and blanketed with a dense cloud of vapor. The entire surface of the valley is covered with hissing steam holes and sulphur incrustations, the repulsive odor from which is overpowering. Near the summit of a hill we came upon "Great Fumarole," a hole in the earth's surface through which steam roars as though it came from the escape valve of some mighty boiler.

The most thrilling part of our journey, however, was traversing a narrow pathway between two boiling lakes of hissing, seething mud, a passage appropriately named the Gates of Hades. The odor of sulphuretted hydrogen threatened to suffocate us as we cautiously felt our way over ground that trembled violently from the tremendous power of infernal forces below, through dense clouds of vapor which only at times opened sufficiently to afford us a fleeting glimpse of the boiling waves of mud which licked our path on either side.

Passing through the Ohau channel we reached the village of Hamurana, on the northern shore of Rua, and proceeded up this beautiful stream to the immense fountain from which it issues. Water, cold as ice and clear as purest crystal, flows over a bed strewn with beautiful water flowers intermingled with glistening rocks and snow-white sand. The stream is so clear that a canoe on it seems suspended in mid-air and the brilliant rays of the sun shining through the water produce one of those strangely beautiful scenes to be found only in

the South Seas. The banks of the streams are clothed with willows and cherry trees mingled with pines, ferns, and beautiful flowering vines. After our visit to the infernal regions of Tikitere, this was Paradise.

**The Holy
Isle of
the Maoris.**

Our next stopping place was the island of Mokoia. This is the holy isle of the Maoris, where the Tohungas preserve the sacred relics which their ancestors brought with them from the lost continent of Hawaiki. Mokoia was

the seat of the ancient religion of the Maoris, just as the Holy Isle of Anglesey was of the ancient Druids of Britain, and even during the time of fierce warfare it was always scrupulously respected. This island, rising six hundred feet above the water level, is mostly covered with long grass and very tall trees.

When we reached the pretty little town of Rotorua, near the southern extremity of the island, my partner very truly remarked that it was surprising how any one could retain his health in the vile smell of sulphur and brimstone which permeated the atmosphere. On every side were pools of boiling, blubbering mud, spouting geysers and mineral springs varying in temperature from lukewarm to two hundred and twelve degrees.

Interesting it is to note the various uses which the natives make of these pools. It is a common sight, for example, to see them sitting for hours together in them with nothing but their heads visible above the water, smoking black, short-stemmed pipes. In the cold season they keep comfortable by sitting all day long in the warm water. Should it rain they lose no time in raising bamboo umbrellas by way of keeping their heads dry. When cooking potatoes and other vegetables they tie them in crude sacks which they drop into the boiling water and sit around like fishermen, hauling them up when they are done to a turn. We saw one family cooking

a pig in an old packing case with the bottom removed and a rude grill substituted. This was placed over a steam jet, covered with old sacking, and on the whole it made a pretty good oven. For washing clothes the women use a smooth, flat stone precisely as white women use a washboard.

**Like a
Dance of
Lost Souls.**

On certain appointed days the Maoris give a series of dances beginning with the hideous Kanikani, in which the performers sit side by side, each one endeavoring to make the most frightful grimaces, which are accompanied with excruciating groans, shrieks, and yells. The spectacle of these dark-skinned performers groaning and wailing like lost souls and writhing apparently in the most frightful agony, in the midst of the steam rising from the ground in every direction and the strong smell of sulphur in the air, might well lead the onlooker to believe he had finally reached the infernal regions.

In strong contrast to the hideous Kanikani, the Poi dance which usually follows is exquisitely pretty. The Poi consists of two little reels of gay-colored flax fiber connected by a short cord. This they twirl rapidly about, so as to make them act in unison with the motions of the dancers. The cue is taken from a leader and the accompanying air is sung with graceful precision, while the performers go through intricate and graceful evolutions, with a short rest between each division, though the deft manipulation of the Poi is kept up without ceasing.

**The Fierce
Haka
War-dance.**

But of all the dances I witnessed among the Maoris the crowning dance of all is the fierce Haka war-dance, in which the fury of cannibal days is revived. The faces and bodies of the warriors were painted with red ochre. They formed in three lines facing the leader, their weapons spread on the ground before them. At the first command

of the leader they began a rhythmic song and stamped lightly with the right foot, keeping perfect time by slapping their thighs with the palms of the hands. At the next order they seized their weapons and the dance immediately became wild and fierce, though every movement was executed with the regularity of clock-work. The shouting and yelling grew wilder and fiercer as they excited their naturally passionate natures to the highest pitch, contorting their faces, thrusting out their tongues and yelling taunts of defiance to imaginary foes. Their eyebrows were painted in arches raised almost to the roots of the hair and, with eyes rolling until only alternate black and white were visible, they looked like fiends incarnate and the scene was absolutely demoniacal. That the entire tribe had gone stark mad seemed certain. They leaped so high into the air and came down with such terrific force that their stamping reverberated like strokes of a pile-driver, while the women and children onlookers whooped and shrieked as if demented. After an hour or more of this the dancers gave a single frenzied shout of triumph, leaped nearly their own height into the air, and as they dispersed broke into good-natured laughing at their own performance.

It would be difficult to find more beautiful surroundings than Rotorua presents. The clear blue lakes and crystal trout streams, woody ranges gay with clusters of crimson rata flowers, emerald islets dotted here and there and joyous songs of birds are bewilderingly beautiful. The picture of these care-free savages at work in their patches of sweet potatoes and grain, the smoke rising from their little huts, canoes drawn up on the silvery beaches, their home-made fish-nets hung up to dry, and the hum of women's voices was a specially pleasing and restful picture of peace and plenty. On every side we were greeted by the people with friendly cries, in strange, liquid syllables, of "Good luck to you, friend white man."

It was Sunday, so we attended a native missionary service, as impressive as it was interesting. The text from which the

**The Lord's
Prayer
in Maori.** Maori clergyman preached an excellent sermon was "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Maori congregation joined devoutly in repeating the Lord's prayer, as follows:

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN MAORI

E to matou I te Nangi, kia tou ingoa tukua mai tou rangatiratanga.

Kai meatia tou hiahia ki te wenua me tou hiahia i te Rangi. Homai ki a matou aianei to matou kai mo tenei ra.

Marau mo matou o matou hara, me matou hoki e muru ana mo ratou e hara ki a matou.

Kaua matou e kawea atu ki te wakawainga, oliia wakaor- angia matou i te kino.

Nau hoki te rangatiratanga, me te kaha, me te kororia, ake', ake', ake. Amine.

Our next stop was at Whakarewarewa, south of Rotorua, where we made a special trip to Te Horo, a well of boiling water from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. The water is constantly leaping to a great height and as suddenly falling again. It boils furiously and sends up dense clouds of vapor. When the cauldron is nearly full thousands of great bubbles rise to the surface and immediately break into a succession of beautiful fountains, dancing and leaping in the air. Lost in amazement we did not notice a loud roaring, resembling a heavy blast in a quarry, which sounded beneath our feet. The native informed us quite casually that Te Pohutu (the splasher), only a few yards away, was about to "go off." And the ground on which we stood rocked and trembled as

a magnificent column of clear steaming water rose majestically into the air to a height of more than one hundred feet. The vapor accompanying this powerful discharge rose hundreds of feet higher and vanished in various fantastic shapes against the sky, while the glittering rays of the sun brightened them up with every rainbow color. We watched the display for over two hours until we began to fear that the earth might give way and let us down into the boiling mud beneath.

**Geyser
"Porridge
Pots."**

It is extremely dangerous to go among the geysers at night, on account of the mud volcanoes, the sides of which are as precipitous as walls. White people call them "porridge pots" because the mud in them boils with a dull flop, flop, exactly like thick porridge. These mud volcanoes are of different colors, ranging all the way from pure white to black, and the boiling springs just a little distance off are blue, yellow, brown, red, and green.

One night we stopped at a hut where the Maoris were holding a wake over a dead man. According to immemorial custom all the friends and relatives of the family from far and near had assembled to mourn for the departed as long as the bereaved family could supply them with food. The guests wore green boughs on their heads—the Maori sign of mourning. The women shrieked and carried on in a heart-rending manner. As each grew tired of shrieking and waving her arms frantically in the air she sat down and gorged herself with food as though she had not tasted a mouthful for a week, while another, just finishing the gorging act, would immediately take her place and scream and fling her arms about in apparent agony. It is a point of honor to out-screech each other and to add one's utmost effort to the uproar. Some of the mourners chanted a funeral ode enumerating the virtues of the deceased and the friends and relatives all rubbed noses with the corpse before it was buried.

Of all the strange trees that grow in the forests of New Zealand the rata is the strangest. It displays something so closely resembling intelligence that it is not to be wondered at that the Maoris regard it with superstitious awe. When growing by itself the rata is just a beautiful tree, usually from sixty to seventy feet high, which, in the

**Strangest
of all
Strange Trees.** height of the season, flames with gorgeous crimson flowers resembling the passion flower in shape. The wood of the tree is dark red and commonly called ironwood. The wind scatters the seeds of the rata, which alight, like the mistletoe, in the forks of other trees, where they take root and send down long tendrils into the ground. These tendrils soon increase in size and encircle the root stem, which sends out lateral roots at right angles. These root stems gradually become united by laterals until they embrace the tree in a close network and kill it. We saw many instances where the supporting tree had completely rotted away, leaving nothing but a hollow cylinder of flourishing rata root stems. The upper side of each leaf of the rata is dark green, the under side downy white, and when the wind tosses the branches the contrast between the white and green leaves and blood-red flowers is so startlingly lovely as to be awe-inspiring. To the Maoris the rata is sacred to the memory of fierce sea dragons that once inhabited the South Seas. They associate it with the dead and believe it to be possessed of supernatural powers.

**We Go
Canoeing
on a
Boiling Lake.**

After crossing Roto Tarawera we embarked in a small canoe upon a lake of boiling water. One part through which we passed boiled so fiercely that our small boat tumbled about like a cork in the seething foam, and we freely speculated on what our fate would be if we capsized or fell overboard. But we landed safely at last and viewed the "Terraces" that are constantly forming from the mineral

deposits which wash down from the hot springs above them. These exquisitely beautiful Terraces, which, by the way, were destroyed by the earthquake that devastated this region on the night of June 10, 1886, extended in rippled gradations, like vast steps draped with delicate lace and filigree work. They rose to a height of seventy feet and immediately above them were azure springs boiling fiercely to the accompaniment of a loud and roaring noise. On the opposite shore the Terraces were of the softest pink. The springs which formed them were of a cooler temperature than those which form the white Terraces of which I have just spoken. In strong contrast to these beautiful and fairy-like formations, the rocky cliffs bordering Rotomahana close by, covered with steam-jets and blow-holes belching fire and boiling mud, are as suggestive of the infernal regions as any spot on earth.

Another thrilling sight in this thermal region is Black Geyser, which, I believe, is the largest active geyser in the world. The crater, which is three hundred and nineteen feet long and one hundred and eighty-two feet wide,

A Lake Sinks Out of Sight. lies at the bottom of surrounding hills, and at intervals boiling water mixed with huge stones and mud rises from it to an incredible height. Some idea of the heat of the water thrown out of Black Geyser may be inferred from the fact that the water is still intensely hot after it has flowed two miles or more from the crater. At first all we could see of it was a pond of water boiling furiously below us, and the guide begged us to leave the brink of the chasm and keep close to the shelter shed, as he knew by some subtle signs, which were not apparent to us, that a heavy explosion was about to occur. Before we had reached the shed an immense volume of water, mud, and stones was hurled higher than our heads without a moment's warning, but it fell back into the crater without even a stone from it reaching us. Another explosion fol-

lowed with about the same result and we advanced a little closer to the crater to watch the phenomenon.

I Escape with My Life. "The next one will be worse," the guide shouted, and we ran back toward the shelter shed, but before we got inside the door there was a terrific roar, as though several tons of dynamite had exploded, and the earth shook as if from a violent earthquake. I hesitated and looked back and was surprised to see the boiling mass sink down almost out of sight in the yawning abyss; but the very next instant an immense column of red-hot stones and seething mud was hurled with terrific force over everything in sight, the air grew dark as a dungeon, and through the din I followed the shouts of my two companions who were inside the shed and reached the door. Fortunately the shelter shed was very strong or the stones and boulders which descended upon it would have demolished it. It was several minutes before we could see anything and when we left the shed we beheld a vast cloud of pure white steam and silvery mist floating at an immense height and showering everything with a fine diamond-like rain which the sun converted into the most beautiful rainbow tints. We had no means of judging the height of the explosion which we had just witnessed, but I venture to say it was fifteen hundred feet, exclusive of the clouds and steam.

Catching Wild Ducks by Hand.

One morning we saw some Maori boys catching wild ducks in a way which white boys might imitate where the nature of the current permits. Having covered their heads with brushwood, they clasped hands in couples and drifted down with the current in an upright position, so that no part of the body was visible and not a ripple appeared on the surface of the water. As the small heaps of brushwood drifted through the flocks, there were several suppressed

"quacks" as duck after duck suddenly disappeared beneath the surface, when the entire flock finally became alarmed and flew away and the boys emerged, each with the heads of several ducks tucked under his belt. On another occasion we saw two men hunting wild pigeons with light four-pronged spears of tough tawa wood thirty feet long at least. These spears were placed upon rests and bait was placed upon a branch where the birds were in the habit of alighting. The men were completely concealed and when a bird lighted beside the bait they would instantly transfix it with their spears.

A few miles before reaching Pipiriki we approached the Ruapehu caves, which are situated upon the right side of the river bank. The largest one is truly magnificent and the view of the entrance, embowered in delicate ferns and flowering lichens, is beautiful enough for a fairy scene. The first cave opens out into an immense natural hall, at the furthest end of which is a waterfall about twenty feet high. It is supposed to derive its origin from the snows of Ruapehu several miles away. Every spot along the beautiful Roto Tarawera is famed in Maori song and story, but I was particularly interested in viewing Moutoa Island, eight miles below Pipiriki. Of all the places surrounded by the halo of legend and romance in this beautiful river, perhaps none can equal the interest excited in the mind of the Pakeha visitor by the memories of Moutoa Island, though the story of the battle which has rendered it forever famous in New Zealand history appears to be entirely unknown outside of the land in which it took place. The incidents surrounding this battle seem far more like a chapter from the history of the Crusaders or some medieval romance than sober historic facts.

CHAPTER IV

THE OVERTHROW OF A FALSE PROPHET

A very worthy and self-sacrificing Episcopal missionary named Rev. W. Grace had labored for many years at Poukawa, near Tokaanu and the Waihi Pa, and had not only succeeded in turning many hundreds of the surrounding Maoris from heathenism to Christianity, but had also taught them many useful mechanical arts. About the beginning of 1864 a Maori named Te Ua, who had previously professed Christianity, suddenly announced that he had received a special revelation from their own gods to destroy Christianity, restore cannibalism, drive the Pakehas from Aotea Roa, and establish a new religion which he called Pai Mariri, which was a singular mixture of some elements of Christianity, Judaism, original Maori heathenism, and nature-worship.

A Battle to the Teeth.

The means by which Te Ua gained his ascendancy over the Maoris was rather curious and worth relating. When he first claimed to be inspired, he acted so strangely that he was taken to be a dangerous lunatic and was confined with a very strong chain, but he broke the chain apparently without the slightest effort. He was then confined with very strong ropes made of harekeke, but he broke all the ropes which they could put upon him and displayed such superhuman strength that the superstitious Maoris believed him to be gifted with a miraculous power and accordingly followed his leadership.

The followers of Pai Mariri are best known in New Zea-

land history by their common nickname of Hau Hau (Hau meaning wind), from the frantic cries which they uttered during their heathen worship, which consisted chiefly in dancing madly around a sort of May-pole which they called Tongitongi (Staff of life) and shrieking like maniacs. Like most new fads, the religion spread rapidly. Mr. Grace was forcibly driven away, and the rapidly increasing numbers and intense fanaticism of the Hau Haus soon rendered them formidable not only to all the surrounding tribes, but also to the British authorities. They sent the word out to the British inhabitants that they would not only eat the heads of all the Pakehas in Aotea Roa, but they would also eat the heads of all Mihanere (the Maori word for missionaries and applied to all who accept Christianity). They made a formidable attack upon New Plymouth and besieged the city of Wanganui, the most important missionary settlement. The most intense excitement prevailed. The Hau Haus committed the most horrible excesses by murdering and devouring outlying settlers, and it seemed as though all the northern savage tribes, converts and all, were on the point of joining them.

**War of
Extermina-
tion.**

The British authorities were thoroughly alarmed and set about making the most extensive preparations for a war of extermination, when the whole course of events suddenly changed in a most remarkable way.

The Maori tribes residing along the Wanganui River were nearly all Christians, and after holding a public meeting at which to discuss the situation, they promptly dispatched their chief orator to the camp of the Hau Haus, challenging them to settle the impending conflict and prove the merits of their new religion by selecting one hundred of their best warriors to meet one hundred Christian Maoris upon Moutoa Island where the Hau Hau warriors might invoke the aid of their false gods and fight in defense of them while the Wanganuis

would call on their Christian God and fight in defense of Christianity. The result of this battle was to prove whether Christianity or Pai Mariri was the true religion. Nothing could be fairer or more acceptable to the mind of the Maori than such a challenge as this. The Hau Haus promptly accepted it, and on the morning of May 14, 1864, the rival war parties landed from their various canoes upon Moutoa Island, and many Maoris who were about persuaded to accept the new Hau Hau belief gathered from far and near to watch the issue and witness the grand triumph of Pai Mariri over Christianity.

The Maoris are among the best natural-born orators in the world. The emissaries on both sides proceeded to make stirring speeches in defense of their respective beliefs. Te Ua performed his heathen incantations and ceremonies, which he assured his followers would protect them in battle and render them invincible, invulnerable, and victorious. "It is only necessary," he added, "for you to rush forward calling Hau Hau like dogs and hold up your right hand, palms turned toward the enemy, and you will stop all the Wanganui bullets without the slightest injury to yourselves." He pronounced the most solemn curses upon Christian Maoris, calling down upon them death and destruction. Although these curses and incantations may seem childish and nonsensical to us, it must be remembered that the Wanganuis, who had only recently forsaken heathenism for Christianity, had always been taught to regard them with most superstitious terror. It required great fortitude on the part of these dark-skinned champions of the Cross to boldly defy all the traditions of their race and the vengeance of their ancient gods, believing that if they were defeated in the coming battle their whole tribe would be exterminated or carried into slavery.

While the heathen chief was performing his heathen rites and ceremonies the chief of the Wanganuis prayed to the true

God to vindicate his worship by giving them the victory over their heathen enemies, who were now seeking to destroy their Christian beliefs.

Each party then sent forth an advance guard of fifty men to engage first, while fifty more on either side were held in reserve. Mete Kingi commanded the advance guard of the Wanganuis, and Haimona Hiroti commanded the reserves, while the great war-chief Metene commanded the advance guard of the Hau Haus and the false prophet Te Ua commanded the reserves.

It is not surprising that the Wanganuis more than half believed the Hau Haus to be invulnerable as they rushed forward barking like dogs and defying the enemy to touch them. The Christian Maoris were seized with such superstitious terror that every one of their shots went wide, which only served to strengthen the belief that Hau Haus were invulnerable. But soon there came hand-to-hand fighting with spears and tomahawks, when the Wanganuis quickly discovered that their opponents were not invulnerable, nor invincible either, and they joined with all their might in the combat.

Mete Kingi was slain early in the battle and two other of his chiefs who succeeded him in command met the same fate almost instantly. A young chief, Wirimu Tamihana, then took command of the Wanganui advance and with the most desperate and heroic efforts attempted to retrieve the fortunes of the day. With his double-barreled gun he killed two Hau Hau warriors and was in the act of reloading when two minor Hau Hau braves singled him out and attacked him. Tamihana ran the first one through the body with his spear and clove the skull of the second with his tomahawk. He rallied like a hero and was leading the Wanganuis on in gallant style when two bullets from the Hau Hau clan struck him simultaneously and killed him on the spot. The death of four of their leaders in such rapid succession discouraged the

Wanganuis and awakened their superstitions. Their line wavered and then broke and Te Ua shrewdly perceived that the critical moment had now arrived, so promptly he brought up the Hau Hau reserves, believing he would achieve victory.

All was now apparently lost to the Wanganuis, but in this deep emergency Chief Haimona proved himself worthy the reputation he bore. Rallying the retreating Wanganuis he commanded them to fall in behind the reserves, who were fresh and eager for battle. Then, following a custom old as the Maori race itself, he planted his spear, which was an heirloom in his family, in front of the Wanganuis, declaring he would never retreat from the spot where it was planted but would win the battle or die there. This stand is always the last desperate resort of a Maori chieftain. His followers would die to the last man before they would desert him now. It is a declaration that the battle will be one of extermination; no mercy will be shown. Then shouting to the Wanganui reserves to follow him, Haimona led the way onward toward the spot where the Hau Hau clan was advancing. The Wanganui reserves, eager for vengeance, followed lustily and made a terrific charge in wedge formation, after the manner of the ancient Romans. The Hau Hau warriors stood their ground and both parties closed in a deadly hand-to-hand combat with spears, tomahawks and clubbed muskets in which no quarter was asked or given. At this desperate moment a Wanganui champion suddenly dashed single-handed in the midst of the Hau Hau fighters and, cutting down all who opposed him, captured a heathen banner and carried it away in triumph. Still another Wanganui warrior slew Metene as he was cheering on the heathen reserves, and after a short but desperate battle in which both parties fought like demons the Hau Haus were entirely routed, defeated and beaten down, leaving upward of fifty men dead upon the field, and almost all the others

were killed or captured as they attempted to escape by swimming through the stream.

**"Behold
the False
Prophet!"**

The false prophet Te Ua, seeing that all was lost to them, was among the first of the Hau Haus to leap into the river and endeavor to escape. Haimona, of the Wanganuis, saw him swimming away and, calling a warrior to him, pointed to Te Ua, shouting, "There is the false prophet." The Wanganui instantly fired after Te Ua, but missed him; then dropping his gun and grasping his tomahawk he leaped into the stream and started in pursuit of him. Te Ua gained the bank first and started running away like a deer, but the Wanganui overtook him and brought back the heathen chief's head and laid it at the feet of his own Christian chief.

**A Battle
between
Heathen and
Christian
Maoris.**

The assembled Maoris were amazed at the result of the battle, for incredible as it may sound the Wanganui had lost only twelve men and thirty were wounded, while the Hau Hau warriors were about exterminated. The importance of this battle must not be estimated by the small number of men engaged in it; for it must be understood that the Maoris regarded it not as a combat between two rival tribes, but as an actual and deciding conflict between Christianity and heathenism. The battle terminated so overwhelmingly in favor of the Wanganuis that the Christianized tribes for miles around regarded the result as miraculous, and Hau Hauism had received its death-blow, for as is usual in such cases its followers fell away as rapidly as they had joined.

Nothing could be more entrancing than the Waitomo caves situated about one hundred and thirty miles due south from Auckland on the west coast. The Waitomo River runs through them and they consist of a series of wide and lofty stalactite chambers in the heart of a heavily wooded hill. One entrance

is at the point where the river emerges and the other through a rocky portal high on the hillside in the midst of a thicket of

**Treasure
Chambers
of the
Maoris.**

trees and underbrush. The caves abound in romantic treasures. Vast domed ceilings and winding corridors upheld by symmetrical white pillars sparkling with beads of moisture and faintly lighted with myriads of glow-

worms form a scene to make one fairly catch breath with wonderment at loveliness so unearthly. In a series of caverns named the "courtrooms" there are luxurious formations exactly resembling heavy hangings and many stalagmite formations so much resembling human figures as to startle one on entering, and it is little wonder that the caves abound in romantic and fantastic traditions.

The scenery along the western shore of Topomana is most striking. The immense basaltic cliffs of the Western Bay, a sheer wall rising to a height of fifteen hundred feet, present an ever changing panorama. We made a twenty-five-mile trip across the bay in a Maori canoe and landed at a small settlement at the extreme southern end, at the foot of the extinct volcano Kakaramea. Here our attention was called to a broad strip of red earth which still marks the course of the terrific landslide of boiling mud which descended in May, 1845, completely burying the little settlement of the great chief Te Heu Heu and fifty-four of his people at the very moment when the great Maori leader was defying all the powers of volcanoes to harm them.

**Boiled
to Death.**

The most singular of the boiling springs in this vicinity are three large circular basins situated very near together, and in which the water rises and falls at uncertain intervals, changing in temperature from cold to boiling point. There is a legend that some Maoris paying a friendly visit here were taken to bathe in one of these basins on the evening of their

arrival. The following morning before dawn they went again for a bath in the same place and, ignorant of the variable temperature, jumped in and were at once scalded to death.

Our journey from this point to Taumaranni, our next stopping place, on the upper reaches of the Wanganui River, was through a vast forest of totara, rimu, and kahikatea, rare and beautiful ferns, orchids, white clematis and the brilliant crimson flowers of the rata. The liquid notes of the larks, black-birds, finches, thrushes, and starlings, which have been imported from Europe, ring through this forest from earliest dawn to twilight. Every spot in the surrounding country has its legend of battle or cannibal feast during the wars which raged between the tribes which owned it and the fierce northern tribes which claimed it.

At every turn fresh scenes of interest succeed each other like the shifting figures of a kaleidoscope. The stream sweeps around cliffs rising five hundred feet straight up in the air and expands into a lake, calm and still, like a sheet of clear glass. Picturesque gorges open through cliffs delicately criss-crossed with frail network of light and shade, while the surrounding hillsides blaze in a crimson glory of constantly recurring rata. Every now and again we passed a village, and the inhabitants, dressed in every color of the rainbow, invariably waved their mats and clothes at us, saluting us always with friendly shouts. At one point, suddenly rounding the bend of the river, we came upon some native merry-makers dressed in unusually brilliant costumes and singing at the tops of their voices, grouped under a magnificent natural arbor of rata flowers, a waterfall flowing like threads of silver from the forest-clad hills in the background. They saluted and pressed us to join them, but we glided silently on.

One of the most beautiful sights of Wanganui is Mount Taranaki, which stands alone like a sentinel rising to a height of 8,260 feet, strangely beautiful when the sun tinges its

snowy shroud with crimson. I was brought up on the banks of the Hudson River, and have since seen the finest rivers in the world, including the majestic Columbia River in Oregon, but I never have seen any that equaled in beauty the Wanganui River in New Zealand.

CHAPTER V

TONGA, SAMOA, NEW HEBRIDES AND LOYALTY ISLANDS.

I next sailed from Sydney in the barkentine *Agnes Edgehill*, and our first stop was at Nukualofa, the capital of the Tonga Islands. It was Sunday, and the mate and I went to church, where we heard a missionary preach to the natives from the identical text we had heard a converted savage preach from on the Bay of Plenty, in New Zealand, a few Sundays before.

I Ship for Tonga and Samoa.

The congregation squatted upon the floor, while several men with long bamboo poles walked up and down, now and again rapping over the head a member who did not pay strict attention. We seated ourselves among the native worshipers, but the old chief, squatting upon a raised platform facing the congregation, sent one of his serving-men, who, extending his hands on a level with his face, palms turned toward us, exclaimed, "Faka moli moli, Papalangi, hau kohina," which means, "I beg your pardon, white man, come here." We followed him to our appointed places on the platform beside the chief. When the congregation was dismissed the women quite naively removed their long, loose calico dresses, which they had put on in deference to the missionaries, and walked home with them rolled up under their arms.

There is an especially interesting stone monument near Nukualofa known to the islanders as Tuba Tui. It consists of two large rectangular blocks of dressed stone set upright and facing each other, like the gable ends of a house. These

blocks support a horizontal slab extending from one to the other like a roof-tree. Each end of the slab is neatly mortised into the center of the top of one of the perpendicular slabs. A huge stone bowl lying on the ground near by has in all probability fallen during an earthquake, from its position in the middle of the horizontal slab. This bowl is similar to stone bowls on the island of Tinian, in the Mariana Islands, three thousand miles away.

The island of Tuba Tui is of coral formation and only slightly elevated above the sea. It contains no stone similar to that of the monument just described, showing clearly that these blocks must have been carried here on ships. The stones also show the handiwork of a people possessed of cutting tools made of steel or tempered copper, and we are told that the ancient Phoenicians and Egyptians alone possessed the secret of tempering copper.

The town of Apia, in which nearly all the white people in Samoa reside, consists of one street along the beach and was our next port of call. In approaching from seaward the first prominent object that strikes the eye is a silvery waterfall which gleams conspicuously against a background of dark volcanic rock. This gleaming water can be seen for so many miles out to sea that it is used as a lighthouse, and navigators entering the harbor are instructed to keep the waterfall directly in line over the tall spire of a church in the village, this alignment assuring a safe passage through the reefs. Some of the residences present a delightfully attractive appearance in their setting of tropical trees and flowers.

Gigantic Stature of the Polynesians. The distinguishing characteristic of the Polynesian islanders is their gigantic size. I have seen specimens of nearly every race in the world, including Patagonians, but I have never seen a people who compared with the natives of Tonga and Samoa

for immense stature and muscular development, and the chiefs not only are taller, but are considerably lighter in color than the common people.

Upon one occasion I was about to remove my shoes and wade ashore from our small boat, which had grounded a few yards from the beach, when a chief with whom I was acquainted rushed into the water, picked me up on one arm precisely as a woman would gather up a baby, and carried me high and dry to land. I am five feet eight and one half inches tall without my shoes, but I appeared like a pygmy beside the Samoan chief, who measured all of seven feet and was splendidly proportioned. He is a fair example of this giant race, which reminded me constantly of the description of the Canaanites that the spies brought back to Moses after their journey of reconnoiter in the Promised Land. "All the people that we saw in it are men of great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak which come of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." But these natives are as indolent in disposition as they are large in size and cannot comprehend the white man's way of working hard every day in order to make a living.

The island produces finest coffee, cotton, tobacco, cocoa and vanilla, and the Samoans, who are still in possession of the greater part of the island, have more than they need. Most of the soil is so uneven that it can be worked only by hand. The native Samoans are far too proud and indolent to work for others, so when I was there the foreign cultivators were compelled to import wild cannibals from New Britain, New Ireland, the Solomon Islands and New Hebrides to work on their large plantations.

The employment of this imported labor meant that special cruises must be made to engage new workmen and return others. We were commissioned to make such a cruise, and

as labor vessels were always liable to attack by the natives owing to the fact that they carried miscellaneous cargoes of cheap, gaudy articles acceptable to the cannibals for trading purposes, we shipped a large crew of Tongans, Samoans, Fijians, besides the white officers, all of whom were armed to the teeth.

After an uneventful run we brought up at Aneiteum, most southern of the New Hebrides. It would be difficult to imagine a more striking contrast than that between the Polynesian islanders and the inhabitants of Aneiteum. In appearance, language, color, manners, and customs they are entirely opposite. The people of Aneiteum paint their faces and bodies in various brilliant colors and wear their long hair hanging in matty tresses or tied in a knot at the back of the head. Their houses are nothing but hovels made of branches of trees stuck into the ground, fastened together at the top and thatched with leaves. As a rule these huts are not more than four feet high and six feet wide, while the length of the house depends only upon the number of people who sleep in it.

The men of this tribe devote infinitely more time to having their hair dressed than to any other single occupation, and for this reason the native barber is a very important member of the community. The barber carefully separates their kinky locks into small tresses, binding each one separately with a thin pineapple fiber, and he continues this binding process at intervals as the hair continues to grow.

These people divide themselves into four tribes, which lived in a state of constant warfare before the missionaries came. But the missionaries in a few decades have taught their converts to live in peace, and to worship the true God instead of demons.

In common with the other South Sea Islanders they believed absolutely in a future life in a paradise situated far away to the west. The unconverted still believe in demons,

whom they endeavor to placate by sacrifices. Their chief god is Matmase, whose dwelling place they firmly believe is in the sky.

After securing a few recruits here we sailed for Tanna, in the Loyalty Islands, one of the easiest of all the islands of the Pacific to locate on account of the perpetually active volcano of Yashur, situated near the southern point. Long before the land is visible dense clouds of flame and smoke can be seen ascending from this natural lighthouse which rises nine hundred and eighty feet above the sea level and is visible at a distance of fifty miles.

Arriving at Port Resolution, about eight miles to the eastward of the volcano, we came to anchor. The formation of this harbor has been considerably changed by three tremendous earthquake shocks which occurred on

Earthquakes and Flourishing Towns. January 10, February 11, and August 15 of the year 1878. The natives said that previous to each eruption the volcano was unusually active. With the first eruption a new volcano burst out between the old volcano and the bay and a tidal wave swept in from sea, roaring far inland and causing death and destruction on all sides. Villages were wiped out and in a moment's time nothing but rack and ruin marked the sites of several flourishing towns and plantations. After the wave had receded quantities of sharks and other fish were left high and dry upon the rocks and what had been the bottom of the harbor to the westward was forced above water level for a distance of three hundred feet. With the second earthquake another expanse of harbor bottom appeared above the surface, further blocking the entrance. Entry to the harbor can only be made to-day by most careful navigation, the passageway being very narrow.

Tanna is extremely fertile, and even the highest mountains are clothed to the summits with tropical vegetation.

Yams, which the natives sell to passing ships, are over three feet long and weigh more than forty pounds, and all other vegetable growths are in proportion to this.

Fashionable Head-dress.

The natives of these islands are dark in color, of medium stature, well built and very active. Their noses are flat, their eyes brown and their bodies are covered with fine hair. The women wear their hair short and arranged in hundreds of erect little curls. The men wear their beards in ringlets and the chiefs stick pieces of polished shell or ebony through the septum of the nose. It is said to require five years to dress a man's hair in the fashionable style, but it is dressed only once or twice in a lifetime. Parents cut holes in the lobes of their children's ears and insert pieces of rolled-up plantain leaf, which, by the force of expansion, stretch the lobe. They then load their ears with huge rings of tortoise-shell and other ornaments until the elongated lobes are sometimes drawn so far down as to lie upon the shoulders. They go practically naked, but upon full-dress occasions array themselves in kilts of bladed grass very neatly and handsomely woven. They also wear bracelets of polished shell and the wonderfully intricate carving upon these baubles shows a high order of artistic skill.

The favorite ornament of all is a necklace of whale's teeth or the teeth of human beings that the wearer has killed in battle. Most South Sea Islanders look upon whale's teeth in very much the way civilized people regard diamonds. It is extremely dangerous to wear a necklace of whale's teeth, and none but a valiant warrior would venture to do so, for it is an open challenge to murder. On the other hand, a necklace of human teeth is considered valuable only to the slayer of the men whose teeth he wears as ornaments.

During the occasional intervals of peace the men paint their faces jet black with a mixture of oil and powdered charcoal.

Upon this background they place various patterns of red ochre. Before going into battle they spend much time devising most grotesque combinations of colors with the idea of terrorizing their enemies. We saw some with forehead painted bright red, one cheek white, the other black and the chin a brilliant blue. Others had lines of red and white radiating from the nose like the spokes of a wheel or the sun rays on the Japanese flag. The outward sign of their conversion to Christianity consists in wearing clothing and giving up their heathen style of head-dress.

**A Christian
Savage
Wedding.**

A savage named Nelwang and a woman known as Yakin had embraced Christianity. They wished the missionary to marry them, and the bride determined to show the depth of her Christian spirit by the amount of clothing she carried upon her person.

She forthwith arrayed herself in every article of European apparel that she could beg or borrow. Her bridal gown consisted of a man's drab overcoat over her own native grass skirt, tightly buttoned and reaching down to her heels. Over this she had a waistcoat and a pair of men's trousers, the body drawn over her breast and a leg dangling gracefully over each of her shoulders and down her back. Fastened to one shoulder also was a red shirt, and to the other a striped shirt, which waved about like wings as she sailed along. Around her head she had twisted another red shirt like a turban, and one of the sleeves hung over each of her ears. She looked like a moving monster loaded with a mass of rags. The day was excessively hot and the perspiration trickled down her face in little streams. The missionary shortened the service as much as possible in order to afford the bride relief from her sweltering costume, which had excited the unbounded admiration of the native audience.

One night it was my good fortune to witness a social tribal

dance about six miles north of Port Resolution. The men danced in an inner ring and the women on the outer side of the ring. The dancers supplied their own music by shouting at the tops of their voices and clapping hands in perfect time with the measure of the dance. The dance itself consisted of many highly intricate and graceful evolutions executed with the machinelike precision characteristic of all savage dances. Their naked figures, painted in every bright color, wheeling and turning, cavorting and gyrating in the fitful gleams of the firelight, and the perfect time which they maintained, yelling savagely every minute, made a spectacle almost as great as a corroboree among the Australian blacks.

**War-Clubs,
Spears and
Tomahawks.**

The canoes and other craft of this tribe are rather rude and clumsily made, but the arrows, spears, tomahawks, and war-clubs are carved and adorned in the most elaborate and graceful manner.

War is the main object of their existence, and for this reason they give much time and attention to making weapons. Like almost all woolly-haired races they make their war-clubs round; straight-haired races make them flat. The typical weapon is about four feet long and shaped much like an Indian club. It is considered the greatest disgrace to lose the club in battle. Their spears are beautifully made and no other Pacific race affords finer specimens of savage art. The typical throwing spear is from eight to ten feet in length, the thickest part of the shaft being less than an inch in diameter. Instead of being barbed on two opposite sides the barbs are put on in six whorls of four barbs each. They also use a long and heavy "pike" in hand-to-hand combat. Strange to say, they never use shields, but for that matter shields are not used east of the Solomon Islands.

The famous kawas or killing stone of this people is made of bluish-gray rock so strong and tough that no rough usage will break it. Varying from fifteen inches to nearly two feet

in length and from an inch and a half to an inch and three-quarters in diameter, it is so perfectly round and straight as to look as though it had been turned in a lathe.

History tells us that ancient Roman legionaries first hurled their javelins at the enemy, then engaged them hand-to-hand. In like manner the Tanna warrior first hurls his kawas with unerring aim at his enemy, then rushes upon him with his ponderous two-handed club and kills him.

They believe that the efficacy of their weapons depends quite as much upon magical charms and spells which have been cast over them as upon the dexterity with which they are wielded. The sorcerer of the tribe makes an easy living performing incantations over new weapons and endowing them with such magical powers that every wound they afterward inflict is guaranteed to be deadly; whenever a weapon inflicts a mortal wound it is believed to be owing to the efficacy of the spell which the sorcerer cast upon it—a sort of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose" arrangement. Every settlement has at least one sorcerer or sacred man, who not only casts spells upon weapons, but also is believed to have the disposal of life and death by the practice of witchcraft.

The ancient Egyptians made gods of so many objects, animate and inanimate, that a Persian king who invaded Egypt remarked, "It is easier to find a god in Egypt than a man."

**Superstitious
and Strange
Beliefs.**

The same thing might be said of Tanna, for the natives make gods of fish, snakes, birds, trees, rocks, insects, springs, streams, departed spirits, heavenly bodies, volcanoes and so on. Their chief worship is paid to Karapanamun, the great evil spirit who is said to dwell in the volcano of Yashur. They believe in a heaven called Aneai, though their notions in regard to it are confused, for, like all savages, they have no idea that conduct in this life could affect conditions in the next.

When a native is taken ill his family and friends rush out of his hut blowing a conch shell, by way of informing the supposed enemy who is causing the illness that they are getting ready to come and fight. The sorcerer of the village is then called in to diagnose the case and discover who the enemy is. The sorcerer proceeds to look wise and study the case, performing the while magical rites which always produce a profound impression upon the family. Should the sick person recover it is always credited to the superlative merits of the sorcerer's magic. Should the patient die it is invariably because his friends blew upon the conch shell too loudly or not loudly enough.

They mourn for the dead with savage expressions of grief and place food for them upon little platforms by the graves. Upon one occasion we witnessed a wake over the body of a man killed in battle. The mourners had painted their faces, arms and breasts jet black and showed the depth of their affection for the deceased by the vehemency of their lamentations and the severity of the wounds which they inflicted upon themselves. They dashed themselves violently upon the ground, knocked their heads against trees and gashed themselves with bamboo knives until they were covered with blood.

We were still recruiting in Port Resolution when two tribes held a love feast near the beach, as a farewell to their friends who were engaged to go with us. The natives seated themselves in two large parties, facing one another, with immense piles of roast pigs, fowls, fish, yams, breadfruit and cocoanuts piled up between them. About fifty of the chiefs of each tribe advanced to the center of the open space, standing for a moment facing each other in two lines some ten feet apart. The center of each line remained stationary, while the ends advanced until they were about three feet apart. The men at the extreme right of both lines then faced inward, closing the gap at either end. They stood silently for a full

minute in this position, then simultaneously every man knelt upon his right knee and extended his right arm in front of him while he bowed his head to the ground. A chief began chanting in a low tone, raising his voice gradually as he slowly rose to his feet, until finally, with a blood-curdling yell, he stood erect. The two lines of men immediately repeated the performance and all stood erect at last yelling in a horrible and fiendish way. Their voices rose then and fell with strange ease and rapidity in a peculiar chant, and the performance finally ended with a long-drawn wailing howl. Each man extended his right hand in greeting the other and, returning to their respective places, the provisions were distributed and all hands began eating ravenously as though they had not tasted food for a week.

CHAPTER VI

ATTACKED BY SAVAGES

The island of Tanna is twenty-two miles long and eleven miles wide, and strangely enough the inhabitants of so small an area comprise several different tribes, all of which speak languages so radically different that the inhabitants of one district cannot understand those of another district, and each tribe is so intensely hostile to the other that any native who goes beyond the boundary of his domain does so at peril of his life. This state of constant warfare with its concomitant atrocities is chiefly the work of cannibal priests and sorcerers, who use every effort to encourage belief in war and witchcraft. The natives cultivate excellent crops in the valleys running between the hills and the mountains, which are covered to their summits with forests of finest woods.

After securing laborers at Tanna we set sail for Erromanga, about eighteen miles to the north, and anchored in Dillon's Bay. The small woolly-haired natives of this island are more related to the negro race than any other islanders of the group. The women tattoo the upper parts of their bodies and wear girdles made of leaves. The men go absolutely naked. We could not do any business here owing to recent

Pirates and Slavers. troubles between the natives and several other ships engaged in "blackbirding," as the kidnapping of black laborers is called. It is not surprising that the natives despise all white men and are ready to attack a ship on slightest provocation, for most white men engaged in the trading business are little better than pirates and slavers. They stop at

nothing, it matters not how cruel it may be, so long as they are enabled to kidnap natives to work upon their plantations. It was common for a labor vessel to pretend to be a missionary ship. The crew would sing a hymn to attract the natives on board, the hatches would be left open and tins of biscuit in great plenty would be placed in the hold. The natives would gradually come on board and were directed to help themselves freely to the biscuits in the hold. When a sufficient number had boarded the vessel the hatches were closed and the ship suddenly sailed away.

Another trick is to attract natives in their canoes alongside the ships by offering them knives and trinkets. The ship would suddenly run down two or three canoes and men in small boats would capture the black fellows as they struggled in the water. I have seen men armed with rifles stand by on the ship's deck and fire at the struggling natives if they showed fight. If "blackbirders" came upon canoes at firing distance from the shore they would open up a fusillade upon them until they all surrendered, allowing themselves to be captured and carried away. There was great rivalry between the crews of the pirate ships because they were paid a stipulated sum for every native they captured. Should two vessels meet on the same recruiting ground the respective crews would fight it out in deadly earnest on the beach while the natives looked on in amazement. The members of the defeated crew, however, were obliged to leave the field to their rivals. It was common for a captain to form an alliance with the chief of a tribe and assist him in destroying some hostile tribe on condition that he would furnish the captain with

Labor Outrages. laborers either from his own tribe or that of the enemy.

The outrages connected with the labor trade, became so notorious that the British authorities intervened and placed the trade under strict regulation, which put an end to the

worst of the abuses and assured some degree of justice to the natives.

We had little success at Erromanga, so we proceeded to the Vates. The Vates are the most beautiful group of islands in the entire Pacific. They afford a magnificent panorama of lofty mountains clothed in rich vegetation and splendid forests of rich timber, besides vast plantations of cocoanuts, bananas, sweet potatoes, sugar cane and other tropical productions.

The inhabitants are tall and well formed. For clothing the men wear a kind of wrapper made of matting several inches wide and wrought in graceful pattern of red, white and black. Their long hair is gathered in a huge knot on top of the head and bleached yellow with lime. Their ears are greatly distended from the habit of wearing very heavy earrings of tortoise-shell or white seashell. They also pierce the septum of the nose, in which they insert an ornament of white stone. Many of them have raised scars upon the arms and chest arranged in definite patterns somewhat after the style of the Australian blacks. Their armlets and anklets are ingeniously and beautifully wrought of polished seashell and cocoanut shell. The women wear a woven belt seven or eight inches wide made of fiber, into which patterns have been woven. The women as well as the men practice making raised scars upon their bodies and arms.

**Weapons of
Marvelous
Workmanship.**

The weapons of these people are remarkable for their beauty of carving and finish. They are probably the finest to be found within the range of the entire Pacific. The barbs of the arrows, for example, are neatly and elaborately carved and at the junction of the head and the shaft is much beautiful ornamentation made of platted fiber. Their spears are the finest I have ever seen. It is no wonder they set so high a value upon them, for it requires an

immense amount of labor to construct such specimens of savage warfare. Many of them have designs resembling finest Gothic ornamentation. These beautiful barbs are always poisoned, and when not in use for fighting are kept in sheaths made of banana fiber to protect them from injury.

Strictly speaking, they have no idols or images, but they have many objects and many places connected with events and people, which they hold to be sacred. They believe in a future life in a paradise called Lakinatoto, which they locate far away in the west somewhere. They worship the spirits of departed chiefs and renowned warriors, but their chief god is Supu, whom they revere as the creator of all things. Their houses are good-sized and comfortable. One community building which served the double purpose of temple and council chamber was one hundred feet long by twenty-five wide. One side of it was entirely open, but the interior of the roof was covered with bundles of bones which hung from rafters. These islanders not only practice cannibalism, but they also bury their old and infirm people alive; and parents think nothing of burying new-born infants alive if they do not feel inclined to rear them.

We secured very few laborers here and the captain began to feel somewhat anxious about the success of his voyage. Altogether we had obtained only about two-thirds of the number we expected to take back, and we proceeded to Api Island in the New Hebrides, and anchored in Yemyu Cove. This cove has gained a notorious reputation on account of the very savage character of the natives and their attacks upon labor ships. This cove is a favorite retreating ground and is commonly known as Bushman's Bay; a name which requires some explanation. Many of the natives who live in the bush, or interior, have never seen the ocean. The beach natives would murder any bushman who ventured within their territory, just as a bushman would murder a beachman who ventured in the

interior. Yemyu Cove is the only exception to this rule. The bushmen of the interior come to this point to trade or ship in labor vessels and, although they and the beachmen are ready to cut each other's throats upon all other occasions they willingly unite their forces for the purpose of attacking the white man whenever they see an opportunity to do it.

**Ashore
among
the Natives.**

The morning after our arrival we lowered boats and pulled into shore to where a large body of natives were assembled on the beach. They appeared to have few weapons, but this was no guaranty of safety; they often appear unarmed when they meditate attack. We secured twenty laborers unmolested and the chief assured us that his tribe had captured many prisoners, enough to complete our cargo, whom he would have transferred to us the next day.

During the night many large canoes arrived at the cove and hauled up on the beach. We could see through the glasses that they were filled with armed men. By daylight the beach swarmed with natives, and as soon as we signaled that we were ready to receive them the canoes put out and paddled rapidly toward us. Not only were these boats loaded with all the men they could carry, but contrary to the usual custom of peaceful trading many of them were armed, so the captain, who understood a little of their language, called out that he could not allow so many to come alongside at once. He also inquired why they were armed, and insisted that all who approached must first pass their weapons into some of the other canoes. For answer Nataio, the chief, stood majestically up in his own canoe and, seizing two of the men by the topknots, hauled them to their feet, pointing out that their hands were tied and explaining that these were the captives whom he had promised, and explaining further that it was necessary for some of his men to be armed in order to guard the prisoners and prevent resistance on their part.

Nataio's explanation was plausible if not convincing, so we prepared for all contingencies. The galley and forecastle doors were closed and locked, all hands mustered aft

A Treacherous Attack. and armed with rifles and, as a further protection, a boarding netting made of barbed wire was triced up across the deck in front of the crew, who had taken up their position aft

on the quarter-deck. This netting was five feet high and the material used and method of securing made an ideal barrier against any combined rush on the part of the savages.

The canoes drew alongside and three or four had already discharged their loads of bound captives on the deck of the vessel when a fierce wrangle broke out among them. The warriors who had remained in the canoes sprang for the deck, where they flourished their clubs threateningly over the heads of the captives, but no blood was shed, though all hands appeared to be much excited about something which we could not comprehend. During the wrangle the mob of yelling, gesticulating blacks had gradually swayed up to within a few feet of the netting, where they spread out in such manner that we could not observe what was transpiring on the forward part of the deck.

Under cover of this excitement two canoes loaded with armed warriors darted in under our bows and the warriors clambered aboard. In the meantime the other canoes had gradually edged up on both sides of the vessel, as though maneuvering according to a prearranged plan, and the warriors aboard them suddenly broke out with a chorus of wild yells and assailed us with a volley of arrows and several shots from their trade guns. We instantly returned their fire, and the canoes being so close up, practically every one of our shots told. While our attention was occupied with the men in the canoes the warriors who had lately been wrangling over the prisoners also set up a yell of defiance and, rushing aft in a

body, endeavored to beat down the netting with their **heavy** clubs. At the same time the "captives" who had been brought on deck dropped the cords that bound their wrists and joined eagerly in the attack, a supply of weapons having been passed aboard for their use, we learned later, by the armed warriors.

The whole affair, needless to say, was a well-arranged plot to capture the vessel, but in this case they had certainly reckoned without their host. Many of the assailants in their ignorance rushed blindly on the barbed wire, only discovering their mistake when they found themselves torn and lacerated upon the sharp points. The captain and the main body of the crew met the front attack from the deck, where was the center of fighting; the mate and two of his boat's crew opened fire on the canoes which were trying to board us on the port side, while I opened fire from the starboard side. At this moment, while my attention was engaged with the savages in the canoes, the chief, who was leading the attack on my side of the deck, suddenly lifted one of his men and threw him bodily over the wire netting in such a manner that he descended right where I was engaged in picking off the attacking force with my rifle.

**I Wrestle
with a
Savage.**

The assault was so sudden and unexpected that we both crashed to the deck, where we rolled and wrestled in our individual efforts to get the upper hand. In the scuffle the black

aimed at my head with his tomahawk, but only succeeded in landing a glancing blow which inflicted a scalp wound. While I was slashing at the savage with my knife a powerfully built Tongan, seeing my predicament, approached and, drawing back his rifle, suddenly drove it into the ribs of my opponent with such force that it entered his body, killing him on the spot. I sprang to my feet in time to see the enemy's ranks waver and break. While those nearest the netting were trying to beat it down with their clubs those

in the background had been hurling volleys of arrows over their heads and had managed to wound some of the vessel's crew, for they have a peculiar way of hurling spears over a barrier so that they will descend point first on the other side. In the short time we had been fighting the enemy had suffered severely, so we were not surprised to see them become panic-stricken, retreat under cover of the galley and spring overboard.

"Mbuka! Mbuka!" (fire! fire!) cried a Fijian at this moment, pointing to the galley, which was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, for the villains had battered down the door and set it afire, with the idea of burning the vessel and securing the cargo. With the deck partially cleared the netting was hastily cut down and a general rush made to put the fire out. A number of natives who had taken refuge on the forward part of the deck met us with a shower of spears and arrows, but received a well-directed volley from our rifles in return before they had time to escape. A Rotuma man who happened to be beside me received an arrow through his body and fell mortally wounded, but the next moment the native who shot it threw both arms in the air and went plunging over the bow with a bullet through his chest.

During the mêlée the natives had battered in the door of the forecastle with the object of looting it, and several of them now emerged to find their retreat cut off. They fought desperately with their clubs and tomahawks in their effort to reach the vessel's side, but were all cut down or captured.

The fire was quickly extinguished with buckets of salt water, although it would soon have been beyond control had the natives kept up the fight a little longer. The galley fire had been carefully extinguished before ever they were allowed on board; so it became quite evident that they brought the fire with them. Their ordinary method of carrying fire about consists in lighting the inside of a dried cocoanut husk. This

will smolder for an hour or two, but never burst into flame. When they wish to kindle fire they place the lighted husk under some dried fagots and blow it.

Some of the canoes which had been badly riddled with shot were now floating waterlogged and deserted, while others withdrew as fast as their occupants could paddle them out of the way. The greater part of the natives took refuge behind rocks on the beach, hauling their canoes behind them.

We were pretty anxious to get away and we could see that a light breeze was starting, so we hove up anchor and tacked out of the harbor. A Samoan, a Fijian and one Rotuma man on our ship had been killed outright in the skirmish and all the rest of the crew were more or less severely injured. The natives whom we secured the day before undoubtedly expected to join in the attack; but the hatches had been successfully secured with heavy gratings which allowed sufficient light and air but prevented them from getting onto the deck.

Just before dark we anchored in Southwest Bay in latitude $16^{\circ} 20'$ S. and longitude $167^{\circ} 25'$ E.

The natives, like all other inhabitants of the New Hebrides, are evidently a mixed race, which accounts in a measure for the vast variety of types which one sees here. The main stock is unquestionably Papuan, and many of them would pass as natives of darkest Africa. Each village has a hamal or sacred temple which also answers the purpose of a council house. It is large enough to contain all the men of the village; these sacred hamals have high ridge poles, high pointed gables and tiers of windows in the gables. The gable end next to the water is provided with one or two lofty boards narrowing toward the top and evidently intended for the passage of the large war canoes.

In one of these hamals I saw a great number of human skulls ranged upon shelves around the sides of the building, besides many mummies of chiefs arranged upon carved wooden

beams, painted red and blue and hanging from the rafters. The walls also were hung with paddles, bows, arrows, spears, war-clubs, adzes, etc.

Besides the hamal every village has a green, level clearing called an amil, upon which to worship the spirits of the dead. The amil, which is usually about a hundred yards long, contains a sacred stone which represents a god, and either a row or a semi-circle of upright logs carved to represent some deity. The upper end of each log is carved into a grotesque caricature of a human face, and each image is hollowed out from the back or side. These idols differ a good deal in some respects. Almost every one has a large bird hollowed out of wood as a sort of guardian angel, poised in the manner of a hawk pouncing on its prey.

The devil dance is a religious ceremony in honor of the dead. Music men armed with ponderous hardwood clubs arrange themselves behind these hollow idols and each man beats his idol as though his salvation depended upon the vigor of the blows.

I attended two of these strange ceremonies, one of which was held at night and the other in daylight. The dancers were all men armed with bows, poisoned arrows, spears and war-clubs. They drew up solemnly around the idols and began a very serious dancing chant to the music men's furious attack upon their strange instruments. By degrees the dancing grew faster and faster until it became furious and the chanting was little less than blood-curdling howls and yells. The black demons with feather-bedecked hair, their faces painted black and red and pigs' tails thrust through their ears, flittered and gyrated like thick black shadows under the flickering light of a fire as they ran at full speed around their idols, sometimes standing erect and brandishing their weapons above their heads, then suddenly wheeling and turn-

**The Devil
Dance of
Malekula.**

ing and executing rapid and complicated evolutions apparently in the most inextricable confusion, but in reality with the precision of clockwork. Sweat dripped from musicians and dancers alike, and their eyes took on a look of madness as they wheeled and whirled and capered about belaboring their drum idols with sledge-hammer blows.

One of the principal figures of the dance represented birds swooping upon their prey, for the dancers ran with their heads bent down and arms outspread, looking for all the world like birds of prey. The most amazing feature of the entire performance was the physical endurance of those who took part in it. Their strength increased rather than diminished, their chanting grew louder and wilder, and they scampered around those hideous idols hour after hour. Wrapped in the mysterious gloom and deathlike stillness of the surrounding forests, the whole scene was wild and weird enough to make shivers creep up and down one's spine.

Before the evening was quite over the principal chief performed a solo dance with a **A Pig Dance.** large squealing pig across his shoulders. A native explained to us that the pig was to be sacrificed to the god Namatas at the conclusion of the ceremony, and the chief through the squealing of the pig was announcing to the spirits news of the fine feast which had been provided for him. In return for this hospitality he reminded them by the medium of the same pig that he expected them not only to protect the inhabitants of the village from sickness and to send them good crops, but also to grant them victory over their enemies. The sole object of the uproarious ceremony was to placate evil spirits, consequently everything must be of most joyous character in order to win their approval and protection. The poor pig was supposed to dance and sing with delight at the prospect of being put to death to furnish part of a feast for the spooks. His ear-piercing shrieks

were interpreted by the savages to be his particular method of contributing to the general hilarity by singing with all his might and main in the only way he knew how.

This tribe especially regard the pig with superstitious veneration. A native chief is neither brave nor in fashion unless he has a pig's tail thrust through a hole in each ear, a boar's tusk hung upon his breast and a pair of armlets made of the bones of the pig above his elbows.

I never remembered seeing any place outside of India where caste separations are so strictly enforced as they are among the natives of Malekula. No man may eat food which has been prepared upon a fire belonging to a lower caste than his own; nor may he even light his fire with a brand from it, but must make new fire for himself.

We got under way out of Malekula Harbor as soon as possible, and after rather an uneventful run all hands were glad to anchor once more in 'Apia Bay.

CHAPTER VII

DEVIL-FISH AND SHARKS

During my enforced delay at Apia I spent the time in looking up the ancient traditions and curious religious beliefs of the Samoans. Although most of them now profess to be Christians they still retain a regard for the ancient mythology which their ancestors preserved with zealous care for countless centuries before the coming of the white man.

I started out with a native guide one morning to visit some prehistoric stone ruins upon the mountains. War was raging between the native tribes, so we went well armed. Every native we met carried a knife about twenty inches long, and had an uncomfortable habit of walking a few paces behind us, apparently out of idle curiosity. Our course lay along the Vaisingani River, which flows by Apia and forms innumerable waterfalls on the mountainside. The scene is of surpassing loveliness.

**The
House
of the
Octopus.**

The ruin, which the Samoans call Fale o le Fe'e, meaning house of the octopus, consists of a large stone inclosure laid out on exactly the same lines as the ancient Jewish Tabernacle, with outer and inner courts and the holy of holies in the center. The walls consist of upright blocks of black basalt. In the center of the building stands a large stone pillar which in some way connects with the Samoan tradition of the race of giants which once traded among these islands.

It must be remembered that the Samoans have not lost all

faith in their ancient gods. When they are in trouble and require assistance one or more chiefs repair to this mysterious ruin and sit with their backs to the upright stones, remaining in this position until one of them receives inspiration from some god still hovering about the temple, who delivers in some miraculous way advices which are received by the chief who acts as oracle and implicitly followed.

The Samoans are excellent canoe men, with many types of watercraft ranging from a small dugout for carrying one person to a very large double canoe capable of carrying over one hundred men. It is picturesque to see Samoans fishing from their canoes at night. With flaming torches of dry cocoanut leaves they attract the fish in large numbers. Some use hooks and lines, others stand gracefully ready with spears and the moment a fish comes within range they hit it with lightning quickness. While some are fishing others amuse themselves dancing on the beach, this dance usually being performed in a sitting posture with hands, arms, head and body all in motion. The men are generally tattooed from the waist to the thighs. The implements used in tattooing are sharp-pointed little combs made of pieces of human bone. The tattooer first pricks the pattern on the skin, then places the comb exactly on the line and drives the teeth through the skin with the blow of a little mallet. At every second stroke he dips the comb into a paste made of charcoal and water.

**Excruciating
Tattooings.** The pain is so great that only a very little tattooing can be done at a time, and while it is in progress the friends of the victim sit beside him and sing at the top of their voices

by way of drowning any groans which he might utter and which would be considered unmanly. At first I supposed that all tattooed patterns were exactly alike among them, but there are many important differences, revealing not only the particular island and tribe to which the man belongs, but even

his family, and the family of every chief has its own tattoo symbol or coat of arms, as it were. A man who has performed some great feat often has an additional sign made to his tattoo in commemoration of the event, and it is surprising to see how readily the natives can tell the nature of the feat from the marks which are presented.

A favorite amusement of the Samoans is shark-hunting, which they do in several ways different from those of any other tribe. I have seen one man go out in his canoe with a baited shark hook and line and much offal, while other men on the beach held on to the other end of the line. The man in the canoe throws pieces of bait into the water to attract the sharks and when he sees a particularly large one he lowers the baited hook, then draws it slowly back again. Smaller sharks are apt to keep at a respectful distance, while the larger gulp the bait ravenously. As soon as he has swallowed it the man in the canoe gives a sudden jerk on the line to fix the barb in the shark's throat, then lets go the bight of the line. The men on the shore immediately set up a yell and haul on the rope with all their might while the shark leaps wildly in the air, lashes the water furiously with his tail and darts madly in all directions in his efforts to escape.

**Astonishing
Tenacity
of Life.**

The natives assert that it is only fair to give the shark a chance, and as soon as they succeed in hauling him into shoal water they drop the line and rush into the water and attack him with their clubs. The scene which

follows baffles description. A shark will fight with the last spark of his life; and the ferocity with which he defends himself is only equaled by his astonishing tenacity of life. He can twist himself until his head and tail meet, and a full stroke from the tail of a large shark will instantly kill a man, and should he secure a hold upon any one even death itself will not make him relinquish, for his jaws will retain that hold

even after his head is severed from his body. I saw a native boy cut out a shark's jaw three hours after the shark's head had been severed from his body. During the operation the jaw closed on his hand like a vise and had to be pried apart before the boy could be released, and even then his hand had to be amputated to save his life. Sharks have a habit of retiring at intervals into the submarine caves in the coral reefs; then the natives catch them in this way: Several men armed with war-clubs and whale-spades paddle along the reef; one man carrying a slip noose drops into the water and, diving into the cave, slips the noose on the tail of a shark and jerks the line as a signal to the men in the boat to pull him up. The bewildered shark rises rapidly to the surface, where the battle for his life begins. I have frequently noted that a shark never seems to struggle until he reaches the surface of the water. If he comes close to the canoe they haul his tail out of water and immediately he appears almost helpless. Should he come up some distance away he struggles frantically to escape and generally charges furiously at the canoe. It requires the utmost skill to repel the attack of a very large shark.

**Surprised
by the
"Devil"
Himself.**

One night I was with two natives who were fishing from a canoe on the reef. In the darkness one of them hooked something which he mistook for a shark. He hauled it to the surface and was leaning over the gunwale to examine his catch when a large devil-fish suddenly threw some of its arms around him as its hideous slimy body appeared alongside the canoe. The bleary eyes of the monster gleamed with malignant rage as he bit savagely at the side of the canoe with his ugly maw and the remainder of its arms splashed about in the water like writhing serpents. With the canoe for an anchorage the great fish secured a firm hold on the terrified native and was dragging him overboard when his comrade grasped the situation and entirely unarmed sprang

upon the head of the monster fish and, driving his thumbs into its eyes, destroyed its sight. Instantly the fierce brute relinquished its hold, writhing and plunging in intense agony and emitting a strong musky odor which almost overpowered us. We were pulling away when suddenly one of the long arms brandished again in a final effort of revenge. It fell on my shoulder like the stroke of a club and clung there until I hacked it off with my knife. Finding itself pretty well worsted the gamy brute gave up the battle and sank out of sight. The black man was badly hurt and in great pain, for wherever the suckers had fastened to his body the flesh had puckered and blistered frightfully. It was two months before he recovered, but the scars, like burns, remained permanent.

**The Gamy
Wild-
Boars.**

The Samoans also find amusement hunting the fierce wild pigs which ravage their crops. The first time I accompanied a party of natives on a wild-pig hunt the pig ran directly

across an open space and would have distanced his fleet pursuer, but just as he was about to enter a thick scrub on the opposite side of the clearing another hunter dashed out of the bushes and wounded him slightly with his spear. Like a flash the boar wheeled with an angry "Woof! Woof!" while the native hastily aimed the point of his spear at the boar's neck. Quick as lightning the animal caught the spear sidewise in his mouth and before the man had time to turn about the boar was upon him and gored him so horribly that he died almost immediately. Before the boar could make his escape into the thick scrub, however, two dogs came up and, following the usual tactics of these cunning animals, one of them attacked in front to distract his attention while the other secured a viselike grip on his hind legs. The first dog sprang to the boar's side to avoid the sweep of his tusks and seized him by the right ear. It was a cunning ruse on the dog's part, but success was only momentary, for in less time

than it takes to tell it the dog, like the native, was dead. The boar then, despite the fact that there was a dog hanging fast to his leg, faced with undaunted courage another native who had joined in the attack. The native, taking warning from his tribesman, pretended to drive his spear into one side of the animal's neck, then drew it back and drove it with all his might into the other side. It was a clever trick, and although the native was a giant the boar actually forced him back by main strength and tried to work its body up on the spear in order to gore him. Even when the rest of us came up and speared him from every side the brave beast fought desperately to the last and expended his dying efforts in trying to drag himself over the ground to attack us.

I left Apia shortly after this, and took passage to Vavau, in the Tonga Islands, where I entered into a trading partnership with a white man and remained for some time.

The Tongans, like the Samoans and Fijians, are very fond of drinking kava. Kava is an infusion of the root of a species of pepper-plant and the singular thing about it is that it intoxicates the legs and not the brain. Several cups of it will make a man stagger and fall if he attempts to walk, but his brain stays perfectly clear. The kava bowls used at feasts and war-dances are very beautiful. Some of them are three feet wide and deep in proportion, made of hard, dark-red wood, which takes a beautiful polish. With use the inside becomes smooth as glass and shines with a play of delicate colors equal to those of the finest opal.

Scarcely any of the tribes in the South Sea Islands have more varied dances than the Tongans. One of the prettiest is the paddle dance, in which the performers carry in their hands light, ornamental paddles. The chorus sits in a circle around the dancers, chanting and beating drums and applauding the various stately evolutions of the

The
Paddle Dance,
etc.

performers. Faster and faster the dance proceeds and more and more complicated the steps and figures grow until as a grand climax the dancers sway their bodies violently from side to side and end the performance of innumerable and graceful evolutions. This really beautiful dance finishes with a fiendish and terrific yell.

Another dance which we enjoyed seeing is the *Otuhaka*. The chorus sat in a single line around the dancers and both chorus and dancers wore reeds of brilliant scarlet hibiscus flowers. The drums beat lustily for a few moments, then the dancers in silence began to execute a series of the most intricate movements in which their eyes, heads, mouths, arms, fingers, legs, knees, feet and even their toes all performed their separate parts with marvelous precision and unity of movement. The strenuous performance ends with a long-drawn note from all hands amid plaudits of "Malio! Malio!" (well done) from the audience.

Most spectacular of all is the *Doula*, or night dance, performed with torches. The quick and graceful movements of the dancers, the soft cadences of their accompanying songs and the flashing of the torches as they flit like shooting stars here and there make a scene beautiful enough for a midnight dance of woodland fairies.

These curious people have odd ideas in regard to wearing European clothing. I once attended a dance in Vavau, where one of the women was dressed in her own short skirt made of *ti* tree leaves and barely reaching to the knees. Over this she wore an old-fashioned hoop skirt and nothing else. And one man was dressed in one leg of a pair of sailor trousers and had his own leg painted blue to match.

I have rarely seen a lovelier spot than the *Liku* district in the north of Vavau, which is a kind of playground for the natives. A path leads through a panoramic succession of low hills clothed with magnificent forest. Deep ravines blaze with

fragrant and beautiful flowers and rocky precipices rise like walls of medieval castles. The only sounds that disturb the sylvan retreat are the cooing of wood pigeons in the tamanu and toa trees and the ceaseless roar of old ocean breaking upon the rocks below.

Shark-Hunting that Beggars Language. The Tongans are inveterate shark-hunters, and upon this particular occasion a large party of natives making elaborate preparations for a shark-hunting expedition asked me to go along, and I went. Four huge war canoes over sixty feet long, six feet beam and five feet deep, were stripped of their outriggers, lashed together in couples and supplied with provisions, fresh water in cocoanut shells, also plenty of rope, several long spears and many war-clubs and axes. We got under way shortly after daylight next morning, and most of the inhabitants of the village came to the beach to give us a rousing send-off. Some blew conch shells and others chanted, the chant being taken up by the rowers as they paddled away.

Upon reaching the "hunting grounds" the canoeists made an outlandish uproar by rattling empty cocoanut shells and yelling like demons, thus arousing the curiosity of the sharks, who already had commenced to circle around us. A few pieces of fat pork were thrown overboard, while other pieces were dangled in the water on short ends of rope held by some of the hunters who were perched upon poles extended between the canoes and who depended only upon their agility to dodge the wolf-like snaps of the sharks' jaws.

Soon the greedy man-eaters swarmed thick about us. One huge fellow ran his head through a rope noose, snapping viciously at a piece of pork, and some of the men made the mistake of hauling the line tight about his head with loud cries of "Hiki, hiki!" (pull, pull) before the other line was properly secured about the tail, and one man drove a spear

into his side and another aimed a premature blow at the back of his neck with an ax. The angry shark leaped clear of the water, breaking the spear short off and carrying off the line which held him. He got about fifty yards away, whipping the surface of the water into foam with his tail, then with a long sweep he turned and darted straight as an arrow for our canoe. His cavernous mouth was open and six rows of huge teeth were displayed in warlike array. Whether he intended to ram the canoe with his head or to leap on board and crush it with his weight, as these voracious brutes sometimes do, I do not know. When he got within a few feet of us two strong spears were driven straight down his throat and he was received with such sudden and terrific sledge-hammer blows that his face and upper jaw were beaten almost to a jelly. Instantly he snapped the heads off of the spears, however, and dived under us, striking his back so violently against our keel that several of us were thrown off our feet. Then he reared his huge head out of the water on the other side, where two strong nooses were thrown over him and the battle recommenced. He snapped savagely at every object within reach and struck such terrific blows with his tail that the canoe would have stove in but that the force of the blows was broken by large wickerwork fenders which we instantly hung over the side. At the same time his head was hauled partially inboard over the gunwale, thus turning his tail away from the canoe, and those of us who could get within reach of the struggling monster united in a general attack upon him with any missile that came to hand.

Watching his opportunity one man dealt him a killing blow on the neck with an ax, severing his spinal column, and with one convulsive shudder the huge body of the beaten shark relaxed, vanquished at last. He was quickly hauled on board and disposed of in the bottom of the canoe.

Another large fellow was almost immediately secured,

three nooses being deftly adjusted this time before any one of them was hauled tight. The moment he felt the ropes tighten about him he darted away, dragging us after him and bringing us in violent collision with the two other canoes, whose crews were engaged in a lively battle with a man-eater on their own account. We cleared the canoes without accident, hauling the tail of our own catch so tightly that he could not lash it about. But he could still use his teeth, so he snapped like a bulldog at the occupants of each canoe alternately. One man named Taviti, standing beside me, leaned far over the side and was endeavoring to throw another noose when Mr. Shark suddenly jerked in our direction and catching the outstretched arm of Taviti in his jaws bit it off at the elbow as clean as though it had been cut with a sword. The wounded man collapsed into the bottom of the canoe, where a comrade bound up his arm while the rest of us continued the battle.

Our
Largest
Catch.

We then proceeded to noose shark number three, one of the largest ever caught in that vicinity. The natives cried out with delight at sight of him. At a given signal four strong nooses were flung over him and hauled tight.

Baffled at his first attempt to dive away he allowed himself to be hauled supinely to the surface and without the slightest opposition. He remained motionless for several seconds as though studying out the situation. Then with unexpected suddenness he declared battle, lashing out right and left with the fury of a thousand demons and taxing the utmost ingenuity and strength of everybody. During the mêlée which followed a native named Onitu was knocked overboard, landing directly on the shark's head. Instantly he bounded off and dived like a porpoise under the canoe and was hauled aboard on the other side. This was regarded in the light of a casual incident. The shark had dived after him but, missing his prey, he seized the keel of the canoe in his teeth and shook it.

violently by sheer main strength. It was afterward discovered that the keel was bitten half-way through.

The crews of both canoes made a general attack upon the giant, and finding it impossible to deal it any mortal wounds from the boats one man, with never a word of warning, boldly leaped upon his back and endeavored to stab him in the neck with his knife. He was tossed aside like a bothersome trifle and only by the narrowest margin escaped the jaws of another shark, which his comrades beat off with their heavy spears. Finding that our gigantic captive called for unusual measures we gave the line attached to his tail a couple of turns round one of the stout poles connecting the canoes, thus raising his tail clear of the water.

We Are
Knocked
Senseless.

In this position he got madder and madder, struggling so furiously that the pole broke away, carrying the line with it and stripping the flesh from the fingers of those who held it.

In another instant the freed tail swept over the canoe and descended on us like a battering-ram, sending us in struggling heaps to the bottom of the boat. Breathless and almost insensible, I extricated myself from the mass of tumbled bodies to survey the damage. Several natives were insensible, another lay helpless with a broken leg, still another had been killed outright, and I also noticed the canoe was leaking heavily.

There was not the slightest thought of relinquishing our fight with the shark, however, so in spite of disaster the "survivors" fastened another running bowline to the one already tied, and the noose, hauled wide open, deliberately, as if by some magic touch, slipped into position. One of these two tail lines was passed to each canoe and the crews pulling in opposite directions prevented a repetition of the recent catastrophe. Realizing his utter helplessness, at last the captive attempted to dive, and finding this impossible, renewed the

fight, making intelligent efforts to leap aboard first one canoe and then the other. In his struggles one of the lines attached to his head slipped. Quick as a wink he seized one man by the breechclout, stripping the flesh from his hip as though dagger points had been drawn through it. This turn of affairs gained the monster a new lease of life, while we, on the other hand, were becoming exhausted with extended battle. A rolled-up mat was finally thrown as a bait. He snapped at it, and while his teeth were thus entangled a powerful black dealt him a heavy blow on the back of the neck with his ax and the battle was done. The great carcass was loaded in one of the canoes and we returned to our settlement.

Enough of Sharks for Once. The very next day a couple of these natives and myself were diving off of a fringing reef when one of them suddenly cried "Anga! anga!" (shark, shark), and a big man-eater swam slowly between us and so close we

might have touched him with our hands. We adopted the only course in our power, which was splashing the water and yelling like madmen. This had the effect of driving him off a little way and we swam for our lives. The very moment we gained the edge of the reef he came at us with such a rush that he stranded himself and stuck there for a while before he got afloat again. I, for one, had had enough of sharks.

CHAPTER VIII

WEIRD CUSTOMS IN NORTHERN QUEENSLAND

My trading experience at Vavau being rather unfortunate, due to my partner having lived so long among the natives that they took full advantage of his propensity for making presents of the various articles of our stock, for which, by the way, I only had paid, I accordingly decided to return to Australia, and making my partner a present of what was left of the trade goods, took passage in the bark *Meteor* to Sydney.

At Sydney I shipped in an old vessel called the *Result*, carrying coal from Newcastle to Wallaroo, in South Australia, but she was in such bad shape that we were obliged to jettison some of the cargo to prevent sinking in a gale, and, needless to say, on our return to Sydney all hands lost no time in leaving her. I then sailed for some time in a steamer, the *Alexandra*, running from Sydney to Brisbane, Rockhampton, Mackay and other ports on the east coast of Queensland, later being transferred to the *Egmont*, of the same company.

About this time a company was being formed for the purpose of cutting cedar along the rivers of Northern Queensland, and as the blacks were troublesome and would probably not hesitate to attack the South Sea Islanders who were engaged to do the cutting, several whites, myself included, accepted the company's offer to go along, and on very good terms. Our destination was a little place called Cardwell, on the mainland opposite Hitchinbrook Island, but we called at Cairns, about eighty-five miles farther north, to pick up our native laborers.

Shortly after our arrival the blacks in the district gave a corroboree in honor of a treaty of peace with a neighboring tribe with whom they had been carrying on a desultory warfare, and two of us walked through the bush one evening to see the ceremony.

**The
Challenging
Smoke
Signal.**

They sent up smoke signals to recall members of the tribe who were hunting in other parts of their territory, and other smoke signals as a challenge to the enemy, who promptly replied in like manner. We went to

the battle-ground on the morning of the expected encounter and found the two hostile tribes camped within a few hundred yards of each other, both busily engaged in overhauling their weapons. The warriors were fantastically painted in streaks of red and white—the signs of war.

When the signal was given both parties drew up in line-of-battle array about four hundred feet apart and began reviling each other, while boasting of their own prowess and the great deeds they were now about to perform. The women and children, ranged at a safe distance in the background, howled on their warriors to annihilate the enemy, taunting them with cowardice for not immediately doing so.

At length one man on our side hurled a spear, and the battle had begun. Showers of spears and boomerangs whizzed through the air as each man engaged his selected opponent, while the frenzied shouts of the warriors and screeching of the non-combatants arose in one prolonged clamor. As the missiles began to grow scarce the warriors resorted to throwing stones, this ammunition being supplied by the women and children, and it was astonishing to see how adroitly a warrior could reach for and throw the stones while warding off with his shield the stones aimed at his own head, body and legs.

At last a young warrior received a spear through his body

and fell, mortally wounded, which terminated the battle. Following the battle preparations were immediately begun for the celebration of the period of peace now entered on by holding a corroboree, in which all—even those who received frightful wounds—took part.

Meanwhile the death of the young warrior of our party was held as proof conclusive that one of our tribe had bewitched the warrior whose death had brought about the battle, so after a consultation the doctor and the old men of the tribe settled on the guilty man, who thereupon was challenged by the brother of the dead warrior. The duel consisted of each combatant in turn stooping and allowing his opponent to deliver a tremendous blow on his head with a waddy, and terminated when the challenger eventually went down under the succession of blows. It is remarkable that the loser in the duel was only slightly stunned from the blows—any one of which would undoubtedly have brained a white man—and in a few minutes was actively engaged in assisting in the preparations for the corroboree.

Full
Moon
and a
Corroboree.

A corroboree is always held at the full of the moon and usually begins about half an hour before sundown. The ground or stage upon which the corroboree takes place is smooth and level and at the end of this one there was a rude hut built of branches in which the performers attired and painted themselves for the dance. The natives took no notice of our arrival, but their dogs did, for a whole pack of the starving brutes made a general attack upon us, and it was not until nearly a dozen of them had been laid out for good and all that the natives approached and drove off the remainder with stones and abuse. Half a dozen fires were burning brightly and the corroboree opened with three fantastically painted men who came out and danced until the sun went down. Meanwhile doctors and sorcerers of the as-

sembled tribes crooned a magic chant around one of the fires. One of them took his stand on the top of a little knoll to watch for the rising moon, others took burning sticks from the fire and deposited them carefully on the extreme outskirts of the corroboree clearing, as a warning to perambulating devils to keep off the sacred spot and not defile the ceremony with their presence.

The old man on the hillock signaled the moment he could see the moon and the other actors immediately filed forth. Their hair was arrayed in halos, adorned with red flowers and cockatoo feathers, but their utmost skill had evidently been expended in painting themselves with red and white stain and yellow ochre in patterns varying in detail, but in general the design was in imitation of skeletons. Foreheads were white with broad circles around each eye, a white streak on each cheek and a white band along each rib. Their legs were fantastically painted in zigzag lines of white and red and tufts of gum-tree leaves encircled their ankles.

The leader stood facing the dancers and was similarly painted, except that he had ornamented his head with the horns of a goat. If he had only supplied himself with a long red tail and cloven hoofs he would certainly have been a striking likeness of the devil.

At a given signal the women began a monotonous chant supposed to be descriptive of the particular part of the dance which the men were about to perform. At the next signal the dancers sprang forward like one man, placing their arms akimbo and spreading their feet as far apart as possible. They then made the muscles of their thighs quiver rapidly and gave utterance to a series of sounds like those which a horse makes by blowing through his closed lips. The music grew faster and louder and dancers and spectators worked themselves up to a pitch of frenzy; dogs howled as though they would split themselves, the eyes of the dancers glared wildly through the

heavy painted circles and every savage in the clearing began a leaping and swaying and yelling that was fiendish, though every sound and movement was in perfect unison and distinctly the result of much practice. The black skins of the natives were invisible against the dark back-

Pandemonium. ground of the gloomy forest and the fitful light of the fires and the moon falling upon their rapidly moving forms gave them an appearance as of skeletons endowed with life. The scene was weird and ghostly beyond description. Pandemonium was certainly loose. This violent dancing continued amid the wailing chant of the women, the howling of dogs, until at a given signal three terrific yells indicated the end of the first act.

The next act represented a kangaroo hunt. Two men adorned with long thick tails in imitation of kangaroos hopped about and pretended to eat grass. At intervals they started up, looked carefully about them, scratched themselves and wiggled long ears in perfect imitation. Two men representing hunters followed them with spears, advancing from the surrounding bush as noiselessly as shadows when the kangaroos pretended to graze. Having finally worked within range of their game both hunters discharged their spears simultaneously and struck the kangaroos, that bounded away, carrying their hands precisely as the kangaroo carries his forefeet in running. The hunters started after in hot pursuit, yelling loudly the while, but the animals fell at last and were picked up and carried back to the fires to be cooked; when a shrill cry from the manager announced the end of the act.

The next act represented a party of blacks attacking the house of a white settler. A small shack was speedily run up and roofed with pieces of bark. Four actors elaborately painted to look like white men appeared, carrying sticks which

looked like guns. Their bodies were painted to represent white men's shirts, their legs were painted in imitation of mole-skin breeches and their legs from the knees down were covered with rushes to represent leggings. Their appearance was indescribably fantastic.

After looking carefully about they entered the hut and were supposed to go to sleep. Armed blacks then appeared and cautiously advanced, but one of the "white men," looking out of the window, caught sight of the approaching enemy and gave the alarm. All four white men instantly appeared at door and window and pointed their imitation guns at the approaching blacks, who instantly hurled spears at the hut. Some carried torches, which they threw upon the frail structure, setting it on fire, then bounding through the flames a hand-to-hand struggle followed. The whites fought as white men will, but were overpowered and carried to the fire to be cooked, while the spectators manifested unbounded satisfaction, and everything ended in a merrymaking. The corroboree was carried on all night with an occasional feast between the acts, but we left after this act.

These savages are, in their way, intensely musical and poetical, and the corroboree is their opera, ballet, and drama all in one. It is also their method of preserving and teaching the history of the tribe to the younger members of it, and features great events in the history of the tribe, or ancient legends which they wish to preserve. Every tribe has a dramatist and tribal poet who invents new corroborees and drills the tribe in their performance as carefully as a stage manager drills an opera company. This tribal playwright also sells his corroborees to other tribes and buys others from them.

In many respects the savage inhabitants of Australia are as clearly distinguished in mind and form from all other

savage races as its flora and fauna are different from those of other lands. Their coming must have been very remote, for their descendants are now found settled in every part of this vast continent. It is a curious fact that Australia is the only country in which no ruins or monuments are found to afford clue to its ancient history.

One night we heard a terrific howling in a native camp near our own and learned that a great warrior named Gurugan had died suddenly of witchcraft during the night. He had

Witchcraft Again. gone only a short distance from the camp fire when he gave a sudden cry of alarm. Two warriors instantly snatched up torches from the fire and went to his assistance, but he died almost immediately. The body of the old warrior showed every symptom of death from snake poison, but the natives scornfully rejected this explanation, declaring that his death could only be the result of magical incantations of a hostile tribe.

They interspersed their lamentations for the dead hero with loud cries for vengeance upon the treacherous tribe. The dead warrior was laid on his back with his knees drawn up to his body and wrapped in an old opossum cloak. A kind of funeral pyre was built of saplings and covered with many thicknesses of bark. Several of the most distinguished men of the tribe raised the body in position with the feet turned to the east as usual. Then a large piece of fresh bark was fastened over the body to protect it from rain and flesh-eating birds. The mourners burst into heart-rending shrieks at the end of the ceremony, beating their heads and faces with boomerangs and sticks, until the blood trickled down their dark skins. This tribe carefully avoid a place of burial for a dozen moons or more until the body is completely shriveled. They then remove the remains to a hollow tree, which is its final resting place.

We visited the native camp about half an hour after daylight next morning to witness the "ordeal of spears," which is a peculiar ceremony conducted according to strictest rule. To begin with, the tribal doctor, **The Ordeal of Spears.** an old gray-headed man, but wiry and active as a wildcat, stood up and faced two much younger men who were appointed to hurl spears at him. The old man had no weapon, but was allowed a small shield. In most instances the victim was compelled to depend upon his agility for his life. The younger men were armed with two spears and a boomerang apiece, and they stood at a distance of sixty yards. The first one carefully adjusted his spear and hurled it with unerring aim, but the old doctor parried it. Another missile quickly followed, but likewise fell harmless to the ground. Others were hurled with like result. At last the young warrior seized a war-boomerang, a far more difficult missile to avoid because its course is so erratic that it is impossible to tell where it will strike, frequently twisting around the shield and striking the parrier in spite of his utmost skill to evade it. The game old fellow, over-confident of his prowess, with a short quick step to the right warded the boomerang successfully, but to our surprise, this most mysterious of weapons carried around the shield and laid his arm open to the bone as clean as a knife cut. The gallant old tribal doctor paid no attention to his wound, but standing up, with consummate skill, escaped the missiles of the second warrior, and the ordeal of spears was ended for that time.

CHAPTER IX

HONG KONG AND SINGAPORE

The most distinctive and characteristic weapon of the Australian blacks is the far-famed boomerang. This most mysterious

The
Mysterious
Boomerang.

of all weapons is made of various kinds of hardwood and is always made from a natural crook. Many are not aware that there are two separate and distinct kinds of boomerangs; the return boomerang, which returns

to the thrower, and the war-boomerang, which does not return. This unique savage weapon consists of a thin, flat piece of wood curved in the shape of a parabola, varying from a right angle to a crescent. The underside of a return boomerang is perfectly flat and smooth, while the upper side is slightly rounded.

A war-boomerang is alike on both sides and is longer and narrower in the center than a return boomerang. The chief difference between them is that the arms of the "return" have a slight twist in opposite directions to the center, while the "non-returns" have no twist at all. The twist is made on exactly the same principle as the arms of a windmill or the blades of a propeller, the screw motion naturally tending to raise the boomerang as it rotates rapidly in its flight.

Boomerangs vary in size as well as in shape, but they average from two to three feet in length; the ends and edges are sharp and the force with which they can strike an object is equal to the stroke of a sword. I have read many ridiculous stories about boomerangs: for example, that one of them will strike an animal or an enemy and then return to the thrower.

When a boomerang of any kind strikes a solid object it falls to the ground precisely as any other missile does.

The astonishing feats which a black fellow can perform with the weapon are quite wonderful enough, without resorting to exaggeration. A scientist who visited our camp and witnessed some boomerang warfare said in his report: "These savages perform feats which science declares impossible." One man's very common performance consisted in hurling the boomerang in such a way that the underside touched the ground lightly about forty paces away, rebounded and continued its flight at an angle of forty-five degrees until it reached a great height, when it suddenly curved again and came back in a straight line to the thrower. I have seen the same man hurl the same boomerang in such a way that it ricocheted along the ground the way a flat stone will do on the surface of the water. It struck the ground and rebounded three times in succession at intervals of about twenty yards. The third time it rose almost straight up in the air and sailed back to within a few yards of the man who had thrown it, when suddenly it again changed its course, rose in a curve over his head, and landed a few feet in front of him.

Still another common feat is to throw the weapon in such a way that it makes one, two, or even three loops in its flight. I have seen a native throw his boomerang in such a way that it rose nearly straight into the air to a great height, when it suddenly curved inward, sailing over his head, then, with a downward drop as though it were coming straight toward him, it flew outward and began again to rise, this time to about twice its original height, when it described another loop like the first, rose still higher in the air, and at last descended in a straight line to the thrower's feet. The astonishing feats performed with boomerangs are almost endless and, in spite of the manifold theories which have been advanced to account for the wonderful powers of this strange weapon, the Aus-

tralian boomerang remains a fascinating scientific problem.

On the native Australian bills of fare snakes are an important item and are considered a great luxury.

The Natives Eat Snakes. When a native hunter encounters a fine specimen which is not poisonous, he spears it at once and makes ready to eat it. Snakes are cooked in various ways. When several men are traveling or hunting together they make a fire, level the embers, and coil each snake very carefully, securing it with long skewers of wood; after which they place it in the embers and keep turning it until it is cooked to a nicety.

Apropos of eating snakes, an amusing incident occurred near our camp. A couple of native families were about to begin a feast of roasted snakes when a large flock of crows suddenly swooped down upon them, bent on carrying off their dinner. Men and women sprang to their feet and with waddies killed or wounded many of the intruders. The dogs made short work of many more, but, in spite of the vigorous resistance which those crows encountered, some actually did succeed in carrying away part of the feast. The audacity of these crows is something marvelous. Not only will they steal food while it is being cooked or eaten, but they will hover menacingly around a solitary traveler in the bush and frequently try to peck out his eyes, especially if he appears ill or disabled. In some districts they are destructive to sheep, especially little lambs, and they have no hesitation in attacking a dog. They are formidable enemies, for they always go in flocks, and nothing frightens them.

Australian savages have not only invented the far-famed and unique boomerang, but their method of hailing will bear the palm over all others. The coo-ee of the blacks is far more musical than most of the calls of civilized people, and it can be heard at a great distance. This call is used today among both whites and blacks from one

"Coo-ee!"
"Coo-ee!"
"Coo-ee!"

extreme of Australia to the other, and the sailors who run on the coast use it in hailing as a preliminary to giving the regular signals when wishing to board a vessel off shore. The first syllable is very loud, full, and prolonged, and the second is prolonged and piercing. Besides being a call and a signal it is also a salutation and a warning. Ignorance of its use has caused most of the deadly encounters which have taken place between white travelers and the Australian blacks. Every tribe has its own territory and regards the banks of rivers, lagoons and water-holes in their vicinity as their own and are jealous or suspicious of any one venturing to approach without complying in every detail with proper formalities. Aboriginal etiquette strictly forbids any one to approach water reserves without receiving permission from the owners. A breach of this general rule is not an insult merely, but is almost a declaration of war.

About this time I shipped as second mate of the bark *E. M. Young* of Melbourne for a voyage to Hong Kong and return. Our boat lay alongside of Sandridge Pier and some carpenters were employed in repairing the starboard bulwarks, which had been stove in by a typhoon in the China Sea. We sailed from Newcastle, where we loaded coal and steered N. N. E., passing between the Kenn and Bellona reefs, Mellish and Pocklington Reefs, then between New Ireland and Bougainville Island, thence westward of Pelew Islands and direct to the Ballintang Channel. We made the run from Newcastle to Hong Kong in forty-five days.

While passing to the westward of the Pelew Islands we picked up a canoe containing two men and a woman nearly dead from hunger. They had sailed from the Pelew Islands two weeks before and were caught in a squall which dismasted their boat. The wind and current had drifted them so far that they were not able to paddle back. A few days after this one of the men mysteriously disappeared and we

supposed that he had fallen overboard in the night. After two days we found him hiding in an empty cask and he explained his disappearance by saying he feared we intended to eat them.

We entered Hong Kong harbor through Lyee-Moon Passage, which is nearly one quarter of a mile wide at its narrowest part and is so strongly fortified that it seems capable of defying all enemies. The city, which extends three miles along the shore of the bay, consists chiefly of stone and brick houses perched in terraced rows on the steep hillside, and Victoria Peak, which rises abruptly in the background, seems to overhang the city. The average temperature of Hong Kong is trying to white residents, so the finest homes are on the top of Victoria Peak, where it is cool and comfortable the year round.

All
Nationalities
in Queen's
Road.

The principal business street is Queen's Road, and it is doubtful if any other place on earth could make such a remarkable show of different nationalities. Here may be seen Chinese in every variety of costume, from single breechclouts to costly silken robes; Malays in gay-colored sarongs; Japanese women in obi and kimono; Parsees in long, somber robes of black and queer-shaped brown silk hats; Sikh cavalrymen in white uniforms and red turbans; solemn-looking Turks who seem never in their lives to have smiled, some in semi-European costume, others in long pale green robes and turbans, showing that they have visited Mecca; corpulent Hindoo merchants and money-lenders, their foreheads bearing the white caste-mark or idol-mark; Ceylonese merchants in short coats and petticoats, their long hair parted in the middle and fastened with tortoise-shell combs; tall wild-looking Afghans, besides Arabs, Javanese, Burmese, Siamese, Tamils, Eurasians, South Sea Islanders, and many others whose nationality is probably known only to themselves and

the recording angel. The diversity of languages which may be heard here reminds a foreign visitor of the scene which must have taken place around the Tower of Babel on the day of the confusion of tongues.

On a certain Chinese holiday I went ashore at

"Mad Dog!" Hong Kong to buy some curios to send home.

"Mad Dog!" Rose, the ship's dog, begged so hard to accom-

pany me that I took her along, but I must confess she spent most of her time exchanging angry growls with the queer-looking Chinese dogs that were apparently quite as much astonished at her appearance as she was at theirs. When we reached a large and fashionable Chinese store on Queen's Road a little above the Clock Tower I told Rose gently but firmly to wait for me outside, and she obediently sat down on the sidewalk. Among a number of shoppers that evidently had come ashore from some of the large steamers was an immensely fat lady leading a dog by a string. Instinctively I glanced backward and saw Rose sitting quietly enough, though she was critically surveying the other dog. I had just finished my purchases when, to my dismay, the two dogs suddenly closed in mortal combat. The fat lady gave a sort of choking scream and, turning around to discover the cause of the racket, turned the wrong way. The string attached to her small canine became entangled with her feet and, as the two dogs rolled against her, she suddenly and heavily sat down upon the floor.

A Shower of Costly Bric-a-brac. In the effort to save herself she got hold of a cabinet of costly bric-a-brac which came down in a general shower of ruin upon herself and the dogs; the wretched beasts were so astonished at the sudden bombardment of crockery that they immediately ceased hostilities and sought safety in flight. Rose, in her effort to escape, darted toward the rear of the store, coming in swift contact with the shins

of a Chinaman who was looking on in open-mouthed amazement but who made a heroic effort to detain her by seizing hold of her tail. Rose promptly retaliated by tearing a mouthful from his silken pantaloons, whereupon the bewildered Celestial uttered a loud "Hi-yah," leaped nimbly over the counter and climbed the shelves at the back with the agility of a circus acrobat. At this juncture some idiot raised the cry, "Mad dog! Mad dog!" and then it did seem that pandemonium had indeed broken loose. Loud cries of "Mad dog," screams of terror, Chinese expletives, and unmistakable Anglo-Saxon oaths mingled with the crash of breaking glass as one excited shopper after another escaped from the scene.

Some people see great amusement in such situations. I confess it appeared anything but amusing to me, in view of the fact that I might be arrested and compelled to pay for all damages. Besides, the fat lady was still reposing upon the floor and appeared to be dead. Not knowing but that I might be charged with murder in addition to a few other miscellaneous crimes, I was looking for an avenue of escape, when Rose solved the problem by trying to hide behind a party of women who were huddled together in a screaming chorus. Seeing what they believed to be a mad dog coming open-mouthed for them, they dropped their umbrellas and innumerable parcels and joined the stampede for the door. It is scarcely necessary to add that I was well ahead in this race, for, whereas the others were running from a purely imaginary danger, I was escaping from a real one. A minute later, on looking around to see what had become of Rose, I caught sight of her tail disappearing around the Clock Tower, at a pace that defied pursuit, so I disappeared with equal agility in the opposite direction. On reaching the boat landing I was not at all surprised to see Rose come up to me with the usual penitent look which she knew so well how to assume after the per-

petration of some particularly choice piece of villainy; but, needless to say, I took care not to take her on shore again in Hong Kong, and about a week later we sailed for Singapore.

The splendid harbor of Singapore can be approached in three directions and without the assistance of a pilot. The city is situated upon a low plain facing the harbor, and hills crowned with tropical foliage rise in the background. The Singapore River divides the town in two. The striking contrast between the Chinese quarter on the west side of the river and the European quarter on the east is most noticeable. The harbor is filled with shipping from all parts of the globe and the city front comprises six miles of wharves, docks, and shipyards. This is one of the busiest places in the world, and the enormous amount of business is the logical result of its matchless commercial situation and system of free trade.

By far the most attractive parts of Singapore are the Esplanade, shaded with beautiful trees and affording a magnificent outlook upon the harbor and surrounding islands, and of the botanic gardens, which are among the finest in the world. The peerless collection of orchids to be seen in these gardens surpasses anything of the kind I have ever witnessed; no language could properly convey a true description of their strange forms and brilliant colors. It seems strange that Singapore appears to be little known to orchid hunters. The island, which is twenty-seven miles long and eleven miles wide, abounds with them, and many rare and beautiful specimens can be bought from the Malays and Chinese for a trifle.

Lordly wealth and squalid degradation exist in strong contrast in Singapore. On the outskirts of the city handsome private residences of government officials, wealthy Arabs, Chinese, European merchants stand in haughty seclusion, embowered in tropical palms, ferns, and trailing orchids from the

lowly dwellings of the Malay and Chinese fishermen built of wood and palm leaves and standing upon piles over the water. Most of the business is in the hands of the Chinese and in the background of all of their shops there is an altar to To Pe Kong and his coterie of attendant demons, with joss sticks always smoking in front of it.

The Malays are natural-born pirates and have not only been the scourge of the Eastern Seas since they first became known to history, but they have also been in the habit of raiding all the neighboring coasts very much as the ancient Vikings ravaged the coasts of Europe during the middle ages. It is a mistake to suppose that Malay piracy is entirely a thing of the past. It still flourishes on the coasts of Borneo, the Sulu Islands, and the Philippines, in spite of all the efforts of the Spanish to suppress it.

**Christmas
Day in
Singapore.**

On Christmas Day the mate and myself went ashore to see the sights. Among other places of interest we visited a Hindoo Temple in which priests were offering sacrifices to idols.

The chief priest took a wreath of flowers from the neck of one of the images and presented each one of us with a red and yellow blossom from it. In return he demanded that we give him money and assured us that we should participate in all the benefits accruing from the sacrifices which had just been offered to the idol. We had been obliged to remove our shoes and leave them outside the inner temple in which the sacrifices were offered. I had been so intently watching the proceedings that I had not noticed that the mate had left and I was alone. One of the priests, who spoke fairly good English, assured me that we had taken part in the sacrifices offered to their god, since we were present at the ceremony, and I must pay a rupee for each member of the party. I assured him I had no desire to share in sacrifices offered to demons and therefore would give him nothing. He

evidently translated this reply to the other priests for they placed themselves between me and the door and, although I did not understand their language, I knew by their angry demonstrations that they were determining among themselves to have the money by hook or crook. One of them attempted to seize hold of me but I hit him on the head with my walking stick and made my way to the door amid a volley of curses.

As we were going along the street a little

The Azan. while later we suddenly heard a shrill cry immediately over our heads. It was a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer from a little balcony surrounding the minaret of a Mohammedan mosque. He was

walking around it with both hands raised to the height of his head, the open palms turned to the front, while he called the Azan in the usual shrill voice peculiar to most Asiatics. We foolishly attempted to enter the mosque without removing our shoes, but this created such a sensation among the faithful that we were glad to retire. Outside the door we met with some Arabs whom we knew and they gained admittance for us. We were obliged to remove our shoes, however, and bathe our hands and faces in a tank of holy water, which, by the way, was so filthy that it seemed more likely to create a plague than to promote cleanliness. They reminded us to be careful to put the right foot first over the threshold and not under any circumstances to remove our hats. The worshipers all faced toward a niche in the wall, called the Mihrab, which indicates the direction of Mecca, and paid strictest attention to the prayers. They bent over and reverently touched their foreheads to the floor during the longer prayer, after which a priest delivered a kind of sermon, then all united in prayer again and quietly dispersed.

It is interesting to watch how every Mohammedan instantly stops in the midst of his business, however urgent it may be, the moment the muezzins begin to call the Azan,

He shows that all business interests are subordinated to religious duties, and whether he is in his shop or in a public street, instantly he kneels down and prays with his face toward Mecca, the birthplace of his religion, at the simple cry of "Azan."

CHAPTER X

DANGERS FROM SKY, SEA AND LAND

After leaving Singapore we sailed south through Banka Strait, between the islands of Sumatra and Banka. Banka Island has been famous for its tin mines from time immemorial. We anchored in the strait for the night because navigation is dangerous here and we were likely to be becalmed.

Next day we called at Anjer, a village on the extreme west coast of Java, and sailed close to the small volcanic island of Krakatau, the main volcano of which caused such terrible destruction in this vicinity only a little while later.

**Narrow
Escape
from a
Falling
Meteor.**

Several days after clearing the Strait of Sunda we had a perilously narrow escape from a meteor that plunged into the ocean and nearly buried us at sea. I had been on watch for four hours along with another member of the crew and the night was singularly clear, as

nights are wont to be in the southern ocean, when all at once an extraordinarily bright light flashed across the sky coming directly toward the ship and leaving behind it a wide train of fiery sparks. The light became so dazzling that we covered our eyes to protect them from its blistering rays. "It will strike us," cried the terrified sailor as we stood spell-bound, and I, too, firmly believed that it would. It flew directly over our heads, plunging into the ocean not two hundred yards off our starboard quarter. A roar like an explosion and the loud hissing of water reached our ears but the blinding light had so dazzled our eyes that for the moment we seemed to be in utter darkness and could see nothing. When we recovered

our normal sight everything was as serene and peaceful as it had been the moment before and we could not help reflecting that, had the great bolt struck us, we would have been numbered with the countless ships that have put out to sea and have never been heard of again.

An opportunity which I had long looked for came to me at last, and I shipped as second mate on the schooner named the *Coorong*, which was fitting out at Sydney for a voyage among the pearl fisheries in Torres Strait, between northern Australia and New Guinea. Although the salary was small I was glad to go on this voyage, because it would take me to a locality which I had never visited.

The crew consisted of the captain, mate and myself and six Australian blacks. One of the blacks was named Callama and belonged to the Chingalée tribe in the northern territory; another belonged at Port Darwin and was named Yaragoo; the other four, whose respective names were Burragool, Goolwa, Yalgoon, and Karradook, belonged to the Kogai tribe, which inhabits a certain district on the east coast of Queensland. In addition to trading with the pearl fisheries the captain made a business of picking up native weapons and other curios which he sold to travelers at a large profit.

After a somewhat uneventful run we entered the Mary River, five hundred and fifty-six miles north of Sydney, and anchored at Maryboro. We found the blacks gathering for a corroboree on the east bank of Tinanna Creek, which flows into the river opposite the town. Already we had noticed small parties of blacks all traveling toward Tinanna Creek and in several instances we saw young men carrying older members of the tribe upon their backs. It is the invariable rule, it seems, for every member of the tribe to attend a corroboree, and, when any of them are too old and weak to walk, the younger ones carry them carefully to the scene.

I suggested to the mate that we take a stroll to see the

blacks in their camp, but he peremptorily refused, reminding me that he had no love for tramping in the bush either by day or night. As it turned out, this fellow was mortally afraid of kangaroos, although these curious animals are really

as inoffensive as sheep, except, of course, the **A Dangerous Foe.** "boomer," which is an old male kangaroo and a dangerous fighter. The word "boomer" is

a corruption of a native name, as buma is from the same root as boomerang, which means to strike and kill. A boomer is emphatically both striker and killer when brought to bay. This I happened to know from sad experience.

A good-sized boomer stands from six and a half to seven feet high, weighs something over two hundred pounds, and has phenomenal strength and agility. He will back up against a tree, rock, or thick clump of bushes and beat off all the dogs and people that can attack him from the front. Each of his hind feet is armed with a long, dagger-like claw, which in close quarters he can use with terrific effect. Balancing himself upon his powerful tail, an angry boomer deals lightning-like blows at his assailants with his hind legs. Attack him near the water and he will bound into it, for he feels especially safe and is a powerful swimmer. Boomers have been known to drown men who attacked them in the water.

It was toward evening that we fell in with a family of half a dozen natives bound for the corroboree. One stalwart warrior stalked along in front with a very old man thrown across his shoulders, much as he would have carried a sack of flour; another followed with an old woman in the same position. Yalgoon, who accompanied me from the ship, entered into conversation with them and was getting details of the approaching war-dance, when a boomer suddenly started up in front of us and went bounding away at a great pace. The blacks and their dogs uttered simultaneous cries of de-

light. The two men carrying the old people unceremoniously dumped them upon the ground and one of them launched a war-boomerang at the bounding kangaroo. Exactly at the moment it left his hand, the boomer with a magnificent bound leaped into the air and the boomerang flew wide of him. Evidently thinking he had outwitted his pursuers he deliberately stopped and gazed back at them, but, before he realized his mistake, the dogs creeping through the bushes brought him to bay. He wheeled and with a single blow laid one dog dead, bounded over the heads of the others and made straight for the bushes. It was a magnificent feat that one of these black fellows performed at this instant. Taking deliberately careful aim he sent his spear whirling through the air and at a distance of fifty yards transfixes Mr. Kangaroo. The ravenous dogs instantly precipitated themselves upon it for a square meal, and though mortally wounded the brave animal resolutely fought off the pack until, exhausted from lack of blood, he had to give up.

**Great
Barrier
Reef.**

After leaving Maryboro our course lay outside the Great Barrier Reef, which extends along the coast of Queensland from Sanda Cape to Torres Strait, a distance of about twelve hundred and sixty miles.

The channel between this immense reef and the mainland varies in width from ten to a hundred and fifty miles and has an average depth of twelve fathoms, but it is so beset with rocks and reefs that it is dangerous sailing. It is also dangerous to sail too close to the outside of the reef, because the wind is apt to die away at any moment, leaving the vessel completely at the mercy of the prevailing rapid currents of these tropical waters, which are liable to set the ship directly on a reef and destroy her.

We next brought up at Port Moresby, New Guinea. We reconnoitered here a few days collecting some curios, and sailed on to Lavau. Our object in calling here was chiefly

to secure a cargo of sandalwood. Canoes loaded with natives surrounded us the moment the anchor was down and the captain immediately commenced a lively trade, the two favorite articles of the natives being salt and tobacco.

We engaged a chief named Paura to help us procure the sandalwood and next morning I went ashore with four of our crew and a host of noisy natives to start cutting it. We went well armed, for the natives are treacherous and it is dangerous to rely on them.

On the morning of the third day after our arrival we had scarcely more than started cutting when loud yelling suddenly resounded from the direction of the beach. Our natives instantly darted away and we followed after them to the beach and discovered that the captain had hoisted the ensign with the union down as a signal of recall. There was great excitement among the trading canoes owing to the sudden appearance of four large double war-canoes which had entered the harbor north of Lavau and were approaching our ship. Each canoe contained many armed warriors, some of whom were paddling, others blowing upon conch shells challenging the enemy, while others danced and yelled and brandished their weapons upon queer-looking platforms that connected the canoes in couples. We lost no time in getting out to the ship. Meanwhile the captain, mate, and crew had loosened the sails and hove short, ready to get under way in case of an attack. We hoisted the sails and manned the windlass but the breeze died away and it became worse than useless to trip the anchor.

The trading canoes all paddled rapidly toward the beach, where they stopped and shot arrows at the war-canoes. The challenge was promptly returned and arrows began to fly thick and fast between them. The little canoes edged closer toward the beach and the big war fellows made a sudden dash to intercept them, but the little

A Short but
Brisk
Fight.

"traders" reached the beach first, abandoned their canoes and, jumping ashore, shot back at their pursuers while they retreated toward the bush. The enemy ran their war-canoes as close to land as they could and then leaped into the water for the purpose of destroying the little boats. No sooner had they quitted their brave canoes than a powerful force of armed men suddenly appeared from the bush and, letting fly a volley of arrows, rushed upon them with their spears and war-clubs and both parties joined in a short and savage hand-to-hand battle. When a second war-party slipped out from another part of the bush armed with unerring spears the bullying invaders beat a hasty retreat into their great canoes and quickly paddled out of range.

The beach by this time was swarming with armed natives shouting insults to their assailants and challenging them to come back and fight it out, but the war-canoes had drawn together in council of war. As a light breeze had sprung up we hove anchor and got under way, but immediately they started in hot pursuit. Their canoes skim so lightly over the water that with all ease they can sail around a ship.

**We Repel
Boarders.**

We were standing toward the south channel on the port tack, when it became evident that the canoe on our lee bow intended to close with us and keep us engaged while the others came up. At about a hundred and fifty yards from us they suddenly let fly a volley of poisoned arrows, all of which stuck in the sails or flew harmlessly over the deck. The captain immediately ordered the helmsman to luff a couple of points as if trying to avoid them, at which maneuver they gave a shout of triumph because they believed we were trying to get away. They changed their course to head us off and when we were less than fifty yards from them the captain shouted to the helmsman, "Port the helm and run them down!" Next moment the schooner stood about and striking a double canoe

amidships cut straight through the pair of them as clean as a knife. Some ten or twelve warriors caught in our martingale shrouds and gained the forecastle head but we instantly attacked them and those who were not cut down were glad enough to save themselves by jumping overboard.

By this time the canoe on our weather bow had come within range of us and sent a shower of arrows flying from under cover of their shield. We put about and tried to run them down, too, but warned by the fate of their comrades, they avoided us and successfully got out of our way. In doing this, however, they exposed their broadside and our mate, who was an excellent shot with a rifle, took careful aim and fired. The man steering the canoe threw both arms in the air and fell head-first overboard, and we soon left the canoe far astern. We sailed out to South Channel and anchored at Maiva, a few miles to the southward, where we secured a considerable quantity of sandalwood.

The villages of the Maiva tribe are built inland upon piles eight or ten feet high. This permits the air to circulate freely under each house and their villages are kept scrupulously clean. The men of each village meet at the house of their local chief for the purpose of discussing tribal affairs, so the chief's house is a kind of town-hall which consists of a platform floored with split bamboo, covered with a cupola, and open on all sides. The country surrounding the villages is an alluvial plain heavily covered with cocoanut trees, bananas, sugar cane, and sweet potatoes. In the dooryards between the houses many rare flowers and shrubs are cultivated. Back of this cultivated district is the jungle. The trees are of immense size. The soil is of the very richest variety and could support a very large population.

We left Maiva and sailed for Thursday Island, Lat. $10^{\circ} 35' S.$, Long. $142^{\circ} 13' E.$, and for the next long "spell" our course lay to the southwest through endless labyrinths of

rocks, reefs, shoals, and small islands, requiring the most careful navigation. These islands are inhabited by strange tribes which it would be difficult to classify.

Although Thursday Island is small, commerce there is so lively that a thrifty town has sprung up directly on the beach, the inhabitants representing every nationality to be found in the vast reaches of the Pacific.

Vast Pearl Fisheries.

The surrounding seas abound with pearl oysters and the army of pearl fishers plying their dangerous trade in these waters bring back tons of most valuable pearl shell, and often pearls of great value. Millions of dollars' worth of shell and pearls have already been gathered and there is room for almost endless expansion in the trade.

The pearl and beche-de-la-mer fishing brings Queensland over \$500,000 every year. The pearl shells are far larger than the shells of the common oyster. A pair of South Sea Island shells spread out often measure a yard in diameter. The shells vary in price, the best running up to a thousand dollars a ton. The coral reefs abound in beautiful sea caves. In these sea caves pearl oysters are found hanging in clusters from the roof. The finest of all pearls are found loose in the flesh of the oysters. A single oyster will sometimes contain a dozen small and perfect pearls.

We Build a Hut and Natives Visit Us.

After trading a few days at Thursday Island we set sail for the Gulf of Carpentaria, and on the third we anchored there in a small cove on the west side of Vanderlin Island of the Sir Edward Pellew group in latitude $15^{\circ} 41' S.$ and longitude $137^{\circ} 4' E.$ We built a hut about ten feet high on the beach because a white man cannot stand the heat and glare of the tropical sun. Natives visited us and because we treated them well they promised to bring many men of their tribe to help us fish.

Meanwhile, we discovered much excellent sandalwood on the island and all hands were set to work to cut it and raft it to the vessel. True to their promise our black visitors soon returned with a hundred members or more of their tribe. All were fully armed with spears, shields, waddies, and boomerangs, and their appearance was so wild that we instantly realized we must be on guard every minute, for it would be like them to attempt to capture the ship.

This is the great reef fishing district and the natives are the greatest divers in the world. The tides rise from four to seven feet and, as it ebbs, many miles of reef and sandy bottom are left bare, with innumerable pools of water in which fish are left imprisoned.

The blacks wade into these pools and feel for the beche-de-mer with their feet. They also carry fishing spears and spear the fish for food. The beche-de-mer, which they throw out upon rafts, is nothing more nor less than a large slug averaging about eighteen inches long and from four to six inches wide. The Chinese call it trepang, and it is the principal fish of commerce in these islands. Some of it is eaten in Japan, but the rest goes to China. When the tide goes down the trepang is hurried to a smokehouse, where it is thrown into large copper boilers and boiled for twenty minutes in sea water. It is then split open, cleaned and dried, and spread upon wire netting, where it becomes perfectly hard. The Chinese boil and dry the trepang to a thick jelly and claim it is a most nourishing article of food.

I noticed one day a great commotion in the water in the fishing quarters and found a large shark had been caught and held in the shell of a *tridacna gigas*, or giant clam. The shark's head was out of water and it beat the surface and snapped its teeth in impotent rage, but the giant clam held it fast and it is impossible to say how the struggle would

**A Living
Trap.**

have ended had these strange antagonists been left to fight it out, but some natives attacked them, beating the shark to death with their waddies and securing the *tridacna gigas*, after which they gorged themselves to their hearts' content upon the carcass.

This giant clam is a serious menace, for it lies with its shell open and the moment anything touches it the halves of the shell come together like a bear trap. The soft part of it weighs as much as twenty pounds and frequently the shell weighs five hundred pounds. It is often three feet long by two feet wide and the shell is so hard that the natives make knives and axes out of it.

I was wading upon the reef one day when I came upon a huge *tridacna* lying with its shell open and I ran a spear into him. The spear had an iron head twenty inches long and the serrated edges of the huge shell closed instantly upon the iron like a vise. I wanted to see how the clam would act, so held the spear perfectly motionless; in a few moments the shell relaxed and the fish made a perceptible effort to expel the intruding weapon. I tried the same experiment several times and invariably discovered that the fish retained its death-like grip so long as I struggled with it but always relaxed its hold when I ceased to do so. In this they act exactly like their cousins of our American rivers.

Many people have the erroneous idea that sharks are the most dangerous enemies which divers have to encounter. This is a mistake; there are other enemies more dangerous than sharks; yes, even more dangerous than *tridacna gigas*. A diver who goes down without armor has much to fear from poisonous sea-snakes. I myself have been down a few times and have seen these intensely venomous and belligerent creatures bite savagely at the thick plate glass in the front of the helmet before the eyes. I have had one twist about my leg and bite at the diver's suit.

These creatures are as beautiful as they are deadly and their motions as they swim about in search of prey are lovely to see. Their necks are long and thin, and frequently they are to be seen swimming along the surface, gracefully turning their heads from side to side, alert to dart at any prey that may appear. The longest one we caught was eight feet.

The Deadly Sea-snake. Frequently we cut open sharks and found one or more of these poisonous reptiles in the stomach. One day I was looking over the edge of a coral reef at the brilliantly beautiful fish swimming among the coral caves when a lurking sea-snake suddenly darted his head from a grotto and seized a good-sized fish with sharp spines, four or five inches long. The snake poison killed the fish instantly, for its fins at once relaxed and were compressed against its body as the snake proceeded to swallow it head first. The enemy of these sea-serpents is the sea-eagle. It is common to see one of these birds descend like a thunderbolt, seize a snake at the back of the head in such a position that it cannot bite, and then fly away to some overhanging crag.

The Octopus or Devil-fish. Poisonous serpents, man-eating sharks, and giant crabs, and all other enemies which a diver encounters sink into insignificance, however, when compared to the terrible cuttle-fish, or, as more generally known, devil-fish. A devil-fish has a body resembling a huge gray sack, at one end of which is a triangular-shaped steering fin which acts as a rudder. Ten long arms grow in a circle around the mouth of the sack, which consists of a thick circular lip and a huge parrot-like beak, with which to tear any prey which the long arms convey in. This beak is partially out of sight when not in use.

The arms of this curious sea monster are very thick and powerful near the body but they taper toward the ends. Two

of the arms are twice as long as the rest and are of a different shape. To within about two feet of the tip they are smooth and rubber-like but they flatten out like the blades of an oar and are very strong. Along the edges of each are from one to four rows of saucer-shaped sucking disks. Each sucker has a movable membrane stretched across it and the instant the monster twines its slimy arms about any living thing this membrane retracts, creating a vacuum under each sucker. A large cuttle-fish has upwards of two thousand of these suckers. Immediately back of the arms are two enormous black fiery eyes with white rims almost as large as dinner plates. In the darkness they shine like cat's eyes, and the lambent gleams which they emit often betray the creature's presence. To add to its sinister appearance it appears to have the power of changing color, so that, when lurking in a coral cave or among rocks watching for prey, it harmonizes so perfectly with the surroundings that it is impossible to detect its presence. When a cuttle-fish is alarmed or irritated it changes color from gray to brick red and from white to mottle black. The two long arms act the part of scouts and when lying in wait for prey they are stretched among the rocks and sea-weeds, while all the other arms are carefully coiled out of sight. The largest recorded specimens of cuttle-fish which have been captured in these waters measured over seventy feet and weighed two tons. Powerful and destructive as they are, they, too, fall victims to enemies more powerful than themselves. The sperm whale and the grampus, or killer, both devour the cuttle-fish as relentlessly as the cuttle-fish devours the other denizens of the ocean. Their method of defense is characteristic of these repulsive monsters. On the approach of a sperm whale or grampus they will eject large quantities of a dark fluid, enveloping the assailant in a cloud, under cover of which the great mollusk hopes to escape.

Large fish of this variety sometimes attack boats and endeavor to devour the occupants. I have known them to suddenly board our schooner at night and drive all hands below, where we stayed until after daylight, because it was too dangerous to attack the creatures in the dark. It is decidedly possible that these ocean monsters have caused the destruction of many a small ship that has gone to sea and has never afterwards been heard of.

The Mystery of the Marie Celeste. Had any writer of wild romance invented the tale of the barkentine *Marie Celeste* he would have been credited with a very vivid imagination indeed. But truth is ever stranger than fiction, and for the benefit of those who are

unfamiliar with the facts of the story it may be explained here that the *Marie Celeste* sailed from New York for European ports in the year 1887 with thirteen souls aboard, including the captain's wife and child. Two weeks later an English bark sighted her with all sails set drifting aimlessly about the Atlantic Ocean. This was such an unusual sight that the English bark ran close to her and hailed, but received no answer, and the officers could discern no signs of life on board. They immediately lowered a boat and boarded her but found not a living soul there.

Everything was in its place; the boats were securely lashed to the davits; the hull was not in any way damaged, the cargo untouched; spars and rigging were intact; an awning covered the poop; the crew's weekly washing hung over the forecastle to dry; binnacle, wheel and rudder were ship-shape; part of the crew's dinner remained on the table in the forecastle, and a half-eaten meal was on a dining table in the cabin. It was evident that the captain's wife had been sewing a child's garment, as, half-finished, it remained on the sewing machine. The cabin clock and chronometer were ticking away, showing that they had been recently wound, and the cash box in the

cabin was not touched. Even the log-book was written up to within less than forty-eight hours of the time the vessel was discovered, and showed they had had good weather. There was no sign of a struggle, yet every living soul had vanished as by a miracle.

Our government spared no pains or expense in trying to solve the mystery, but to this day the fate of the crew of the *Marie Celeste* remains one of the most inscrutable of old Ocean's secrets. Many theories were advanced to account for it. One was that pirates had murdered all hands, but this was clearly impracticable, because there had been no pirates in the Atlantic for many years; moreover, pirates would certainly have looted the ship. Another theory was that the cook might have poisoned every one on board and jumped overboard in a fit of remorse. But the half-consumed food found in the cabin, galley, and forecastle was carefully analyzed and showed not the slightest sign of poison. Finally it was admitted as the most plausible theory that sea monsters might have crawled on board and attacked the watch on deck and when others ran to their assistance, as they naturally would do, the monsters had dragged all hands overboard to destruction. In confirmation of this theory there were found newly made cuts of a hatchet on the rail as if some of the crew had been striking at the monster even while they were being dragged overboard.

A certain class of stay-at-home naturalists solemnly tell us there is no fish in the sea that could do these things. They gravely assure us that all the strange monsters which have been seen in so many parts of the world exist only in the excited imagination of intemperate mariners. But every man who has followed the sea knows it is common to see (though dimly) hideous creatures plunging and wallowing about the ship, especially during fine weather in the tropics.

Another monster which is a terror to divers is the giant

ray, variously known as the sea devil, sea bat, blanket ray, or blanket fish.

**A Winged
Monster.**

Divers call it manta (Spanish for blanket) because it bears a resemblance to an outspread blanket. No one knows how large these rays may grow, but I have helped to capture one which measured twenty-two feet across the tips of its wings and four feet thick through the middle. We had no means of ascertaining its weight. The manta has a long whip-like tail armed with dagger-like spines, double edged, with rows of saw-like teeth projecting backward. This ocean monster has a mouth large enough to swallow a man. Inside the mouth there are flat teeth, resembling paving stones, for the purpose of crushing the shell-fish upon which it largely feeds. It is black above and white below and propels itself through the water by gracefully waving wings or side fins, precisely as a bird flies through the air.

The South Sea Islanders have no fear of any shark that swims and will readily dive into the water to attack the fiercest man-eater, but they all fear the manta as they do the devil.

CHAPTER XI

PERILS AND PEARLS, AUSTRALIA AND JAVA

The day after our arrival at Vanderlin Island a Malay prau of about twenty-five tons, carrying a score of men, anchored in the bay less than a mile away and began fishing for trepang. The men were armed to the teeth, and I never saw a more venomous-looking lot of cut-throats. They picked up great quantities of trepang on their large spears with handles from twenty to thirty feet long.

A Lot of Cut-throats. The prau is a clumsy-looking craft like a Chinese junk. The sails are made of matting and most of the ropes and hawsers are plaited rattan. The masts are of bamboo and light poles are lashed from them to the rigging in such a way as to form ladders upon which the crew mount when they hoist or roll up sails. Every prau has two rudders, one on each quarter. Their anchors are made of hard wood with a large stone attached and when the anchor is let go it is common to send a man down to see that it is properly fixed in good holding ground. The bow is very low, the stern very high; consequently the usual way of getting on board is over the bow, which is close to the water's edge.

The deck is generally of split bamboo worked together with fiber and can be rolled up and laid away. The cabin doors are just large enough to allow a man to enter by crawling on all fours and the places where the crew sleep are little more than pigeonholes. The galley consists of a large iron pan containing a sand pile upon which to light the fire for cooking and food is almost entirely rice and fish. They also

use a great deal of cocoanut oil and a coarse sort of sweet-meat made of molasses and boiled rice firmly pressed into hollow bamboos. Most Malays have the most villainous faces imaginable. Their filthy habit of chewing betel nut adds to the repulsiveness of their appearance by staining their lips a bright red and their teeth jet black.

**The Malay
Kriss.**

Every prau is armed with many murderous-looking spears, most of which are poisoned, and every man on board is certain to have one or more krisses. The kriss is the most characteristic Malay weapon. It is of peculiar workmanship and is a terrible war instrument in the hands of those familiar with its use. The blade of an ordinary kriss is about a foot long, though they vary in length from six inches to over two feet. This blade is invariably waved, or flamboyant, with the handle at right angles to it. It is double-edged, dull, rough, and full of long curved grooves. They are said to be made of finest steel wire so loosely welded together that they appear to be almost on the point of separating. The kriss makers produce this effect by steeping a new blade in lemon juice. They claim that European steel is useless for making these fine weapons. Very true it is that notwithstanding their rough and corroded appearance they are of marvelous excellence and the finest European weapons cannot compare with them for hardness and elasticity. The more valuable krisses have beautifully ornamented handles of ivory, silver, or gold. A Malay holds his kriss in much the same way a cavalryman does his sword. I have often noticed a black line about a quarter of an inch wide along the edge of the blade. The Malays tell me these black lines are poisoned. They soak the blades in pineapple juice before going to a fight. The action of the juice on the blade when introduced into a wound causes acute blood poison.

The kriss is surrounded with many superstitions and de-

scends from father to son, from generation to generation, as the most valued of their weapons. The Malays are called the Arabs of the sea, for their hand is against every man and every man's hand is against them. Their swift piratical praus were long the terror of the Far Eastern seas and they spread death and ruin far and wide, wherever their raids extended. These fierce pirates met their match only when the English, French, and Dutch cruisers not only drove them from the sea, but chased them to their lairs. They are still ready for smuggling or any lawless business, however, when there is a reasonable chance of escape. For example, every vessel that undertakes to fish for trepang or pearl shell from the Australian coast is supposed to pay some tax for the privilege. It is common for a Malay prau to run into a bay or a creek, lower the mast to escape notice, secure a full cargo and sail serenely away.

The Malays in the bay built a hut on the beach for drying their fish and one morning before dawn, when I had gone fishing with a couple of the crew, we were startled to see their smoke-house burst into flame and a large party of naked savages issue forth, dancing and yelling like fiends about the burning building.

Several Malays who slept in an adjoining hut rushed out, attempting to cut their way through the yelling blacks with long, heavy krisses, while those aboard the prau jumped into little boats and hurried ashore to the relief of their comrades. As soon as they reached the scene they were divided, and a frightful scene ensued as the sun came up over the bay. It was soon apparent that the waddy of the black tribe was no match for the Malay kriß, and the blacks broke and ran. The Malays instantly hurried to their boats, but one man fell behind because a stone had struck him in the leg and lamed him.

**Another
Shipment of
Savages.**

He soon regained his feet and started after his companions, but a powerfully built black man ran forward and intercepted him before he reached the water's edge. The black man, twice the size of the Malay, guarded himself carefully with his shield and raised his waddie high over his head as the Malay rushed at him. The Malay suddenly stood straight at bay and raising his kriss high above his head aimed a sweeping cut at the head of his enemy. Instantly the black fellow held up his shield to ward off the blow, but quicker than lightning the Malay drew back his kriss and, stooping until his head was almost on a level with his knees, drove the razor-edged weapon through the fellow's body. The victorious Malay was in the very act of jumping into the water to swim out to the boats when a spear pierced his back and he fell dead. The blacks quickly outnumbered the visiting Malays and swarmed rapidly over the prau while her defenders retreated to the hold.

**I Escape a
Fearful
Death.** Our captain was lucky in securing many curios and large quantities of trepang at this place; but his trading was brought to an abrupt close by an incident which filled everyone with horror and dread.

We were in the habit of spearing fish on the reefs at night with the aid of torches, and the natives had expressed great delight at the dark bull's-eye lantern which we sometimes used because it would throw an intense light and still keep the spearman completely concealed. I had accompanied a party of blacks to the reef, where the water was not over two feet deep, and, in flashing the light around to see that there was no danger in walking over the edge of the reef, it disclosed a fish close to our feet. A native named Yurragal poised his spear when, without a moment's warning, a long arm shot out of the water and instantly coiled itself around him. The attack was so unexpected that the poor fellow had barely time to utter a single cry of terror as he was dragged struggling

over the reef and under the surface of the quiet water which concealed his treacherous foe. I instantly sprang backward to avoid a similar fate, and not a moment too soon, for the very next instant another arm darted out, quivered for a moment over the very spot where I had been standing, but was quickly withdrawn. A momentary gleam of phosphorescent light marked the spot where the deadly cuttle-fish had dragged Yurragal down to his frightful death. His companions, helpless to render assistance, could do nothing but withdraw. They would have had no hesitation whatsoever in attacking the monster by daylight, but these savage fish have every advantage at night because they see clearly and then are particularly bold and brazen. Not only will they pursue their prey into shallow waters, but they will venture on to parts of the reef that are high and dry, shuffling about it with a clumsy gallop, the ugliness of which is impossible to put into words.

The blacks were convinced that either the lantern or I had bewitched the man who had lost his life and we found it difficult to do any further business with them. A few days later we sailed away and brought up at the town of Broome on Roebuck Bay, in Northwestern Australia.

Roebuck Bay is one of the finest harbors on this entire coast, but great care is necessary in entering. It is eleven miles long by eleven miles wide, and at high water it appears to be a spacious, clear, well-protected sheet of water, land-locked everywhere except to the westward. At low water it presents a different aspect; though it still affords plenty of good anchorage, it is full of shoals and sandbanks and is the best place I know of for beaching ships.

Dampier Creek flows into the bay from the east. Pearling vessels use this creek not only for the purpose of heaving down but also as a place of refuge during the strong northwest gales which occur here in the summer season.

Broome is only a shanty town, nevertheless it maintains a fleet of over 400 pearl fishing vessels, and is the headquarters of the great pearl fishing trade in these regions.

Broome the Notorious. Strong northwest winds begin about the end of October, bringing rain and bad weather which lasts till the end of March and puts a stop to pearl fishing during that time. Consequently, all the ships return about the end of November and are laid up in Broome for five or six months.

People imagine that the chief object of pearl fishing is to obtain pearls. They will probably be surprised to learn that the pearls are little considered in the matter at all and that the calculations are based upon the pearl shell alone. Pearlers may open hundred of shells without obtaining a pearl of any value, though any day they may open a shell containing a jewel worth thousands of dollars. Such incidents are regarded as mere accidents.

Few lines of business render such large returns as pearl-fishing, even without obtaining any pearls at all. The owner of each vessel counts on clearing \$3,500 over and above expenses each season with a few good pearls as extras.

The Illicit Pearl Trade. The sudden transformation which Broome undergoes during the period when the pearl-fishing ships are laid up and their crews are on the beach, is positively magical. A more repulsive-looking crowd of thieves and cut-throats than those sailors parading the streets and crowding the drinking and gambling dens can scarcely be imagined.

Trading in stolen pearls, drinking, gambling, shooting, stabbing, foot-padding and other concomitant villainies flourish. The divers are somewhat chary doing business with any one they do not know, for there are plenty of spies and detectives, and should a diver show him a valuable pearl he may compel him to give it up or have him arrested for stealing it. The

divers are wonderfully quick in getting the measure of a stranger even while appearing not to take the slightest notice of him. They show ingenuity in concealing their thefts as they do in committing them. Even the black men sometimes offer for sale a valued pearl which they obtained by murdering the original thief who stole it in the first instance. Again, I have seen a black fellow sell a valuable pearl for a bottle of liquor.

Broome is in telegraphic communication with the rest of the world, for the submarine cable from Singapore via Banjwangi in Eastern Java reaches to Roebuck Bay, and coasting steamers call at Broome at intervals of two and three weeks. Meat is plentiful but vegetables are scarce. Almost everybody appears to go about armed in Broome and carousing and gambling go on unchecked all hours of the day and night. In all other parts of the world which I have visited the year is divided into summer and winter or wet and dry seasons; but in Broome the year is divided into the live and the dead seasons. The rich Kimberley gold mines are located only a short distance northeast of Broome and, on the whole, this is one of the richest districts in Australia.

Sir Walter Scott informs us in the *Lady of the Lake* that it was customary for the Highlanders to extend hospitality to any stranger; but feuds were so common among them that it was considered churlish to inquire his name or that of his clan, lest he might happen to belong to a hostile clan. In Broome it seems to be taken for granted that nearly everybody in the place is either a criminal or else engaged in some nefarious pursuit; and it is considered extremely bad form—and sometimes extremely dangerous form—to inquire too minutely into any one's business or antecedents.

We had been anchored in the harbor about a week when a boat came quietly alongside one night and put two men and their belongings on board. We spent the next forenoon

in replenishing our water supply and sailed in the afternoon, although the weather was still threatening. One of the men who had come on board was so severely wounded that he required the utmost care and it seemed doubtful if he would survive to reach port, but he and his companion kept entirely to themselves and none of us made any inquiries into the circumstances of the case. We were obliged to beat to the northwestward, between the Rowley Shoals and Lynher Reef, and after clearing these dangers the captain informed us that our destination was Sourabaya, on the north coast of Java. We passed through Lombok Strait, between Bali and Lombok, then toward the northwestward between Takat Reef and a number of small islands lying off the eastern end of Madura, and anchored in Sourabaya Harbor on the tenth day after leaving Broome; though we could have made the run in considerably less time had the weather not been so rough.

We had to proceed a little over twenty miles up a broad, muddy river to reach the town. It is considered the best land-locked harbor in Java, but most of the surrounding country appears to be little more than a marsh overgrown with mangrove and various other tropical trees and bushes. The dull, vapory heat which arises from this watery jungle is excessively depressing, and the Chinese appear to be about the only ones who are able to work in it.

The Dutch authorities have constructed a network of tidal canals through every part of Sourabaya, and especially through the European quarter called Simpang. This is in order to prevent stagnant water; and the houses are all located amid groves of stately shade trees to protect them from the intense heat of the tropical sun. The rise and fall of the spring tides is from six to eight feet, but the ground is so level that this leaves a wide expanse of mud between the town and the bay at low water. Soft mud is about the most

difficult thing in the world to traverse, but the native fishermen manage to do it in a most extraordinary manner.

Extraordinary Method of Getting Over Mud. Each fisherman carries a board about five or six feet long, two feet wide, and turned up at the forward end. When he wishes to cross the mud between his boat and the town he places his left knee in a slight hollow in

the exact center of the board, and holding fast with both hands to two little handles, kicks backward with his right foot against the mud. In this way he can travel a good deal faster than he could walk, but the maneuver requires more skill than may appear necessary at first sight. He cannot stop or his board would begin to settle in the mud, and should it sink even an inch there is no possible way of starting it again. Should he lean too far to either side he will capsize, and then nothing could save him from being smothered in the mud. These boards are carefully oiled or greased, and the fishermen never allow mud to harden upon them.

Our two passengers left us here and stated that they intended to go to Tosari, the chief health resort of Eastern Java, which is located upon a spur of Mount Tengger, 5,850 feet above sea-level and only one day's travel from Sourabaya.

It struck me that the sickly, steaming heat of Sourabaya would soon finish even a white person who was in robust health, to say nothing of an invalid. The sweltering heat of the place compels the inhabitants to live in open houses, and, as a natural consequence, burglary is rampant in spite of severe penalties which the Dutch authorities inflict upon any one convicted of this crime. The sentence of death is rigidly enforced upon any burglar who is caught with a weapon upon his person, and an unarmed burglar is compelled to serve twenty years in chains.

At intervals of about a mile or so throughout the city and suburbs there are guard-houses, each of which is pro-

vided with a very large gong which can be heard at a great distance. They have a splendid system of transmitting signals by means of these gongs; and should a thief endeavor to escape by running, the gong in the nearest guard-house signals the direction in which he is going and the police run out from every direction to intercept him.

The natives live in little wicker-work houses somewhat resembling large baskets, and rice constitutes almost their only food, as it does in all countries of Southern Asia. The best

Natural Irrigation Method. kind of rice is grown in water, and here the natives cultivate water-crops on the sides of steep mountains, accomplishing this result by terracing the sides of the mountains exactly like steps, the width of each terrace being in proportion to the steepness of the ground. The outside of each terrace is built up with a bank of hard clay about two feet wide, and the water inside this bank is about six inches deep. They regulate the depth of water in each terrace by inserting bamboo spouts through the banks of clay, and when the water rises to the level of these spouts it flows through them into the next terrace below. The young rice looks very much like rank grass, and when the grain is fully matured they cut off the heads with a sort of knife called ani-ani. They thrash these heads by placing them in a hollow log and pounding them with the end of a heavy piece of hardwood called tumbukan, very much after the style of churning. Of course, they cultivate rice on level ground as well as on hill-sides; and each flooded rice field is used not only for cultivating rice but also for raising goldfish, precisely as the Hawaiians raise goldfish in their flooded taro beds. These goldfish are excellent eating and frequently attain a length of eighteen inches.

Instead of boiling rice as we do, they steam it in a bamboo basket, called a kukusan. This basket, which is cone-

shaped, is hung point downward on top of a brass or copper kettle called a dang-dang, which is filled with boiling water, so that only the steam penetrates the rice. During this steaming process the basket is kept carefully covered with a lid of bamboo or crockery ware.

Like the natives of India, they use a great deal of curry and pepper along with their rice, and those who live near the coast can always secure plenty of fish for the labor of catching them. Both whites and natives are equally fond of the pisang (banana), one of the most nutritious vegetables in existence.

There are also plenty of wild pigeons which might be easily trapped or shot, but the natives never seem to trouble about them, although their flesh is very good to eat. The native men and women both indulge in the common Malay practice of chewing betel nut wrapped in betel leaf and dusted over with lime, with the result that their lips and teeth are stained a dark ugly reddish brown.

The chief article of clothing for both sexes is the sarong, a piece of figured cotton six feet long and three feet wide; and both sexes wear it in the same way, by drawing it tightly around their hips and tucking the ends together in front.

Like the South Sea Islanders, they have what may be called a chief's language called kromo (high), which they always use in addressing any one of higher rank, and another called ngoko (low), which they use in addressing those of lower rank. In addition to the kromo and ngoko they have a third language called madyo, which is used only between the most intimate friends. The most convenient native words for a stranger to know are "Mana?" (where?) "Brapa?" (how much?) "Apa nama ini?" (what is the name of this?)

There are many beautiful orchids and other flowers in this place, and travelers who penetrate into the bush either for the purpose of hunting, collecting orchids, or examining the

numerous ruins, generally provide themselves with a frying pan and a straight sword called a golok, which is one of the finest implements in the world for cutting through thick vines and bushes. The best time to see the flowers in bloom in this country is during the rainy season, from November to March or April, when northwesterly winds and bad weather prevail. The finest orchids do not bloom during the dry southeast monsoon, which prevails from April to November, though this is the coolest and pleasantest time of the year and a light shower occurs every day.

CHAPTER XII

NEW GUINEA AND THE TROBRIAND ISLANDS

Having disposed of the passengers, the captain purchased a cargo of rice and returned to Broome. While passing through Lombok Strait the wind suddenly died out and we narrowly escaped drifting ashore on account of the strong and erratic currents which run in this locality. Shortly after clearing the Strait we encountered one of the strong southerly gales which occur in these seas during the months of January and February, after which we had strong northwest winds all the way to port. The captain disposed of his cargo to excellent advantage in Broome and returned to Thursday Island, where he learned that a party of miners were waiting in Cooktown (in northeastern Queensland) to be conveyed to New Guinea. Accordingly he proceeded to Cooktown and loaded a cargo of mining supplies, together with a number of miners, after which we sailed out through Lark Passage in the Great Barrier Reef, in latitude $15^{\circ} 07' S.$ and longitude $145^{\circ} 45' E.$ We passed through Jonard Entrance, just west of the Louisiade Archipelago; through Goschen Strait, between Normanby Island and New Guinea; then through Ward Hunt Strait, south of Morata Island, bringing up in the mouth of the Mambare River, in northeastern New Guinea.

**Gold in
Paying
Quantities.**

The miners whom we met told us that they found gold in paying quantities up the river, but they suffered a good deal from malarial fever and from the hostility of the natives as well. They assured us that the natives were so uncertain and treacherous that no one could depend upon them. They would profess the utmost friendship for a white

man and help him in every way they could; but the very next day they would try to murder him without any known cause, and several miners had lost their lives in this way. The natives are not only inveterate cannibals, but are also frightfully cruel. At first we were inclined to doubt the stories which the miners told of their fiendish cruelty; but we changed our minds when we saw them roasting pigs alive over a slow fire, because they claim that meat tastes much better when cooked alive.

The tribes are continually at war, and they capture their enemies alive in order to cook them alive for a cannibal feast. I afterward learned that more than one white man had been captured and slowly roasted to death. The miners had retaliated by destroying some of the native villages. Some of my readers might believe that these are simply idle stories which I gathered from the miners, but they are not. I learned these facts, not from the miners alone, but from missionaries, natives, government officials, and officers of an English cruiser who had been called upon several times to punish the natives for such atrocities. They all declared that the women were the chief instigators of these cannibal orgies because they were in the habit of taunting the men with cowardice if they did not bring home prisoners to be cooked and eaten. The consequence was that when the miners attacked a native village, they acted upon the principle of "equal rights without regard to sex" by killing men and women alike. The missionaries stated, however, that the primary object of the

natives in roasting prisoners alive was not so much for the purpose of torturing them as to make their flesh more tasty. Their weapons consist of spears, shields, and war-clubs. The

Strange Weapons. war-club has a hardwood handle and a stone head very neatly made in the manner previously described, and looks formidable enough to smash the skull of an ox. They use long,

barbed spears made of some kind of hard and remarkably strong wood, and a lighter and shorter spear which they hurl like a javelin. Their shields are a little over a foot wide and about three feet long, so that one of them covers a warrior from the neck to about the knees.

Although the natives are expert in throwing their light spears or javelins, they are not nearly so dangerous as the natives of German New Guinea, which begins immediately to the westward of the mouth of the Mambare River. The natives of British New Guinea (the southeastern portion) have no missile weapons except the javelin, while those of the German (or northwestern) portion use bows and arrows as formidable as were those of the English archers before the invention of gunpowder. It seems strange that the natives along the Mambare have never learned from their enemies to use bows and arrows in their own defense; for the natives of the neighboring German territory often descend upon them and spread death and destruction far and wide in their fierce raids. In case of a pitched battle between them, the natives of German territory are invariably victorious on account of the superiority of their weapons, unless the Mambare natives manage to surprise them.

These circumstances render the northwestern natives so fierce and arrogant that they are far more dangerous and difficult to deal with than those of the British territory; and a white man who goes among the former must exercise constant vigilance to guard against an attack, which is apt to be made at the most unexpected moment.

When bound on a raid or a warlike expedition of any kind, they always paint their faces red and black (the sign of war), and generally wear an ornamental head-band adorned with the huge upper mandible of the hornbill. The bill of this curious bird is so long that it looks like a horn springing out of the warrior's forehead; and it struck me that it must

interfere to some extent with their vision, for the tip extends down almost to a level with the point of the chin. Painting the face red and black appears to be the accepted signal of war among all the different tribes along this coast, and when any party of natives appear with their faces painted in this way, they are always looking for a favorable opportunity to make an attack, no matter how strongly they may profess friendship. They bear a considerable resemblance to the natives of the New Hebrides both in appearance and customs, and I noticed that they have the habit of preserving the skulls of the victims whom they devour, which is common throughout a large part of the Pacific Ocean, but especially among the Malays of Borneo.

I visited a couple of native villages, and in the center of one was a raised platform covered with rows of ghastly-looking human skulls and piles of human bones. In the center of the other village was a tall post elaborately carved and painted and bearing some slight resemblance to the drum-idols of the New Hebrides, though it was solid instead of hollow and was adorned with a fringe of small pennants or streamers near the top. Around this were some shorter posts set in the ground and supporting horizontal poles which were hung with human skulls and jawbones mixed up with the bones and heads of pigs and crocodiles. All these were hung close together and, as far as I could learn, it seems to be the custom to keep the poles always full and to throw away the oldest ones as they secure fresh supplies of each kind to take their place.

In spite of their dark skin and kinky hair, it is a curious fact that all the tribes show a strong Hebraic cast of features in all parts of New Guinea. They live in houses built upon piles and cultivate crops of sugar cane, sago, taro, bananas, cocoanuts, etc., which grow luxuriantly on account of the extreme fertility of the soil.

The Mambare River discharges through three mouths, and the western mouth opens into Mambare or Duvira Bay, in which we were anchored. The river is in flood during the summer months of December and January on account of the rains; but during the balance of the year it is too shallow for anything but boats, although it is quite wide. The delta of the river is low and swampy and the water fairly swarms with sharks and crocodiles.

The natives asserted most positively that the crocodiles devour the sharks, and wishing to test this statement, the captain hung a piece of fat pork over the stern more than five feet above the surface of the water. About a couple of minutes later a large shark appeared upon the surface and after circling round and eyeing the pork for a few moments, suddenly leaped half out of the water and disappeared with bait and part of the line, which it snapped like a thread. The captain repeated the experiment, and the same shark returned and was evidently about to repeat his part of the performance when a large crocodile also appeared upon the scene and endeavored to secure the bait by raising his huge head out of the water and snapping at it until his spike-like teeth clashed together like the jaws of a steel trap. He then seemed to catch sight of the shark for the first time, and the two savage brutes began circling around and regarding each other with most malevolent looks.

Shark and Crocodile Fight. The captain suddenly lowered the bait to within about a foot of the water, and both instantly darted at it from opposite directions. The crocodile seized it first, but just as he did so the shark seized him by one of his forelegs. The reptile instantly relinquished the bait and managed to twist his head sufficiently to one side to secure a grip on the body of the shark.

The two powerful brutes began plunging and lashing about in the water so furiously that it was impossible to follow their gyrations; but when they separated the shark had bitten the leg clean off the crocodile, while the crocodile had torn a huge mouthful of flesh out of the side of the shark. A shark appears to be almost insensible to pain, and notwithstanding the deep wound which he had received, he seized the bait and was making off with it when the crocodile made a dart at him and caught his tail. It is difficult to say how the battle might have terminated, for the commotion and the blood in the water had collected a number of sharks and crocodiles, and the presence of blood excites these fierce brutes as a red rag excites a bull. They came swimming up from all directions and darted about in a state of great excitement when the captain hung another piece of pork over the stern by way of bringing them all together in a bunch, then dropped it in their midst. This was the signal for a battle royal indeed. In an instant the surface of the water for the space of an acre was transformed into a mass of flying spray, lashing tails, and snapping jaws, as each maddened brute endeavored to catch the pork or take a mouthful out of his nearest neighbor. Some were actually torn to pieces and devoured; others gradually became separated as they found no more bait for which to fight; though a number of them continued hovering about the vessel for the remainder of the day. The New Guinea river mouths, creeks, and swampy inlets fairly swarm with alligators.

The captain obtained a good many curios of the natives, after which he sailed for the Trobriand Islands, where he expected to do some trading before returning to Sydney. We ran a little to the southward of east till we picked up the Trobriands in latitude $8^{\circ} 18'$ S. and longitude $150^{\circ} 5'$ E., and entered a channel between Kiriwina Island on the east and Kaileuna Island on the west, in latitude $8^{\circ} 32'$ S. and longi-

tude $150^{\circ} 58' E.$ This channel, which is a little over a mile wide, has a mean depth of from six to eight fathoms and leads south into a land-locked harbor about seven miles wide and eleven miles long. This harbor is protected from all winds and has a depth of from six to nine fathoms, but in some parts contains a large number of dangerous coral patches.

We received an official visit from the head chief of the group, who resided in the village of Emarakana, and the captain took care to secure his good graces by means of gifts, after which he conducted a good trade with his dusky subjects.

All the islands of this group are low but extremely fertile and the inhabitants are evidently of the same race as those of New Guinea. The islands are densely wooded and contain many valuable kinds of wood. I have never seen such quantities and quality of ebony in any other part of the world; in fact, ebony is so plentiful that most of their weapons and implements are made of it. They use long, heavy spears which are sometimes fifteen feet long and made of solid ebony. They also use formidable ebony swords which are short and very heavy, but have a fine edge which cuts almost like steel weapons.

They have one peculiar kind of wood which I have never seen in any other part of the world and the name of which I have never been able to learn. We called it ivory wood, because it looks so much like ivory that it would be difficult to tell them apart. The wood is clear white and seems to be almost as hard as bone and takes a most lovely polish. I noticed particularly that it does not seem to grow darker from exposure to the air as so many light-colored woods do, and it struck me that it would make excellent piano-keys among the many other uses to which ivory is now put, and to which it might be applied.

Although the natives belong to the same race as the natives of New Guinea they are a far finer and more intelligent-

**Excellent
Native
Craftsmen.**

looking people and wear their hair in ringlets over their shoulders instead of in huge mops like those of the larger island. They are also far superior as craftsmen, and the captain could easily have loaded the ship with beauti-

fully carved ebony swords, spears and implements of various kinds, together with a great variety of really beautiful ornaments which showed a high degree of artistic skill. This skill is conspicuously displayed in their canoes, which are probably the handsomest to be found in any part of the Pacific.

Up to quite recently they used their beautiful canoes as pirate boats, and they are not to be trusted too far even at the present day. Like all South Sea Island and Chinese pirates, they are particularly liable to attack any vessel that may be becalmed in the neighborhood of their islands.

These islands are so extremely fertile that they produce immense crops of the finest yams, cocoanuts, bananas, and other tropical productions. It is their custom to send two or three canoes alongside of a ship ostensibly to trade, but in reality to discover whether the crew are off their guard. Of course these canoes apparently are all loaded with provisions only, no weapons of any kind being visible, unless the crew express a desire to trade for weapons, when a few swords and spears will be brought out for trading purposes only. Following the invariable custom of all treacherous natives who contemplate an attack upon a vessel, other canoes will gradually edge up one by one, completely surrounding the stranger ship, and unless the crew are on their guard and constantly compel them to keep at a distance, under some pretext or other, such as passing up bunches of bananas, baskets of yams, etc., as many as possible of the savages will get on deck and engage the crew in trade in order to distract their attention until

the chief gives the signal for attack, when they overwhelm the crew by a sudden rush and general slaughter. In such attacks they use long, heavy spears, and not only slaughter the crews, but afterwards feast upon their bodies, when they loot the ship at their leisure and burn her to conceal their crime.

I am often asked if there is any danger of a vessel being attacked at the present day in any of the South Sea Islands. Evidently many people imagine that such piratical attacks as I have described are entirely a thing of the past, but this is a great mistake. The Solomon Islanders are as dangerous as ever and are never under any circumstances to be trusted. The natives of many other South Sea Islands as well are always ready to attack a foreign ship if they see an opportunity to surprise the crew. On the other hand, the natives of some groups of islands may be trusted, and even the most ferocious are not quite so bad as they were in years gone by, thanks to the severe lessons which they have received from English, French and Dutch cruisers, and also from American whalers which they attacked.

**Another
Slaughter
in
Self-defense.**

A number of natives who belonged to the village of Kaibola (which is located upon the northwest side of Kiriwina Island) came on board our ship to trade one day, and one of them who could talk a little broken English engaged our attention with telling us that a large party of them once attempted to capture an American whaler while supplying her with provisions. Several large canoes managed meanwhile to get alongside of us and a number of others remained about a hundred yards away, ready to dash in and take part in the fray as soon as hostilities should commence. The captain warily purchased a large quantity of bananas, yams and cocoanuts, after which the natives asked permission to grind some iron tomahawks which they possessed upon our

grindstone, which the captain granted. Then, watching their opportunity, they made a sudden attack upon the crew and killed two of our men, but the rest of us attacked them furiously in return and opened a rifle fire upon the outstanding canoes, so disabling them that the natives had to abandon them and swim for their lives.

Under ordinary circumstances the natives do not appear to have the slightest fear of sharks; but these brutes are always dangerous to any one when there is blood in the water, and it is curious how it seems to attract them even from a considerable distance.

We traded chiefly with the villages of Kavatari, Taiava, and Oburaka, which are located upon the eastern shore of the harbor in which we were at anchor; and the inhabitants of these three villages treated us to a torchlight dance and entertainment a few nights before we sailed away. Upon landing we found the natives assembled in large numbers upon the village green at Taiava, and their savage appearance would certainly have formed an interesting study for a painter who desired to depict man in a primitive state. They regard everything in the shape of clothing as a useless encumbrance; but every man seemed to have exhausted his utmost ingenuity in painting his face in the most grotesque combination of colors which his fancy could suggest, and in ornamenting his hair with bright-colored feathers and the brilliant flowers of the scarlet hibiscus.

Sham Fights. The entertainment began about an hour before dark with a series of sham fights between champions of the different villages.

Some fought with spears and shields, others with swords and shields; but they defended themselves so skillfully that it is not surprising that so few of them are killed in an actual battle. In some cases one champion was armed with a sword and shield, the other with a spear and

shield; in such cases the latter would endeavor to induce his opponent to strike a heavy blow at his shield, when he would skip nimbly out of the way and allow the swordsman to exhaust his strength by striking at the empty air. Two bodies of warriors representing rival war-parties engaged each other and fought so determinedly amid the encouraging yells of their friends that it seemed as though the friendly contest would terminate in actual battle. But everything was conducted with the utmost good nature and with the strict adherence to established rules which is characteristic of all savage entertainments, and when a loud yell announced the end of this act the audience testified their approval of the performance by bursting into a loud laugh.

**The
Torch
Dance.**

The most attractive feature of the entertainment was the torchlight dance which took place some time after dark. The dancers consisted of about three hundred men, who drew up in two bodies facing each other about ten yards apart, and each party was in charge of a leader who carried a lighted torch. At a given signal each leader applied his torch to that of the man nearest to him, and the light was passed rapidly along each line till the whole body of gaily painted dancers stood out in bold relief under the ruddy glow of the tall torches which rose above their heads. At the first roll of the drums they began to advance and retire in slow and stately evolutions. Their movements gradually increased in rapidity while the boom of the drums grew louder and the droning chant of the orchestra rose in a strange and weird effect amid the deep silence of the surrounding forest. The whole scene was singularly picturesque and would have afforded a magnificent view of savage life had it been possible to depict upon canvas the rapidly moving torches which flitted like shooting stars against the impenetrable gloom of the lofty forest as the waving lines of dancers wheeled and gyrated in

swift and graceful evolutions. The endurance which savages display under such circumstances is something phenomenal, and every movement was executed with the marvelous precision which is the result of lifelong practice.

The musical chant of the orchestra and the reverberating boom of the drums seemed to grow wilder and louder, the dancers fairly flew over the ground as though they were incapable of tiring, and the torches went flitting to and fro in rapid and ever-changing convolutions like the shifting views of a kaleidoscope till the scene took on the appearance of a midnight revel of gnomes or fairies. The violent exertions of the dancers seemed only to add new vigor to their movements, and the dance went on with undiminished ardor until a loud yell announced the end of the piece and the audience broke into a loud laugh of approbation as the dancers retired to enjoy a well-earned rest.

The next act represented a scene which was undoubtedly common in the lives of these warlike natives. Part of the warriors lay down and pretended to be asleep around the fires when another body of warriors were seen stealing noiselessly out of the bush for the purpose of attacking them. A man who was supposed to be acting the part of a sentinel gave a loud yell of alarm, whereupon the sleepers instantly sprang to their feet and, giving a yell of defiance, met their assailants in a vigorous hand-to-hand fight. The spectators became wildly excited as though they were watching a real battle in which their existence was at stake as they watched the combatants surging back and forth; but the battle ended in the defeat of the assailants and the capture of several of their number, who were carried back to the fires amid the triumphant yells of the victors.

It may be necessary to explain that the wooden swords and spears which they use in these mock battles are not sharp like those which they use in actual fighting. Nevertheless the

swords are capable of inflicting severe bruises, but the natives pay no attention to such trifles and they defend themselves so skillfully with their shields that it is seldom one is wounded.

We sailed next morning at daylight, and while standing to the southward, between Kitava and Kiriwina, hove to to trade with several canoes which came out from the village of Wawera, on the east coast of Kiriwina. They wanted tobacco, and in return for it the captain obtained a number of very fine spears pointed with obsidian, together with hatchets and daggers of the same material, though I believe that all these weapons originally came from the Admiralty Islands, 500 miles to the north and westward.

CHAPTER XIII

FURIOUS FIGHT WITH A DEVIL-FISH

While trading with the natives in the Trobriands our captain learned that a schooner, the name of which we could not determine, had been wrecked upon Murua (Woodlark) Island, which lies about eighty-three miles to the southeastward. A party of natives who had just arrived in a large canoe from Murua declared that the wrecked ship

**A Wreck on
Woodlark
Island.**

contained a valuable cargo of tortoise shell and pearl shell, and one of them volunteered to go along with us and point out the wreck, expecting a reward, of course, if his information was correct.

The captain accepted his terms and next morning we anchored in the harbor of Guasopa, near the southeast extremity of Woodlark Island. The harbor lies inside a detached portion of the barrier reef about a mile and a half long, in the center of which is a low island called Vavi-ai, which is about half a mile long and covered with trees from forty to sixty feet high. The entrance is three hundred and sixty yards wide and both the fairway and the inner harbor have a depth of eight to twelve fathoms, which decreases to about five fathoms near the village of Guasopa, some four miles eastward of Vavi-ai.

Almost immediately after anchoring we received ceremonious visits from the chiefs of the villages of Guasopa and Dabanu, which are located at the eastern head of the harbor, and Omdamuda, which is two miles northeast of our anchorage. The captain established friendly relations with them by

means of some small gifts, after which we got the diving apparatus into a small boat and proceeded to the scene of the wreck. The native piloted the way to a reef off from the little island of Nubara, which lies about six or seven miles to the eastward, and sure enough our diver found a valuable cargo on board the sunken ship just as the native had said.

**In the
Clutches
of a
Devil-fish.**

The natives, who are excellent divers, had stripped her upper works, but had not broached the cargo in the hold, simply because they could not remove the hatches. The captain hired a large canoe to carry the cargo to the schooner and I remained in charge of the boat.

It was probably an hour after the captain left with the first canoe-load, and everything was going on as usual, when suddenly I felt a frantic pull on the life-line, which is the signal to haul the diver to the surface. While one man continued turning the crank of the air-pump all the rest of us seized the life-line and hauled with all our might, and contrary to all expectations the diver came up without resistance. As he approached the surface we all strained our eyes to discover what was the matter, and as soon as he came within sight we noticed that something was clinging to him. As his head emerged from the water we were horrified to see him locked in the embrace of a huge devil-fish, which had its loathsome tentacles wound in a death grip about his body and limbs.

One of its tentacles had been cut clean off, but in spite of this the hideous beast still retained its hold, and its huge, staring eyes gleamed with indescribable fury. I instantly took a turn with the life-line to hold the diver and shouted to the men to attack the monster with their knives, for it was dangerous to use a hatchet for fear of wounding the diver. In an instant the men drew their knives and with a resounding war-whoop they leaped upon the monster in a body and began

cutting and slashing him like maniacs. The savage beast unwound some of its arms from about its victim and made a most determined effort to beat off the assailants. The confused mass of ghastly, corpse-like arms shot out like lightning, quivered for a moment in the air, and descended upon the men like coiling boa-constrictors, while its horny, parrotty beak suddenly rose up from the midst of its writhing arms and seized the gunwale of the boat.

The monster endeavored to drag the men into the water or within reach of its great beak, while they retaliated by cutting its snake-like arms to pieces and gashing its body, which resembled a huge, shapeless sack. Although the savage creature was nearly hacked to pieces, its remaining arms still retained their hold until the men succeeded in driving their knives into its eyes, when it began to writhe in agony and snap its beak in impotent fury. Even in its death agony it managed to secure a grip around the neck of one man and actually dragged his head under water, nearly drowning him before the others succeeded in rescuing him by cutting off the arm which held him.

Most of its arms had been cut off by this time, and some of them remained in the boat, and there was something sickeningly repulsive in the way in which these slimy arms writhed and twisted about precisely like wounded serpents. I watched a man pick up one of them in his hand; it twisted about his arm after the manner of a snake. We quickly removed the diver's helmet and found that he had been severely squeezed, and the claws of the devil-fish had badly lacerated one of his hands.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be explained that a diving dress in those days consisted of a single garment made of rubber and canvas about half an inch thick. The diver gets into it feet first, and it covers him from the feet to the neck, and a large brass helmet is screwed on over his

head and neck and the sleeves are secured around his wrists, thus leaving his hands bare.

He explained that the wrecked vessel lay on her starboard bilge, and only a faint light entered by the main hatch under which he was at work; all at once the hold became darkened, and at the same instant something seized him by the leg. He turned to see what it was, and beheld the huge eyes and snake-like arms of the loathsome, slimy reptile entering the open hatch. He instantly drew his knife and slashed off the tentacle which had seized him, but quick as a flash several other arms shot out and locked around him. While he was slashing at the arms which held him fast the creature seized the hand which held the knife and in the struggle the weapon fell from his grasp. Providentially the savage brute had anchored itself to the deck outside the hatch; and, as it drew him out of the hold for the purpose of tearing him to pieces with its terrible beak, he managed to seize the signal line with his left hand and give the signal which saved his life. At the same time he made a desperate effort to free himself and noticed that the monster had let go its hold upon the deck and wrapped all its arms around him, and it was so intent upon securing its prey that for the moment it did not notice that it was being drawn upward toward the surface, though it quickly threw out a couple of its arms to secure a hold upon the ship, but it was too late. When one of these brutes secures a hold upon anything solid it will allow itself to be torn to pieces before it will let go its hold unless it is wounded in the eyes. Had it retained its hold upon the deck it would have been impossible for us to save the diver's life in any way except by sending another man to assist him by stabbing the monster in the eyes.

Pearl-fishers consider the Australian blacks the best men in the world for this kind of business; for they are almost as much at home in the water as the devil-fish himself, and will

not only dive to great depths, but will attack anything that swims so long as they have a good strong knife at hand. Although the men had vanquished the devil-fish, they had not come off scatheless by any means, for the hideous fish had inflicted horrible wounds upon their naked limbs and bodies. As previously explained, the arms and tentacles of the cuttle-fish and octopus are covered with disks or suckers on the inside; and each sucker is armed around the edge with a circle of sharp claws which dig into the flesh of any living thing which it seizes. The natives have very tough skins from their habit of going naked; but wherever one of these suckers had touched any of them the flesh was pucker'd and blistered. We returned to the ship at once and treated the wounds with such remedies as we had in the medicine chest, but it was over a month before any of them healed, and every one left a permanent scar resembling a burn.

I have often heard divers declare that a short spear with a sharp steel point is the best of all weapons for meeting such attacks, but the difficulty is that a spear is not so handy to carry as a knife, and the attack of a devil-fish is so marvelously quick that a diver is liable to find his arms pinioned before he has time to use it. It is quite common for a number of these savage fish to congregate in one place and render diving highly dangerous; in such a case the pearlers get rid of the brutes by exploding a charge of dynamite among them.

A Second Attack.

Our diver being temporarily laid up, one of the other men took his place, and everything went on as usual for a couple of days. On

the morning of the third day we had been at work about an hour when I received the signal to "haul up," but all our efforts failed to move the diver. Goolwa instantly volunteered to dive down to his assistance; and having hitched the lanyard of his knife to his right wrist and taken a few long breaths, he leaped into the water and disappeared. The

moments seemed like hours, but actually in a very short time we felt the diver yield to the strain which we kept on the life-line, and a moment later Goolwa's head shot out of the water like a porpoise. "Mingangurrin" (good), he cried triumphantly, reverting to his native language as the blacks frequently do when excited. "Me killum plenty quick."

We found that the diver himself was not injured, but his diving suit was cut almost entirely through in several places where the claws of a devil-fish had fastened upon it. The diver said he had scrutinized the surroundings very carefully before entering the hatch, and saw no sign of any lurking devil-fish. It was evident that the monster had taken up its quarters in the hold, where it was too dark to see it. He said

In the Grip
of a
Devil-fish.

he was working in almost complete darkness when he was seized by the legs, and the sudden jerk threw him off his feet. He, too, had taken the precaution to have a knife secured to his right wrist, and immediately be-

gan cutting at the monster arms that held him, but finding it very difficult to regain his feet he gave the signal to be drawn up. The monster had anchored itself in the hold, so all our efforts were useless. One of its arms seized tight hold of the hose which conveys the air from the pump to the diver; and knowing that his life was at stake, the diver succeeded by a desperate effort in cutting off the limb before any serious damage was done. His knife was as sharp as it could be made, but he said the creature's arm was almost as hard to cut as sole leather.

All this had occupied a very short time, and the fish had been slowly but steadily advancing upon him until its head came into plain view under the square of the hatch, though it took care to keep some of its arms anchored within the hold. Fearing that the brute might seize the hand in which he held

his knife he extended it behind him and watched for an opportunity to plunge it into the fish's eye as it drew him towards its beak. At this moment Goolwa entered the hatch, and began slashing at the monster with all his might in order to attract its attention. Goolwa drove his knife up to the hilt into one of its eyes and immediately shot upward again. The monster at once relinquished its hold and began writhing and twisting in agony, as these savage creatures always do when wounded in the eyes, and the diver was drawn up without further difficulty.

The captain concluded after this to abandon the enterprise on account of the irreparable injury to the diving suit, though he spent a few days in trading with the natives, whose chief weapons are swords and spears which, like nearly all their implements, are very neatly made of the finest kind of ebony and bone.

This island is not only well supplied with ebony and other fine wood, but is also abundant with alluvial deposits of gold, as we learned from a white miner whom we carried from here to Sydney. This miner showed us a quantity of gold which he had taken out by panning, and said the greatest drawbacks to obtaining it were the thick vines and dense scrub which covered the ground and the scarcity of water due to the ground being too porous to retain it. He believed that these difficulties could be overcome and was on his way to Sydney for the purpose of organizing a company to mine on the island.

We reached Sydney after an uneventful run, and in a few days the captain sold his entire cargo of curios to a number of European tourists at a figure which left him a handsome profit. In fact, he stated that he made more on the sale of the curios than he did on all the rest of the cargos that we handled during the entire voyage.

In Sydney I met a captain whom I had known in Tonga.

He asked me to ship with him as mate of his schooner trading between Auckland and the South Sea Islands.

The captain had cleared the same day and meant to put out to sea at daylight, but we hove up our anchor the minute we got on board and quietly set sail; but the wind was light, so that we could make little headway, and off Rangitoto it died out completely. We hailed a tug which towed us past Tiritiri Island, where we caught a steady breeze and were well off shore by daylight. We ran north to the Fiji Islands, disposing of our cargo at various points throughout the group. The captain obtained a charter from a merchant in Levuka on the Island of Ovalau to collect a cargo of best Fijian timber to send to England. The charterer made a contract with Tui (King) Thakau, chief of the powerful Thakau Ndovi tribe, to send a large number of his men to cut the timber and raft it to the vessel. Most of this tribe reside upon the island of Vanua Levu (Vanua, land; Levu, big, or great), and accordingly we anchored in Nathava Bay, on the east end of this island.

Among the various kinds of timber which we collected was one species known as *ndakua* (*damara vitiensis*), which grows quite tall and is from six to seven feet in diameter. The wood bears a strong resemblance to the fine kauri pine of New Zealand and, like the kauri, contains large quantities of gum.

One of the most beautiful woods is a species of greenheart called *vesi* (*afzelia bijuga*), which resembles mahogany and grows to a diameter of four feet. The tree has white bark and small, scaly leaves, the wood is very strong, hard and heavy. It is fitted for all kinds of uses; for it is remarkably durable and takes a beautiful polish which makes it extremely ornamental. The *ndamanu* is a very fine timber and makes handsome furniture. It is the favorite wood for masts and spars, for it is very strong and tough, while at the same time it is not too heavy, as many of the other timbers are.

Yasi (true sandalwood) is still found in these islands, though it is getting scarce owing to the reckless way in which it has been destroyed; but there are large quantities of a very fragrant kind of bastard sandalwood called *thervua* which grows from one to two feet in diameter and is probably quite equal to *yasi*. The wood, which is strong and very hard, is a bright yellow like satinwood; it has a close, silky grain, and takes a very fine polish. *Makita* wood is strong and tough and is the favorite wood for making spears. *Male* (wild nutmeg) is used for bows, though the favorite wood for this purpose is the root of the mangrove.

A
Gorgeous
Tree.

The most beautiful flowering tree in the group is the *kau sulu* (ixora), which I afterward found growing in Ponapi, where it is called *katiu*. It seems to be always in bloom and is covered with a gorgeous display of the most brilliant gold and scarlet flowers. The golden yellow stamens bear such a striking resemblance to the crest of the head of a peacock that the Malays call this flower *bunga maruk* (peacock flower). The wood, which is dazzlingly white, is so tough and elastic that it is often used for bows and spears. Without any exception it is the most beautiful flowering tree that I have ever seen in any part of the world.

The *nokonoko* (casuarina) is the *toa* of the Polynesian Islands and the she-oak of the Australian bush. The wood of this tree is so strong and tough that war-clubs and wooden swords are usually made of it. The most durable wood of all South Sea Island woods is the *mbuambua*, a species of boxwood which grows to a gigantic size. The wood, which is extremely fragrant, resembles boxwood in color and texture and is almost as hard and heavy as stone. It answers admirably for all the purposes of ordinary boxwood and is practically indestructible. There is a tall, tapering tree of majestic appearance, with large, glassy leaves handsomely

veined with red and white, which the natives call *kau kara*. The slightest contact with the leaves of it produces a frightful itch which is maddening. The most effectual cure for the intolerable poison is powdered charcoal.

Almost all nations associate some particular tree with the dead, and the Fijians plant the red-leaved *ngai* tree upon the graves of their departed friends as yew trees are planted in English graveyards. The *ngai* is a species of dracaena and is intimately associated with their heathen superstitions, especially with the unearthly Vilabila Irevo or Fire-walking Ceremony, as will be described further on.

The natives generally make their canoes of *uto lolo* (bread-fruit tree) or a kind of cedar called *mbau vundi*, which is strong, easily worked, and very durable. Of course *niu* (cocoanut) trees are plentiful near the beaches. Papaws are plentiful near the villages, but the natives never seem to make any use of the fruit except to feed it to pigs. The papaw is one of the most remarkable trees in existence, for the toughest kind of meat becomes perfectly tender if wrapped for a few hours in the leaves or cooked with a little of the juice of the fruit. If a few of the huge leaves are soaked with soiled clothes they do away with the use of soap.

Cacao trees are cultivated and constitute one of the best paying crops in the islands. They are small trees and generally divide into four branches near the ground. The tree bears very pretty flowers of a deep orange color and smooth, dull green leaves about four inches long. The fruit is shaped somewhat like a cucumber but more deeply furrowed on the sides. The fruit is green in the immature state, but some turn to a pretty shade of yellow when ripe, while others turn to a sort of purple shade with pink veins. The fruit, which is from six to eight inches, contains from twenty to thirty kernels shaped very much like almonds and consisting of a shell resembling parchment. These seeds or kernels are

dried in the sun and afterwards manufactured into the chocolate of commerce.

Trees of Many Kinds. *Savaira mbunindamu* is a fine dark redwood which takes a good polish, though inferior to *yaka* and *mbau ndina* in point of beauty.

It is remarkably tough and strong, and is easily steamed and bent into the most fanciful shapes for chairs, boat timber, wheels, and other purposes.

In addition to the great variety of wood to be obtained at this place there is no lack of food in the bush for any one who knows how to find it. The *ivi* tree grows everywhere and produces abundant crops of excellent chestnuts; while the *ntavola*, which is equally common, furnishes abundant crops of fine almonds. *Mbatata* (potatoes), *kumala* (sweet potatoes), *ndalo* (taro), and *uvi* (yams) grow wild everywhere, and several kinds of delicious berries.

A stranger might readily recognize the yams by the tops, which grow in the form of slender climbing vines with triangular leaves like those of the morning glory. There is also a tall, slender, parasitic plant called *wa yaka*, the root of which is baked or boiled and has a sugary taste very much like liquorice root. The large root of the *ngai*, which often weighs forty pounds, is baked and tastes very much like the root of the *wa yaka*. *Vundi* (bananas) and *ntovu* (sugar cane) grow everywhere, mostly in cultivation, but sometimes wild. Among the many other tropical productions of these islands is a thick, rope-like liana which furnishes excellent drinking water when cut.

The rainfall is so copious that the islands are full of water-courses, and the land is so unusually rough and mountainous that these streams form innumerable waterfalls, which constitute one of the most charming features of these islands. Nothing could be more beautiful than these silvery waterfalls set in dense jungles of giant flowering trees, variegated shrubs,

mottled crotons, and lovely ferns. The gigantic trees which tower far above these lonely streams support immense festoons of most lovely climbing ferns, the delicate, lace-like foliage of which forms a scene of such exquisite beauty that the natives call this particular species of trailing fern God's fern.

The vicinity of these waterfalls is the favorite resort of large orange-colored spiders which remind me of those I had seen in the Australian bush. Strange to say, they were wet with the spray from the falls, although most land spiders dislike water. Occasionally a solitary kingfisher flits along the surface of the water, while green and crimson parakeets and orange and rainbow doves flying about flash like jewels in the sun, and the falling of the water is the only sound that breaks the silence of these solitudes.

**A Queer
Delicacy.**

Savage races all seem to have a craving for semi-putrid food, and the Fijians are no exception to the rule. They bake or boil great quantities of taro root, which they knead with their feet, wrap in leaves, and bury in the ground for many weeks until it is in a very advanced state of decomposition. They then dig it up and feast upon it with great gusto. The horrible stench and disgusting appearance of this highly relished delicacy were, I must confess, too much for me, and I always kept at a respectful distance when I happened to be in the vicinity of a feast of it.

CHAPTER XIV

NATIVE THEOLOGY OF THE FIJIANS

The Fijians have an elaborate system of theology. Ndengei, who occupies the form of an enormous serpent, lives with a single attendant named Uto in a rocky cavern called Raki Raki, and, notwithstanding the tropical climate of Fiji, he always keeps up a fire composed of two logs, one of which is thirty miles in circumference.

Next in rank to Ndengei are his two sons, Tokairambe and Tui Lakemba Randinandina, who act as mediators between him and the human race and transmit the prayers and supplications of all worshipers to their father.

Offerings of food of any kind are always acceptable to Ndengei, but the most acceptable of all offerings is mbokolo (meaning literally "long pig"), which was nothing more or less than a human body baked ready for eating. The god is supposed to feast upon the spiritual or immaterial part of the offering and the priests and worshippers eat the material part.

If the prayers are not answered the priest is always ready to explain that the failure is owing to some subsequent sin or failure to fulfill the conditions on the part of the suppliant.

It would occupy too much space to give a list of all the devil-gods which they worship; they are invariably represented as monsters of infamy whose greatest pleasure is devouring the souls of human beings. Their god Walu-vaka-tini, for example, had eighty stomachs and is always hungry for hu-

Devil
Gods.

of all the devil-gods which they worship;
they are invariably represented as monsters
of infamy whose greatest pleasure is devour-

man souls with which to fill them. Their god Thangwalu is believed to be sixty feet in height, with a forehead six feet high, and a huge mouth like a cave armed with teeth like the points of spears. Another monster named Roko Mbatu Ndua (the One-toothed Chief) has one tooth in his lower jaw, but it is so large that it projects above his head and is used for rending every victim he can lay hold of. He has wings instead of arms, and these wings are armed with sharp hooks or claws for seizing his victims. He rushes through the air with incredible speed and emits sparks of fire as he passes.

Formerly the Fijians believed that nothing was more annoying to the Fijian gods than noise, and during the month of December everybody was strictly forbidden to make the least noise of any kind on pain of death. The reason for this is that Raitumaimbulu, the god of life and of crops, is supposed at this time to come to earth in the form of serpents and cause all fruit trees to blossom and crops to flourish. During his stay the people in olden days came from all parts to present soro (offerings) and implore him to give them good crops.

They are very particular to celebrate the ceremony of Sevu (Firstfruits) by presenting the first fruits of the yams to Raitumaimbulu in the month of February. They are in many places still in the habit of celebrating a mandrali or thank offering to the gods for success in any enterprise, deliverance from danger, or a recovery from disease. While Christian missionaries have done much to stamp out many of these ancient beliefs and superstitions, there are many tribes where they are still the tribal religion.

It seems strange to find the same beliefs among people so widely different as the Australian blacks, the Fijians, and other islanders who are entirely distinct from them. The Fijians believe that every one of their gods resides in or is symbolized by some natural form such as plants, trees, fish, birds, crabs,

reptiles, but above all serpents. Every man, woman and child in olden times among them was considered under the special protection of some particular god, and it was sacrilegious for any one to eat the fruit, fish, bird, plant or animal in which their protecting deity was enshrined.

The members of every profession, such as

**A God for
Every Trade.**

canoe-builders, fishermen, agriculturists, club-makers, etc., worshipped the god who presided over their particular calling, and the

worship was performed in sacred groves as it was in ancient Palestine. Large shooting stars were believed to be traveling gods, but the smaller ones were supposed to be the departing souls of human beings on their way to the abode of Ndengei to be judged; though this latter belief seems inconsistent with the idea that the souls of the dead traveled in a canoe. There is a sacred fruit tree called tarawau which bears very fragrant flowers, but they consider it far too sacred to interfere with because they believe that the spirits of the dead plant it throughout the islands. Like all unenlightened people, they employ figurative language in speaking of the dead; and instead of saying that a friend or relative has died, they invariably say "Sa laki tei tarawau ki Nai Thombo Thombo" (he has gone to plant tarawau in Nai Thombo Thombo). Nai Thombo Thombo is the northern headland of Mbua Bay, on the west side of Vanua Levu, and here the souls of the departed are supposed to embark for the abode of Ndengei. The natives were in the habit of making pilgrimages to Nai

Thombo Thombo to mourn for their departed friends.

**A Sacred
Gathering
Place.** These untutored natives are far keener students of nature than white people are likely to suppose, for the scenery of Nai Thombo Thombo is so strikingly grand and beautiful that they regarded it as the sacred gathering place of their gods when they

mysteriously came from their celestial home in Mburotu to regulate the affairs of their worshippers. The deep blue of the ocean forms a pleasing contrast with the white sandy beach and the bold, towering cliffs clothed with bright tropical vegetation. Beyond the cliffs the ground is covered with a majestic forest of gigantic trees festooned with the most lovely ferns and creepers, which envelop the lonely forest aisles in solemn twilight gloom, and the only sound that breaks the deathlike silence is the droning roar of the ocean swell breaking upon the distant coral reef.

**Mbula,
the Fiji
Heaven.**

Up to a quite recent date, when a Fijian chief died, most of his wives were strangled in order that they might accompany him to the spirit land; and a certain number of slaves, proportionate to his rank, were either clubbed to death and buried in his grave or else buried alive in it. The friends of the dead chief also placed his best war-club in his right hand in order to enable him to fight his way, and hung a number of whales' teeth around his neck. On the way to Mbula the soul of the chief had to pass a number of demons or gods who were stationed as guards at various points along the route, and if he could not answer all their questions satisfactorily they would kill him or turn him back. Therefore the souls of the slaves or kaisi who had been buried with him were supposed to precede the soul of the chief, and while the demons were examining them the soul of the chief would endeavor to slip by unnoticed.

Whales' teeth are to this day considered by far the most valued of all possessions and occupy the same position with the Fijians as diamonds do with us. They believe the god places an equal value upon whales' teeth, and therefore bury a number of them with a chief in order to enable him to bribe his way where he cannot succeed by fighting, lying or dodging. The dead body is never carried out through a door, but always

through a hole specially cut through the wall, this hole being always carefully filled up again as soon as the body passes out. The reason for this is because they believe that a ghost can return only by the same way as it left. It is surprising to find how many uncivilized races hold this belief.

The reason for murdering his wives was to prove that the deceased was a married man, for the spirit of a bachelor is never allowed to reach Mbula. One of the gods named Nanga Nanga always seizes the soul of a bachelor, dashes it to pieces upon a large black stone, and devours it. The spirit of a deceased chief never, according to Fiji superstition, goes direct to Nai Thombo Thombo, but repairs to a conical hill named Takiveleyawa, a few miles from Nai Thombo Thombo, and there waits until the spirits of his wives and slaves join him. Superstition dies hard among these natives, and even the Christian natives regard this solitary hill with such dread that it is difficult to induce them to approach it. It is composed of the hard red clay which is so common in these islands, and the natives assert that the black boulders which crop out of the surface are evil spirits which were turned to stone when their former worshipers became Christians.

As soon as the souls of the murdered wives and slaves rejoin the soul of the chief the whole party repairs to Nai Thombo Thombo, where they embark in a canoe and a current carries them towards the abode of Ndengei. Before reaching it they must needs, according to fantastic Fijian belief, cry out with savage yells and demonstrations by which the inhabitants were warned to open all doors and allow the spirits to pass through their houses; for spirits can travel only in straight lines, they say, and all the houses have their doors directly opposite to each other in order to allow the spirits to pass.

There is a curious analogy between this curious custom and the Chinese belief that evil spirits cannot turn corners, but must always travel in straight lines. This is the reason

why the Chinese make their roads so crooked in order to prevent evil spirits from passing along them, and also why they never let the roofs or sides of two adjoining houses come exactly in line. This is in order to prevent any evil spirit passing from one to the other.

**Deceiving
the Gods.**

Mbula is the Paradise into which none but chiefs and their wives are supposed to be admitted; but some common men succeed in

beating their way in by lying so skillfully under cross-examination as to deceive the gods and gain admittance under false pretences.

Only a few favored mortals of the very highest rank are ever admitted into Mburotu, which is the true Heaven and abode of the immortal gods. When human souls succeed in reaching the heavenly shores of Mburotu they come to a stream or fountain called Wai ni Mbula (Wai, Water; ni, of; Mbula, Life) by a speaking tree called Nakau ni Mbula (Tree of Life), and upon drinking of the stream and eating of the fruit of the Tree of Life they at once become immortal and are believed to be forever free from sickness, pain, and sorrow. In this blissful region every man is supposed to grow to the stature of a giant and live in a magnificent house situated in the midst of a beautiful garden which he cultivates and which produces the finest kinds of crops and rarest flowers.

It is strange to find an absolutely identical tradition in regard to the Isles of the Blest, in Ireland and the Fiji Islands. When I was a small boy I heard my father relate the popular Irish tradition that on a clear day the inhabitants of the west coast of Ireland could see the towers and palaces of a magnificent city rising from the Atlantic far away towards the westward; but although mariners had often sailed for months in quest of this city they had never been able to find it. Many years afterwards I found that the Fijians had an identical tradition in regard to Mburotu. As they sail westward from

the Lau or Lakemba Islands toward Suva or Kandavu they sometimes catch sight of an indescribably beautiful city on the far western horizon; but though they have frequently loaded some of their largest war-canoes with provisions and sailed in quest of it the beautiful hills fade away as they approach and appear to be still further and further away until at last they vanish from sight. This is Mburotu, where the gods are believed not only to roast and eat the souls of the kaisi (common people), but also to inflict various punishments upon the souls of chiefs who have displeased them. The most degrading punishment of all is inflicted upon the soul of the chief who has not killed any one. Such souls are condemned to spend all eternity in beating a heap of filth with a war-club. All whose ears are not pierced must go about forever with the kind of log, upon which women beat, lashed across their shoulders. If any woman has neglected to be tattooed, other women who had reached Mbula cut her in pieces with sharp shells and made her into bread for the gods; or else they constantly chase and cut her with sharp shells whenever she attempts to rest.

They bury the dead in graveyards which they call Ai mbulu mbulu (Place of graves); and, like the Tongans, the nearest relatives cut off a joint of the little finger as a sign of grief, while others exhibit their sorrow by wounding themselves in various ways or by cutting off their hair or beard. They apply the name loloku to everything done out of respect for the dead, though the word was formerly applied chiefly to the strangling of the wives and slaves of the deceased. Each friend and relative who comes to the wake is supposed to bring a present to the family of the deceased; and as they present their gift each one bestows a farewell kiss upon the corpse and joins in lamenting his death and extolling his virtues. This custom, which is called ai rengu rengu, from the word rengu (to kiss), is said to have been the means of spreading various contagious diseases among the natives. Like

the Maoris, they consider feasting a very important part of mourning ; for the two go on together under the name of Kana mboji (feasting till evening). These mourning feasts last from ten to twenty days, according to the rank of the deceased.

**Feasts
for the
Dead.**

On the fourth day after the death of the deceased the mourners display the most intense grief and join in a wailing ceremony called vaka vindiulo (jumping of maggots), because the decomposition of the body is then supposed to have fairly set in. Yet with the inconsistency of such races they quickly change from sadness to gaiety, for on the evening of the fifth day the friends gather and endeavor to cheer the bereaved family by giving a series of farcical entertainments called vaka ndrendre (causing to laugh). The period of mourning winds up with a general feasting which goes by the ambiguous name of mbongi ndrau, which means a hundred.

I noticed one curious difference between the Fijians and the other South Sea Islanders, and that is that whereas all the other islanders with whom I have come in contact, as well as the Australian blacks, have an intense aversion to mentioning the name of a deceased person, the Fijians not only have no objection to mentioning it, but even endeavor to preserve the name from oblivion very much as we do, by dedicating a new house or a new canoe to the memory of a loved one and calling it by his name. This custom in heathendom is called law a ni mate (memory of the dead), and in the old heathen days it was common to bury aged people alive and afterward preserve their memory in this way. In fact, it was considered a filial duty for children to kill their aged parents or bury them alive, and sing at the wake or funeral :

A mate na rawa rawa ;
Me mbula na ka ni thava ?
A mate na thengu

(Death is easy;
Of what use is life?
To die is rest).

This seems to us like the most revolting and unnatural cruelty, but the Fijians regarded the matter in a very different light. They believed that every one appeared in the spirit world in the same condition as he left this; consequently they did not want their parents to become too feeble and infirm before going there, and believed that they were doing them the greatest kindness by strangling them.

**The
Enchanted
Scarf.**

The high chiefs have their finest turbans made from the fiber of the leaves of a species of plantain called vunda vula, which is spun and woven into a sort of gauzy cloth as soft as satin and fine as a spider's web. This cloth

is highly prized and a common tribesman would be clubbed to death for wearing it. Should a person accused of a serious crime refuse to confess it, the chief takes a scarf of this fine cloth and threatens to catch away his soul in it unless he confesses. Should he still refuse to do so the chief waves the scarf back and forward a few times over his head until the victim's soul is supposedly caught in it. The chief then rolls it up and has it carefully lashed to the bow of his canoe and goes away with it. It is a foregone conclusion that the accused person would certainly pine away and die for want of his soul; therefore he almost invariably confesses and takes his punishment no matter whether he is guilty or innocent.

When a tribesman or woman sneezes it is the custom for any or all who happen to be present to say, "Mbula" (life to you), and the one who has sneezed replies, "Mole" (thanks). This graceful custom appears to be common to nearly every race in the world. It would be interesting to discover how it came to be so universal.

The natives of these islands have two slightly differing traditions of the Deluge. One is that once a good man built a very large decked canoe upon a mountain

The Deluge. top far from any water and loaded it with provisions as if for a long voyage. His friends

and neighbors imagined that he had gone insane and laughingly asked him how he expected to launch his enormous canoe. He and his family, numbering eight persons in all, then took refuge in the canoe and carefully closed the hatches. Immediately the rain began to come down in such torrents that the canoe slid down the mountainside and crushed people to death in its course. (This was the origin of the old Fiji custom of launching all war-canoes over the bodies of a certain number of people, all of whom were crushed to death beneath it.) As soon as the great canoe began sliding down the mountain the sea suddenly rose and drowned everybody in existence except the occupants of the canoe and a few people who had gone up a mountain to gather yaka plants, the fiber of which makes best fishing nets. The yaka gatherers retreated before the rising flood to the very highest pinnacle of the mountain, when they cried to the gods to save them and the floods were stayed. They had things to eat with them, but no water. So they nearly perished for want of fresh water to drink, for the water surrounding them was all salt. In their distress they cried again to the gods to send fresh water, and the gods sent a chief who bade them follow him. They followed the chief to a rock which he struck with his staff and a stream of fresh water instantly flowed out of it and saved their lives. Meanwhile the great canoe with its cargo floated upon the ocean until the waters subsided, when it settled upon a mountain on the little island of Mbenga, a few miles south of Viti Levu.

It is worthy of note that the people who were saved in the canoe numbered eight, precisely as the Bible tells us that eight

persons were saved in the Ark. The people who were saved upon the mountain became the ancestors of the kaisi or common people, but those who landed upon Mbenga became the ancestors of the aristocratic class and speak of themselves as "Ngali thuva ki Langi" (Subject only to Heaven).

One story is that the Na Ivilankata priests of Mbenga have ever since celebrated the unearthly Vilavila Irevo, or Firewalking Ceremony, on their island in honor of the deliverance of their ancestors from the Flood; but I have heard different accounts of the origin of this strange ceremony, which I will tell about further on in the account of our voyage to Mbenga.

The other tradition of the Deluge relates how the god Ndengei had a favorite bird named Turukawa, and his two grandsons killed it. Ndengei called upon the culprits to make atonement for their offence; but instead of doing so they defied him in the most insulting manner. They then raised a large army, with which they fortified their town and declared themselves independent of him. Ndengei spent three months in mobilizing a vast army which he sent against the rebels, but the latter fought so hard and so well that it could not conquer them. Ndengei then withdrew his army and caused a mighty flood to overwhelm the earth for the purpose of drowning his enemies. He still called upon them to repent as the waters rose higher and higher, but they retreated before the rising flood to higher territory and still defied the old chief. At last when they had reached the highest point of land in the world, and saw their great army drowned before their eyes and the flood still rising, they cried to one of their gods to help them. The god came to their rescue and showed them how to build a canoe in which four men and four women escaped; and as the flood subsided the canoe was stranded upon the Island of Mbenga and the eight persons in it became the ancestors of the present inhabitants.

One splendid Fiji legend says that some common people, shortly after this great flood, formed a settlement near Na Savu, on Vanua Levu. Being ignorant of the eight souls who had been saved in the canoe, they imagined they were the only people in the world; and so they determined to find out if there were people in the moon, and if there were, to communicate with them. Many years were spent in piling up a vast mountain of earth and stones which was to form the foundation of a tower which would reach the moon. They then cut down and squared an immense number of huge trees and, having dragged them to the top of the mountain, built an enormous tower which reached to within a short distance of the moon, and just as it was on the point of completion the enormous weight proved too much for the foundation and the whole vast structure collapsed, killing many of the workmen and scattering the rest over all the islands.

The striking resemblance between their traditions and the story of the Bible is far too close and circumstantial to be the result of mere accident or coincidence. Many of the Fijians show a strong Semitic cast of countenance, their laws of tambu (which are practically identical with the tabu of the Polynesian Islanders) are very similar to the laws of Moses, and the practice of circumcision prevailed throughout all these islands.

The Fijians are unquestionably a mixture of the tall, straight-haired Polynesians to the eastward of them and the dark-skinned, woolly-haired Melanesians to the westward; and the more carefully any thoughtful person studies their traditions, laws, manners, and customs the more firmly he becomes convinced that the ancestors of the Fijians and Polynesians were in intimate contact with the inhabitants of Palestine in long-past ages. I have often spoken of this to white men who have lived for many years among the islanders I

**The Tower
of Babel.**

have mentioned, and they have invariably replied that they believe these natives to be the descendants of the "Ten Lost Tribes."

I may say in advance that I do not believe this exactly; but there can be no doubt that they received their traditions of the Creation and the Flood, their laws of tabu, the ceremony of offering the first-fruits of their crops to the gods, and the ceremony of "passing through the fire" from the sacred land of Palestine.

CHAPTER XV

FEROIOUS AND TREACHEROUS TRIBES OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

After spending several months trading in the Fijis the captain secured a charter to carry a load of island laborers, whose time had expired, to their homes in the Solomon Islands. Most of them were from Taviuni Island, lying southeast of Vanua Levu, which is the garden spot of the Fijis, and we took on the laborers at Vuna, which is the principal settlement of whites and is located at the southwestern end of the island.

Among the Solomon Islands. It was the season of the southeast trade winds which blow regularly from the beginning of May to the end of October, so we were pretty sure of fair wind in running to westward. This is known as the fine weather season because it is not quite so rainy as during the season of northwest winds which prevail from November to April.

We passed south of Tucopia Island between the Santa Cruz Islands on the north and the Banks Islands to the south. We anchored in Selwyn Bay, on the southwest side of Ugi Island, on the eighth day after clearing the Fijis.

The little island of Ugi, which is situated four miles off the north coast of the large island of San Cristoval, is only six miles long and about two and a quarter wide. Selwyn Bay is the only anchorage in the island. Some of our passengers belonged to this little island, so we put in to Selwyn Bay and laid in goodly supplies of yams, water, wood and other necessities.

One remarkable characteristic of the people of the Solomon Islands is the excellence of their artistic skill in wood carving. Considering that they have few tools and the wood is laboriously scraped away with sharp shells and pieces of bone, their work is amazingly beautiful. Their best craftsmen are usually set to carving and decorating the village council house, which is often ornately decorated with elaborately carved figures representing gigantic human beings and many open-mouthed sharks and sea monsters. These people worship the shark and devil-fish as minor gods, and though they are cannibals they have an intense and sensitive love of flowers. Their villages are commonly embowered in masses of lovely orchids, climbing ferns and flowering shrubs, and are among the most beautiful of all savage settlements.

After leaving the island of Ugi we sailed along the southern shore of Guadalcanar, then stood to the north and westward until we reached Gatukai, where we hove to, and landed at the village of Peava, in latitude $8^{\circ} 48' S.$ and longitude $158^{\circ} 14' E.$ The tribesmen whom we landed were welcomed with the most extravagant expressions of affection and delight. A stranger would have found it incredible that people capable of such affectionate demonstration are among the most inveterate head-hunters of the whole Solomon group. They regard the larger island of Vanguni as their particular hunting ground, and when they want a fresh supply of human heads the large war-canoes of Gatukai make a mysterious and sudden descent upon the island and slaughter every native they can find. These sudden and desolating raids of the head-hunters have driven the natives of Vanguni Island to seek refuge in the thick forests which cover the hills in the interior of the island, where they have much better chance to defend themselves, for the Gatukai head-hunters believe in making a sudden raid and getting away before their victims can gather in sufficient force to attack them in return.

As soon as we entered canoes came from all directions to trade. The lagoon in which we anchored is studded with a great number of pretty coral islets, all of which are flat-topped, densely wooded, and almost precisely alike. The islands have the peculiar appearance of having been hauled up from the bottom. Proof of this, according to geologists, is shown in the case of Mboli Island, the northern end of which shows a remarkable gallery on the face of a limestone cliff many feet above the present high-water mark, which at one time formed the waterline. In some places this overhanging gallery is deeper than others and stalactites and stalagmites in every stage of formation may be seen among them. There are many native villages known as Bili Lupa picturesquely built in these overhanging galleries.

Canoes Come Toward Us from all Directions.

After witnessing a funeral ceremony late in the day on the island of Mbulo I strolled a short distance into the bush and was surprised to see a clearing in which were a great number of graves, each one covered with weapons and other curios. The odds and ends which I saw in that savage burying ground would have stocked a large museum. I would have been glad myself to carry off some of them as mementos, but I resisted the temptation, for the natives would kill any one who desecrated the graves of their heroes.

The Solomon Island canoes are the finest and most picturesque in the entire Pacific. The tomako or large head hunting canoes vary in length from fifty to seventy feet, and one of them will carry upwards of sixty men. They are so well balanced as to require no outrigger. They are never rigged with sails, but are propelled at a very rapid rate with narrow, short-pointed paddles, and are elaborately ornamented at bow and stern with wooden figureheads. The entire upper portion of the canoe, especially the high prow and stern, are usually neatly inlaid with mother of pearl and nautilus shell

and are apt to be garlanded with cowry shells around the outer edge. The last touch on the prow is usually a human skull. Just above water line on the bow there is apt to be a grotesque figure of a god, who is supposed to keep lookout for rocks, reefs and enemies. Sometimes this god is represented with two heads, one looking forward, the other backward, so as to enable him more thoroughly to look after the safety of the canoe.

I took a small boat ashore one day to fill some of our water casks at a little stream above the village of Repi, and I stopped to watch what was apparently the magician of the tribe perform the ceremony of first fruits. At first he would not allow me to come too close, but I quickly settled his scruples with a stick of tobacco, which amply paid my way. He placed some breadfruit upon small altars and also upon the points of many sharp-pointed sticks which he planted in the ground. He then stood up and muttered incantations. Fire was obtained by rubbing two pieces of wood together and applied to the altar, the priest repeating incantations all the while. The purport of the strange chant, I afterward learned, was an invocation to the devil to accept the first fruits of the breadfruit crop and to grant them an increase of the crop in the future. It was a strange experience and worth a trip to the island to see.

The inhabitants of the Solomon Islands are commonly of moderate height, well proportioned and very strong and active. The color of their skin varies from copper color to almost jet black, and their eyes are deeply sunk under heavy, projecting eyebrows. Their lips are thick, noses short and chins receding. They wear no clothes and perhaps to compensate for their lack in this direction they load themselves with a savage array of belts, combs, feathers, bead hair ornaments, armlets, necklaces and streaks of paint.

An ornament which ranks of great value among them con-

sists of an armlet laboriously and ingeniously cut out of the *tridacna gigas* shell or giant clam. This shell looks like marble and is so hard that often it is ground into axes and adzes with which they hew the planks in building their canoes. It requires an untold amount of labor to make a clam-shell armlet, and they are valued solely for the amount of labor bestowed upon them.

**Valuable
Ornaments.**

Another valuable ornament which is worn suspended upon the breast consists of a large shell ring overlaid with delicate tortoise shell fretwork and ornamented with pendants. The wearing of these ornaments is almost a challenge to murder and is quite as dangerous as it would be for a white man to frequent the haunts of criminals with many thousand dollars' worth of diamonds openly displayed upon his person. They are the cause of endless wars and murders, yet for some mysterious reason they can be left openly upon the graves of chiefs and warriors, where no one dares to disturb them for fear of incurring the wrath of the evil spirits who are believed to guard the abodes of the dead.

It is common among them to offer sacrifices to the devil for the recovery of a sick person, especially a chief or great warrior, and human sacrifice is considered by far the most acceptable. Among some of the tribes it is customary to nurse a sick person as long as there is any apparent hope of recovery, but when the case is deemed hopeless they take the patient into a little house erected for the purpose, and place some food and water beside him and leave him to live or die.

**A
Fantastic
Belief.**

The Solomon Islanders believe in a paradise which exists far away to the westward, and offer sacrificial feasts to demons in order to induce them to permit the souls of their departed friends to enter there. They also fantastically believe that the singularly large and beautiful fire-

flies which flicker like fairy lamps amid the trees at night are the souls of departed tribesmen who in this way revisit the scenes of their earthly career. When I asked for an explanation of this strangely romantic fancy a chief explained to me that a departed soul is possessed of little, if any, more power than it had in the body: but once it has been admitted to the happy land it becomes gifted with the power of metamorphosing itself into the form of a firefly and revisiting the place of its birth and looking after the welfare of its friends and relatives.

It is customary to bury common people in the sea, but different sections have slightly different ways of disposing of the remains of those who belong to higher ranks. In some cases the bodies are buried; in others, exposed until the flesh is entirely removed from the bones, when they are cleaned and placed inside of a large wooden mold carved to represent a porpoise, a shark or a swordfish.

Like the Fijians, they believe that all inanimate objects such as canoes, tools, weapons, etc., have souls as well as living things. The soul of the wooden mold containing the bones of the dead chief is believed to carry the soul of the man to paradise.

Most
Ferocious
Tribes in the
World.

We next brought up in Rendovax Harbor with its two entrances. We entered by the two little islets of Kuru Kuru on the west and Aumbari on the east. Probably the most

ferocious tribes in the world are gathered around this beautiful bay.

We had scarcely more than anchored when large canoes began to crowd around us again, and, though no weapons were visible, we knew perfectly well that canoes in these parts never go anywhere without being manned and armed to the decks. A few natives came on board to greet their returning friends among the crew and to hear accounts of the strange

lands they had visited. Some of them handed up long-handled hatchets and tomahawks, requesting permission to sharpen them upon the vessel's grindstone. One of the interpreters whom we had taken on at Ugi Island excitedly pointed to the many canoes hovering round and whispered, "No good, no good. Bimeby plenty fight, make plenty killa man; no good, no good."

It required considerable show of force to keep the canoes away from the ship; but they all drew back like frightened birds at the approach of a large superbly decorated craft containing a chief whose upper arms were completely covered with shell armlets, showing that he was a chief of very high rank. He came on board in a very stately fashion and informed us in broken English that his name was Ingova and that he was the king of the Rubiana Lagoon. The captain got his good will with presents of matches, a butcher knife and a carpenter's chisel, in return for which he sent us gifts of rams and fish. He also sent some of his men to assist us in getting fresh water.

The only way to do business with such dangerous natives is to immediately make friends with the chief and transact all business through him. Our captain had intended loading up with sandalwood, but the natives brought such splendid samples of ebony, rosewood and lignum vitæ that we decided to load up these woods as well. We found that the small islands of the group are overrun with wild pigs.

Native Treachery. These natives are as uncertain as children, and for some reason that was not apparent to us Ingova ceased his visits to our vessel and other natives began to show unmistakable signs of hostility. We soon discovered that the chief was away on one of his murderous head-hunting raids and the natives in his absence had determined to do a little pirating on their own account. By hook or crook we got rid of the

last of them and the captain concluded to pull up anchor and get under way before daylight. Early as it was two large canoes had already entered the harbor and were swiftly ap-

proaching us. Their actions were most suspicious, and they separated in such a way that we would be compelled to pass between them, and kept their canoes turned end toward us as they always do when contemplating an at-

tack. Within hailing distance they turned both canoes slightly and, holding up two axes, indicated that they wished to come alongside, offering us the axes as gifts. This of course was a blind, for each canoe was loaded with warriors who undoubtedly would overpower us if they succeeded in getting near. The captain, through an interpreter, told them to keep their axes and their distance or we would fire into them if they came any closer, whereupon the savage head-hunters set up a yell and came on full speed, but when they were within a few yards of us the captain suddenly slewed the schooner around, sending her bow smashing through the canoe to the leeward of us and capsizing her. The crew of the other canoe yelled defiance and instantly assailed us with a volley of poisoned arrows and bullets, some of which struck our bulwarks and others passed through the sails or flew harmlessly overhead. They were so close we could scarcely miss them with our guns, but they held their shields at a sharp angle for the purpose of deflecting the bullets and presented as small a target as possible; the only objects visible outside of the tall prow were the shields of the savages. Taking careful aim we fired. Several shields were thrown into the air and as many warriors went plunging overboard. The canoe promptly fell astern and it was soon practically impossible for us to hit them. Two other large canoes loaded with warriors appeared around the south end of the nearest island and paddled rapidly towards us. Their course exposed their broadside to us and we fired several

A Battle with
Head-hunters.

shots at them. They instantly checked their way and pointed their prows at us to avoid being hit. Finding themselves repulsed by our firearms they kept at a respectful distance and we got safely away.

Blanche Harbor, which lies between Mono Island on the north and Sterling Island on the south in latitude $7^{\circ} 24'$ S. and longitude $155^{\circ} 33'$ E., was our next stopping place.

Sterling Island is only three miles long with an average breadth of half a mile, but it rises to a height of about two hundred feet and has the general aspect of having been upheaved from the bottom of the ocean like so many other islands in the Solomon group. Canoes belonging to the villages of Faveke and Falamai surrounded us before we had time to anchor. A few small presents established friendly relations at once and our experience here was more or less peaceful.

I paid several visits to the near-by villages, and one day I was persuaded to go some distance in the bush with half a dozen natives who were hunting wild pigeons with bows and arrows. They moved about noiselessly as cats and could readily detect a bird in foliage where it was perfectly invisible to the untrained eye. At one place a monster lizard five feet long suddenly started up in front of us and darted up a large tree to what he considered safe height, when he stopped and looked down upon us. One of the natives promptly brought him down with an arrow, and though the fall alone seemed sufficient to kill him he fought savagely until the native broke his neck with a blow from his bow.

A short distance further on a black man behind me cried "Nifi! Nifi!" and pointed to the ground not two feet ahead of me. At first I could detect nothing, but the native darted his spear among the creepers and quickly drew it back with a venomous looking snake hissing and writhing upon the point of it. Its

triangular head was dark brown, its back was covered with rings of white and reddish brown. Its belly was white as milk. It is the habit of this variety of reptile to conceal itself in the vegetation and strike at any one who approaches its place of concealment.

I have never seen such splendid butterflies as I saw that day. Many of them measured as much as nine inches across the wings and they were purple and yellow and green and brilliant peacock blue. At night the forest was brilliant with myriads of fireflies which flit like fairy lamps among the trees, and the oppressive silence which reigns by day was broken by the ceaseless chorus of tree frogs, bullfrogs and the ghostly hoots of the night owl.

One night we were fishing in the boat a little way up the Mulamabuli River beneath the giant trees which overhang the stream, when a long streak of pale phosphorescent light approached the boat, in perfect silence and without creating so much as a ripple in the water. "Umau" (crocodile), whispered a native who was with us in the boat. It approached until its head was within about six feet of the boat, where it stopped to take observations; and the moment it stopped it became invisible because the phosphorescent light which betrays its presence shines only while the creature is in motion. I had brought along a shot gun in the hope of being able to shoot some wild ducks which are plentiful in the streams; and aiming in the direction of the crocodile, I told a Fiji man to throw a fish where we judged the crocodile's head to be.

A Phosphorescent Target. The sudden phosphorescent swirl which the crocodile gave in grabbing the fish clearly revealed his presence, and I fired as nearly as I could at his eyes. The next moment the brute gave a funny snort and deluged us with a shower of spray as he began wheeling rapidly round and round, lashing up the water into sparkling foam. We quickly pulled to a

place of safety, for a single stroke of his tail would have reduced our small boat to kindling wood. The natives declared that the crocodiles not only attack people in small canoes at night, but also that they prowl around the villages and run off with sleeping pigs, dogs, or human beings whenever they find a favorable opportunity to do so. They also confirm a story which I had often heard in the Australian bush to the effect that these savage creatures are far bolder and more daring at night than in daylight.

CHAPTER XVI

ON THE WAY TO INDIA

Singapore and Hong Kong are the centers of the sandal-wood trade, and after completing our cargo in Choiseul Bay we sailed for Singapore, where the captain hoped to dispose of the ship and cargo. Our course lay through Jonard Entrance, between the Louisade Archipelago and a multitude of small islands off the extreme southeastern end of New Guinea; thence through Torres Strait, the Arafura Sea, the Banda Sea, the Floris and Java Seas and Carimata Strait to Singapore.

Shortly after clearing Torres Strait a large shark began to follow the vessel. At first we took no notice of him, for such an occurrence is far too common to even merit attention.

A Strange Convoy. It is quite common for a shark to follow a ship for several days at a time; but after he had followed us persistently for over a week we began to look upon him in the light of a companion in spite of the traditional enmity which exists between the sailor and the shark. Day after day and week after week he followed us over the entire course until the very day that we entered the harbor of Singapore.

We really felt a sort of regret when we finally missed him. The question is often asked, "Do fish sleep?" This shark had followed us for three weeks over a distance of 2,500 miles, and during this time he certainly had no rest and so far as we could see never ate anything except the few scraps that we threw overboard, and which were not worth considering.

I think it is no exaggeration to say that the physical endurance of a shark surpasses that of any other living creature; and the greatest compliment which the Maoris can pay to the memory of a slain warrior is to say that he "died like a shark."

The captain disposed of the cargo to good advantage, and his curios also sold well. The ship was purchased by four Russians, who contemplated a general cruise in the Pacific, partly for amusement and partly for the purpose of collecting curios and orchids. They also contemplated a visit to Kamchatka, to investigate an alleged gold discovery. But the season was so far advanced that they concluded to spend the winter months hunting big game in India and visit Kamchatka in the spring. Being anxious to visit the islands where we had been, they engaged me to go in command of the ship. They also purchased a steam launch for the purpose of towing the vessel in and out of the harbors where the sailing was difficult and dangerous.

I Take
Command
of a Ship.

We provisioned and fitted out at the little island of Pulo Penang (Arecaanut Island), which lies off the west coast of the Malay Peninsula, about 370 miles from Singapore.

The harbor, which is always full of shipping, is really the channel between Penang Island and the mainland, and varies from two to five miles in width. Nearly all the business here is in the hands of the Chinese, who raise pigs, poultry, cattle, etc., in great numbers. The capital city, which is also called Penang, though the English officials call it Georgetown, is situated on a low, level point of land which projects from the northeast extremity of the island toward the mainland. This favorable situation enables the town to enjoy a fine sea breeze, while the rest of the island, which is moderately high and densely wooded, is sweltering under the rays of a southern sun.

One day the native Klings who were bringing provisions to us announced that they could not work for two days, because they were about to celebrate a Harvest festival which they called Kar-a-day, and which is held always in September in honor of their god Sammi. The comprador, who spoke good English, invited us to attend the festival, and assured us that over twenty of the priests would walk barefooted upon a huge fire, while others would torture themselves in various excruciating ways in order to secure the favor of Sammi for the coming year. They spent the next day in bathing, shaving, etc., for it is an article of faith with them that every worshiper must be perfectly clean, and, although few of them wore anything except a loin cloth, the latter was always new or freshly washed.

On the second day we went ashore to witness the fire-walking festival, and I can only say that the repulsive sights furnished an eloquent lesson on the horrors of heathenism.

It is a part of this belief that no one can expect good crops nor good fortune unless he undergoes some kind of torture to please Sammi, and the greater the torture the better the fortune of the victim who endures it. The general rule is that each worshiper must bring to Sammi some offering representative of his occupation, and the offering must be brought to the place of sacrifice, not in his hands, but suspended from silver skewers stuck through some part of his anatomy, such as the face, tongue, breast or back.

We soon sickened of looking at the disgusting sights, and the comprador led the way to a fire pit in which a huge fire was burning. The heat from the fire was so intense that we did not attempt to approach near enough to gather any idea of its dimensions, but as nearly as I could judge the pit was about ten feet wide and thirty feet long, and filled with hard-wood logs laid close together like a corduroy road, and it

**A Horrible
Harvest
Festival.**

must have been quite deep, judging from the large bank of earth thrown up around it. The comprador assured us that twenty-five devotees would walk barefooted through the middle of the fire from one end of the pit to the other without receiving the slightest injury from it. Some of our own party sneered, and declared that anyone who approached close to the fire would be burned to death in short order. "No fear," replied the comprador, "they pray to Sammi, and Sammi won't let the fire burn them."

**Walking
Barefoot on
Blazing
Coals.**

Gradually the devotees assembled near one end of the fire, where it seemed to me that the heat was sufficient to destroy an ordinary human being, and we heard a faint hum of voices like a low chant. The natives standing around became as still as statues as the chant ceased, and one man deliberately stepped into the pit and on to the blazing coals.

He wore nothing but the ordinary cloth which the poorest class of natives wear around their waists, and, believe it or not, he walked through that fire the whole length of the pit as unconcernedly as though he were walking along a country road. Each of the other devotees then took his turn (there were twenty-four of them), and walked slowly and unconcernedly through the fiery furnace without showing the slightest trace of suffering. The whole performance was weird and sinister.

I have since had numbers of stay-at-homes assure me that I must have been mistaken, because no one could pass through such a fire alive; "it was all an optical illusion, a trick," and so on, they say. The people who make these assertions in regard to matters of which they are ignorant would do well to explain the "perfectly natural means" of which they talk so glibly. Of course, a stay-at-home scientist has an immense advantage over a traveler; the traveler can only relate what he has seen, frequently without being able to account for it,

whereas the alleged scientist settles the whole difficulty to his own satisfaction by squaring the facts to suit his theories. The fact is that this fire-walking stands on a par with many other mysteries of the Far East which are performed every day in the presence of hundreds of keen and intelligent observers, who are looking for the slightest sign of fraud, yet the brightest intellects in Christendom have never been able to comprehend or explain them. For my own part, I believe that the Klings worship the devil under the name of Sammi, and I believe the weird performance which we witnessed is a survival of the sinister heathen ceremony of "passing through fire" which flourished in Syria and Palestine three thousand years ago. I did not think to inquire whether the performers who passed through the fire were a separate class who were specially gifted or whether every worshiper of Sammi possessed the same mysterious power.

Leaving Penang we passed through Preparis South Channel in latitude $14^{\circ} 30'$ N. and longitude $93^{\circ} 30'$ E., and we had a straight run to the mouth of the Hooghly River, on the Bay of Bengal. Our first view of the mouth of the Hooghly River was certainly not attractive. Far as the eye could see a mass of trees and tangled brushwood reached, apparently rising out of the water and forming the huge delta known as Sunderbuns.

Late in the day we anchored in front of **Calcutta**, so named in honor of the hideous Kali, goddess of destruction, whom the Hindus delight to honor. One of the most interesting sights of the city is the botanic garden, extending one mile along the river, and containing two hundred and seventy-two acres, beautifully laid out in tropical trees and flowers. The orchid house alone is worth a visit to India to see. In the center of the garden is a pond filled with a great variety of water plants. One huge banyan tree, which is a hundred years old and more, has a

central trunk more than fifty feet in circumference, and a whole regiment of men could camp comfortably under its wide-spreading branches.

The native bustees (villages) on the outskirts are of huts built of mud and straw, and each one clusters round a tank of filthy but sacred water in which they bathe. The rule seems to be that the water increases in sanctity in exact proportion to the amount of filth with which it is contaminated, and the traveler ceases to wonder that the country has always been the home of cholera. Almost every house is provided with its "thakoor barri" or idol shrine. The greatest antiquity in the place is the famous Kali Ghat, in which the hideous monster Kali is worshipped with rites too repulsive for description.

**The
Snake-
charmer.**

One day we were compelled to take refuge from the rain in the courtyard of a hotel where a snake-charmer was giving an exhibition of his skill. His stock in trade consisted of two baskets of poisonous snakes and a sort of flageolet called a tubri. He removed the lid from one basket, and, squatting in front of it, began to play a low, plaintive tune on his pipe. In a few seconds the head of a deadly East India cobra slowly rose above the rim of the basket. It began swinging its head in time to the music and made several feints at striking, but always recoiled. The music suddenly ceased, and the performer made a rippling sound, which made the snake angry. Its slender neck puffed out on either side in the form of a hood, on the back of which appeared two very prominent oval-shaped marks like a pair of spectacles. It crawled out of the basket and attempted to dart away, but its master deftly caught it by the tail and jerked it back, whereupon it became so enraged that, hissing loudly, it made several swift darts at him, but he easily evaded the savage attacks.

Well knowing that the slightest miss meant death, he narrowly watched the enraged reptile, and suddenly caught it by the neck with a motion almost too quick for the eye to follow, and the next instant he leaped to his feet, holding the snake at arm's length toward the spectators. It was all done so quickly that we gave an exclamation of horror, supposing the snake had bitten him and was hanging fast to his hand. The serpent only struggled desperately to get free, however, lashing the air with its tail and twining itself around its master's arm. The man then brought the cobra's head to within a few inches of his face, and began a low crooning song, keeping his eyes firmly fixed the while upon those of the snake. The effect was magical, for the writhing reptile suddenly became limp, and hung down like a piece of rope in its master's hand. He laid it upon the ground, and it remained perfectly motionless in whatever position he twisted it about.

Some of the spectators then remembered they had heard that the serpent was not dangerous to handle because its poison fangs had been extracted, and openly said as much. The Hindu smiled quietly, asked if they would give him a chicken, and when this was brought made some passes with his hands and uttered some sounds which quickly aroused the snake to its former state of belligerency. He then threw the chicken

on the ground in front of it. The cobra

Death to the darted at the chicken like lightning and
Chicken. seized it by the breast. After a little while

it let go and crawled quietly away, and the man picked it up and threw it into the basket. The liberated chicken gave a few cries of terror, ran a few steps and fell dead.

He also showed us a snake-stone which is supposed to cure any kind of poisonous bite or sting. This sounds like a fairy tale, but I have seen numbers of white people who declare they have seen it tried, and they all agreed in stating

that it did all that is claimed for it. They said the stone was placed upon the wound and held there for a second or two, after which it adhered of itself for a few minutes until it had absorbed as much poison as it could contain and then dropped off. It was then placed in a pan of milk, which drew the poison out of the stone, and the stone then sank to the bottom, while the poison floated on top in the form of yellow scum. In color the stone was dark brown or black, and its hard surface was polished apparently from long usage.

But the most remarkable part of the performance was kept until the last. The Indian drew a long, ordinary leather strap from a basket, and passed it around for every one of the company to examine. We all examined it very carefully, and certainly it seemed to be nothing more than a common leather strap. It must be remembered that the snakes had been replaced in their baskets and the ground was bare. The last man who examined the strap threw it on the ground; the performer stepped forward, picked it up in his right hand by one end, then suddenly flicked it in the air like a whip and threw it on the ground. The spectators fairly gasped with astonishment when they saw that strap which they had just examined suddenly become a live, hissing cobra.

Not willing to trust his eyesight, one of the party poked the serpent with his cane, and it bit savagely at it. It must be

remembered that the performer wore no

How Did It Happen? clothing but a breech-clout, and could not possibly have a snake concealed anywhere about him; moreover, every one of the spectators was keenly watching for the least indication of fraud, and would have been ready to expose him had they been able to detect it.

I have often read that all poisonous serpents have triangular heads, but it is certainly not so with the cobra. I noticed particularly that their heads were not triangular but cylindri-

cal, though they expand the neck (not the head) in the form of a hood when they are very angry. They range from four to five feet in length and about five inches in circumference. I afterwards killed and helped to kill several cobras, and thus had an opportunity to examine their teeth, and was surprised to find that the two poisonous fangs were not hollow, as I had always understood them to be. The opening from each poison gland is at the base of each fang, not through the fang, consequently the cobra is obliged to hold fast to its victim for a moment after biting in order to allow the poison to reach the two punctures which the fangs have made.

Safety in Clothing. This peculiarity renders the cobra far less dangerous than it would be otherwise to persons wearing clothing; the fangs themselves will penetrate through thick cloth, but the

poison will be deposited on the outside of the garment, even if it is only moderately thick, and no harm will result if the poisoned clothing is removed from around the wound before the poison has time to soak through. I have seen several varieties of poisonous snakes strike at their intended victims, but the cobra's method of striking differs from that of all others, for it springs into the air as it strikes. After striking it holds fast to its victim for a second or two, as described, and twists its head rapidly from side to side, after the manner of a dog worrying another dog. This act of jerking its head to one side helps squeeze the poison gland on the side toward which it turns its head. The two poison fangs are curved backward like the teeth of a crocodile, and immediately back of the fangs are two rows of teeth in the upper jaw. The rest of the upper jaw is like the mouth of a shark; each successive row of teeth is smaller than the row in front of it. When one of the poison fangs happens to be broken off another soon grows in its place.

I noticed in the case of the snake-charmer that the cobra's mood varied with every change in the music. When the latter

was quick and lively it swayed its head rapidly from side to side in the most graceful curves and in perfect time, while soft, dreamy music seemed to lull it almost to sleep, and loud, inspiring notes, again, would rouse it to the utmost enthusiasm and cause it to exhibit every symptom of the most intense delight.

CHAPTER XVII

ASTOUNDING EXHIBITIONS

Next day we visited a place a few miles north of Calcutta, where the natives made gods and goddesses. Any one may make an idol of almost any material, but it is of no account until a priest gives it power by pronouncing a proper formula over it and anointing it with sacred paste made of sandalwood. An idol made of wood is endowed with many powers, and is believed to fulfill many wishes of the worshiper. It seems difficult to comprehend how any reasonable person could ask for more, but an idol made of gold is warranted to give its owner salvation, and one made of silver will insure him heavenly bliss. An idol of copper is calculated to bestow long life upon its worshiper; one of metal symbolizes peace; but an idol made of clay may bring all these blessings and more. The clay must not be burned but dried in the sun, then covered with two or three coats of chalk, and when this is thoroughly dry the whole figure is painted with the various colors required. The idol must be free from any defect or deformity or it will bring misfortune upon its owner. Gods are sold at all prices to suit all pockets, and you can buy a common, every-day god, warranted to give satisfaction, at prices ranging from eight to twenty-five cents of our money.

An
Idol
Factory.

Next day we visited the Temple of Kali. The way led through several very narrow streets, lined on both sides by shops, in which were sold the various kinds of cheap foods upon which these poor people manage to exist, also tobacco, clothing, gods, pictures of gods and various other things.

The hovels in which the people live are huddled together without the slightest attempt at sanitation or drainage, and this, combined with the intense heat of the sun, is the reason why India has always been the home of plague and cholera. As we approached the temple we came upon hundreds of beggars, who formed one of the most pitiful yet repulsive sights which I have ever witnessed. They showed about every variety of horrible deformity, for, be it remembered, many parents disfigure their children in the most frightful manner in order that their misfortune may excite pity and enable them thereby to obtain a steady income.

The door of the temple was crowded with worshipers who were constantly coming and going, and there was something peculiarly sinister, even fiendish, in the appearance of each departing worshiper, marked, as they all were, with a smear of blood between the eyes, which is the mark of Kali. The hideous goddess has ten arms, and her face, neck and arms are painted a brilliant yellow, while her head is adorned with a very elaborate mukuta or head-dress. Close by is the place of sacrifice, where her worshipers try to appease her wrath by sacrificing sheep and goats in her honor. The heads of many sheep and goats were piled on one side, and the ground was fairly soaking with blood, which formed little pools here and there, while the officiating priests were busy marking each worshiper with a religious sign in the shape of a smear of blood between the eyes.

A
Mystifying
Perform-
ance.

The day following the visit to the temple of Kali we had an opportunity of witnessing the feats of one of those jugglers whose mysterious powers transcend all deductions of science, and must be seen to be believed.

Unlike the alleged spirit-mediums of our own country, they do not perform their feats in the dark upon their own prem-

ises, but in the full light of day in any situation and in the midst of any number of spectators, every one of whom is keenly watching for the slightest indication of fraud or trickery. We seated ourselves upon chairs arranged in a semi-circle under a huge tree in a courtyard. Shortly after we were seated the magician appeared in company with a boy who carried his simple paraphernalia in a basket.

He took his place about twelve feet in front of us and began to entertain us with some clever but commonplace tricks, after which he requested each one of us to write something on a piece of paper and keep it concealed in our hands. Without changing his position he told each one in turn, word for word, what he had written. I held a piece of paper in such a position that no one could possibly see it and wrote on it in Fijian, "Sa ndro na Singa; malua marusa." When he looked at me he gave a quiet smile and said: "You did not write yours in English." "In what language is it written?" said I. "Sahib," he replied, "if you will look at the paper which you have crumpled in your hand you will read the English translation of what you have written, and also the name of the language in which you wrote it."

I opened the paper, and could scarcely credit my own eyes when I read on it in English, "The day is vanishing; procrastination is destruction—(Fijian)."

The Fijian words which I had written had disappeared completely, and the English translation appeared in the same spot, and written in my own handwriting. Scarcely willing to trust my eyes, I asked a white man who sat next to me to read what was on the paper, and he read the translation as given above. "Sahib," said the performer to me again, "will you fold the paper for a moment and then unfold it again?" After taking another look at the paper I crumpled it in my hand again and held it fast for a few seconds, and upon opening it once more I was amazed to read the two

former sentences in Fijian, precisely as I had written them in the first place.

Not being quite satisfied with this, I retired within the house and wrote upon a piece of paper "Ika tonu taku ihi i runga i taku whenua." No one could possibly have seen what I wrote, and I immediately folded the paper and held it fast in my hand as I returned to the courtyard, and, as soon as I had taken my seat, the Indian asked me to open the paper. I opened it forthwith, and instead of the words I had written, I read the correct English translation as follows:

"My fire has been kept burning upon my land" (Maori), which was the exact translation of what I had written. It is a common expression among the Maoris, meaning that their enemies have never succeeded in driving them or their ancestors off the premises which they hold. I showed the paper to some of the others, and they read the words as given above.

Several others tried the same experiment by writing sentences in Russian, Persian, Turcoman and Yakut, and in every case the words were correctly translated into English.

A
Wonderful
Experi-
ment.

At the magician's request we now placed our chairs in a circle around him, to enable us to see every movement, while the house-servants and others who were attracted to the scene

crowded close together around us. He first spread a white cloth on the ground and made the boy sit down in the center of it, then turning to the audience he said: "Will any gentleman write a note, seal it carefully in an envelope without letting any one see what is written on the paper, and place it under the boy's turban?"

Some one immediately did this, and with his own hand placed the sealed envelope under the boy's turban. "Sahib," said the Indian to our host, "will you lend me a sword?" A servant promptly brought a sword, and the performer handed it around, requesting us all to examine it. Then he and the

boy conversed for a few moments, after which he covered the youngster with the basket and resumed the conversation, the boy replying to his questions from the inside of the basket. In a little while the magician pretended to become greatly enraged about something or other, and spoke in a threatening way, while the voice of the boy could be heard apparently pleading for mercy. Suddenly the man seized the sword which we had been examining, and drove it to the hilt through the center of the basket. A loud scream came from beneath the basket, and the spectators gave an involuntary cry of horror as he drew back the sword, dripping with blood, and plunged it again and again through the basket.

The cries of the boy soon ceased, and the performer coolly wiped the blood-stained sword upon one end of the white cloth. He then pushed the end of the cloth, which was dripping with blood, under the basket, and covered the whole thing, basket and boy, with the other end of the cloth, which was clean. After muttering something which sounded like an incantation he threw back the cloth and raised the basket. We were amazed to see that the boy had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed him. Moreover, there was not a speck of blood on the white cloth, although a moment before it was dripping with it. He also held up the basket and asked us to examine it, and there was not the slightest sign of a cut on any part of it, although we had distinctly seen him drive the sword through it several times.

After giving us time to examine this carefully, he turned around and called the boy. There was a movement among the spectators who stood around us, and the next instant the boy made his way out from among them and salaamed politely to the company, then, raising his turban, drew out the letter which had been placed there, and presented it with a bow to the one who wrote it.

The necromancer then turned to our host again and said,

"Sahib, will you let one of your servants bring a small flower-pot and a couple of handfuls of earth?" When these were brought we made sure that the pot was empty by feeling inside of it with our hands, for by this time we had begun to doubt all evidence of our own eyesight. He filled the pot with the earth which the servant had brought and planted a small seed of some kind in the center of it. One of the company now requested permission to take a photograph of the pot as it stood, and the performer instantly granted the request. He next poured some water on the pot and covered it with the white cloth previously mentioned, after which he brought out what he called a tubri simmil, consisting of a sort of pipe flaring at one side and having a large bulb in the center. Squatting in front of the pot, he began to play on his small musical reed pipe (which these magicians all carry) in a low, droning tone, but soon started playing faster. After a little we distinctly saw the center of the cloth begin to rise, while the player kept his eyes fastened upon it and played with might and main as though his lungs would split. Suddenly the frantic music ceased and he raised one side of the cloth. We all were more than astonished to see a plant about four inches high growing in the center of the pot.

He calmly replaced the cloth and began playing as before; but instead of playing in an even tone he played faster and faster, until the music became a continuous long, screaming sound; he would suddenly lower his tone from time to time and begin again in the low, monotonous tone in which he first started to play. All at once he ceased his music, laid aside his pipe and sat with his arms folded gazing intently at the cloth, which continued rising in the center by almost imperceptible degrees until it was nearly a foot above the edge of the pot, when he again took up his flute and began to play the same wild music as before, whereupon the cloth began promptly to rise until it had attained a height of about thirty

inches, when the cloth gave a strange tremor, as though some one were moving it, and then remained perfectly stationary.

He ceased his music and sat staring at the cloth for a few minutes, then lifted it up, and we beheld a plant apparently about thirty inches high, covered with bright green leaves and beautiful red and yellow blossoms. The man who had taken the first photograph asked the juggler for permission to take another picture of the plant. "You are not only welcome to take as many photographs as you like," replied the Indian, "but you are welcome to pick the flowers off the plant and keep them." I need not say that every one of us eagerly availed ourselves of this permission, and the plant was quickly stripped of its beautiful flowers. I secured two of them, which I kept for several years, but finally lost in the course of my travels.

More
Indian
Jugglery.

I have since heard some people say that this juggler must have hypnotized us and led us to imagine that we saw objects which had no real existence. Without stopping to discuss this, it is sufficient to say that he could not have hypnotized the camera with which the first photograph was taken, before he covered the flower-pot with the cloth, and the second photograph after the cloth had been removed. The first photograph showed the pot containing nothing but a few handfuls of earth; the second showed a plant over two feet high covered with leaves and flowers, and with our own hands we picked the flowers and leaves.

We engaged a couple of native hunters named Cassim and Ghoolah Khan, who were familiar with the Sunderbuns, and we also purchased four large, shaggy, dark-brown hunting dogs which looked like a cross between a St. Bernard and a wolf, with a strain of hyena. These are the best dogs in the world for hunting dangerous game, for they are as cunning and sagacious as they are brave. They are particularly valuable in protecting hunters from the mad attacks of wounded

animals. They rush in and bite so savagely at the hind legs that the angry beast is compelled to turn upon them in self-defense, but nine times in ten they elude him.

I was anxious to get down the river before the rising of the spring tides, which occurs from two days before to two days after the full May moon. These tides raise a bore which rises like a wall from twelve to fifteen feet high, and rushes up stream with tremendous force and noise, carrying everything before it. A bore in this river usually consists of three great rollers following each other in quick succession about five or six yards apart, and traveling at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The bore in the Hooghly occurs in May and again in October.

**The
Wildest
Place
on
Earth.**

After taking on a supply of water and provisions we left Calcutta and dropped down with the strong river current to the ocean. It was about the middle of the afternoon when we passed Pilot's Ridge Lightship, and, knowing that the Sunderbuns is far too dangerous a place to approach at night, we kept to the southeast in order to avoid being set on the mud flats by the terrific tides which occur at the change of the monsoons.

For the benefit of those who do not understand the nature of the Sunderbuns, it is well to explain that it consists of a region of forests, jungles, swamps, creeks and rivers extending nearly 200 miles east and west, with a breadth of about 80 miles, and is situated at the head of the Bay of Bengal. It is probably the wildest place on earth, and swarms with wild boars, crocodiles, tigers, leopards, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, wildcats, deer, monkeys, serpents and birds.

We intended ascending the Raymangal River, so we stood well to the eastward, longitude $89^{\circ} 15' E.$, and then moved due north to the mouth of the river.

In approaching the mouth of the river from seaward, trees

seem to rise directly out of the water, obstructing every possible entrance, and it is difficult to tell where land begins.

We found the current so strong that we were compelled to tide all the way up to our anchorage, even in spite of the steam launch, which made little headway against it.

Where
Crocodile
is
King.

We towed about fifteen miles up the Raymangal River, then turned a little to the left to avoid mud flats and anchored for the night, taking care to moor the ship both stem and stern, and with her head to seaward on account of the terrific tides which sweep up these tropical rivers.

In the morning we retraced our pathway a short distance and started to tow up the Hariabanga River, and had not proceeded far when we sighted a tiger swimming rapidly across the stream just off our bows. He had nearly gained the opposite bank when suddenly he uttered a loud, terrified cry, and disappeared from view. A moment later he came to the surface again in a cloud of spray, and we saw that he was fighting for his life with a crocodile which had seized him. The crocodile had secured a grip on the tiger's hind-quarter, while the tiger, true to his instinct, fought desperately to tear out the eyes of his dreaded assailant. At that moment we grasped the meaning of the expression, *the living terror of the jungle*, and would willingly have helped old tiger had it been in our power to do so. But in deep water a crocodile is more than a match for any land animal living. They seem to know that it is only necessary to hold their prey under water long enough, and the water will do the rest. The tiger fought gallantly, but in a few seconds was dragged down, and only a slight commotion in the water marked the scene of the combat.

We towed about twenty-one miles up the Hariabanga River, then turned to the right and re-entered the Ray-

mangal. After proceeding several miles we ran the ship up a creek which opened on the west side of the river, and again moored her stem and stern, with her head toward the main river.

I happened to be looking over the bow as the anchor was let go, and almost immediately a large crocodile appeared under the bow, lashing the water into a foamy surface with its tail. The anchor had probably excited his wrath by falling upon his back.

The banks of black mud all the way up both the Hooghly and Raymangal Rivers were alive with these brutes. It would be difficult to imagine anything more repulsive than the sight of so many of them gathered together. The full-grown man-eaters range in length from fifteen to eighteen feet. They have broad, flat muzzles, with large uneven teeth of odd sizes and shapes, and the outline of the closed jaws shows protruding teeth interlaced, which gives to the crocodile its ferocious aspect. They attack fearlessly all large animals which come within their reach, but it is a well established fact that they always let go of their prey, whatever it may be, if something is thrust into their eyes. I could never quite understand how it was that these rivers are invariably so full of fish, since so many crocodiles are constantly devouring them.

Some natives who were in our crew pointed out with great pride and interest the *sundar* tree, from which this region takes its name. **The Beautiful Sundar Tree.** The name sundar, or sundari, means vermillion, and the wood of this tree is a beautiful clear reddish color. It is a gloomy looking tree, however, and is easily distinguished among all the other trees, even at a great distance. It is found wherever the tide inundates the land. The leaves of the sundar are dark green on one side and silvery white on the other; the bole is usually about two feet in diameter, and often it reaches a height of thirty feet

from the ground to the lowest branch. The wood is very valuable, though in Calcutta it is used for fuel. The United States Government made extensive tests, and discovered that charcoal made from sundar wood is the best in the world with which to make gunpowder. It was also discovered that while the rangoon teak, famous for its durability, broke under a weight of eight hundred and seventy-six pounds, the same size log of sundar wood sustained a weight of one thousand three hundred and twelve pounds. It is probably the strongest and most elastic wood in the world, and is used where great strength and extreme elasticity are required. Wood cutters generally kill this tree one year before felling it, and season it in water before using it for mechanical purposes. The wood is perfectly straight-grained and easily worked. The sundar is sometimes called red mangrove, and lately there is some talk of a cure for leprosy which is being made from the bark.

We were anxious next morning to start off on a hunting expedition inland, but the barometer was falling rapidly and all the signs of the weather indicated a storm, so we turned our attention once more to the crocodiles. We had excited their curiosity, and it was quite a common sight to see one of them swimming the entire length of the ship with his nose pressed against the side, as if trying to investigate us very seriously. We rigged a running bow line on the end of a three-inch manila rope, and let the bight hang down well beneath the surface of the water, keeping one side of it pretty far off the ship's side with a boat hook. We had not long to wait before an inquiring crocodile came nosing along, but instead of putting his head through the noose, as we expected him to do, the crocodile began biting the line, which lay against the ship's side. It was difficult for him to get hold of it, however, because it lay so close to the ship's planks. Fearing he might make a success of it at last, we let down a piece of

fat pork and dangled it several feet in front of his nose. Then as he leaped forward to secure it we hauled the noose around his head. He uttered an angry cry as his head was hauled out of the water, and jerked himself from side to side like a wet dog in his frantic efforts to bite the line which held him. The strength of these brutes is amazing, and he lashed about so furiously that I feared to have him hauled on board, for he would seriously injure the ship with the blows of his tail. Nothing seemed easier than to hang him by the neck until he should die, but the brute proved more cunning than we expected, for, finding that he could not turn his head far enough to reach the line upon which he hung, he sank into the water until his body was straight up and down, thus bringing his jaws close to the line. Then by a quick lateral motion he caught the rope in his teeth and bit it in two just as we sent two rifle bullets into his head. But he disappeared from view and we never saw him after that.

When hauled clear of the water the crocodile makes a loud, hissing noise, and emits a strong, musky smell, then locks his jaws with an angry hiss that is horrible to hear. After we began firing among them they dispersed, and many of them went to the bottom of the river.

CHAPTER XVIII

A SCRIMMAGE OF TIGERS, PIGS, DOGS, CROCODILES AND MEN

About sundown of the same day the wind began to blow a strong gale, which increased toward midnight until it was

blowing with hurricane violence, but our sheltered position protected us somewhat.

A
Stormy
Night.

The incessant crash and roar of the thunder was so terrific that the ship quivered beneath each violent concussion, while the lurid glare

of the lightning illumined the whole sky and the surrounding forest with blazes of blinding light that were appalling. When the storm was at its height it really seemed as though both earth and sky were on fire, and the roar of the thunder made all other sounds inaudible. I remained on deck until daylight, when the worst of the storm was spent, and we were fairly safe from danger, unless a bolt of the still vivid lightning should happen to strike us.

Shortly after I turned in the watchman reported that the dogs were excited and growling angrily. He could not make out what it was all about, so I went on deck to investigate, and found them barking at the forecastle and uttering low growls. We examined the place carefully, but could see nothing there but an old tub, so I was greatly puzzled, for these dogs seldom make mistakes. At daylight Cassim crawled under the forecastle head, but quickly drew back, crying, "Snake! Sahib, Snake!" We hauled out the tub with a boathook, and immediately behind it was a full-grown hooded cobra, with its head reared about two feet up from the deck and hissing angrily. A couple of blows from the boathook killed it, but we were puzzled to know how the dogs had been aware

of its presence in the dark, when they could not possibly have seen it. Cassim and Ghoolah Khan explained that cobras take very readily to the water, and often crawl up the anchor chain and into the hawse pipe of a ship at anchor. It seems strange that dogs who will readily attack a tiger or a wild bull buffalo are afraid to approach a feeble snake, which any one of them might easily kill, yet all dogs seem to comprehend perfectly the nature of a poisonous snake. Toward noon the storm ceased, but the forest was so dripping wet that we did not attempt to go hunting that day.

Next morning we started for a day's outing in the steam launch, and took the dogs along, although Cassim and Ghoolah Khan both solemnly assured us that crocodiles are sure to attack a small boat when dogs are aboard. This was good advice, for a crocodile will run almost any risk to obtain dog meat. We were feeling pretty fearless, though, and really enjoyed the prospect of an attack from crocodiles, and promised ourselves to give them a lively reception. The country through which we passed was not really swampy, as I had been led to believe it would be, although it is crossed by many creeks and rivers. The low banks are almost perpendicular and the ground is covered with most luxuriant vegetation, owing to the extreme fertility of the soil, which consists entirely of silt. Occasionally we would pass a solemn looking heron standing motionless on the edge of a stream, reminding us of the familiar Maori proverb, "As lonely as a white heron," and in strong contrast to the brilliant and

**Crocodiles
and
Tigers.**

beautiful kingfishers which darted past with an alert, inquiring look, in pursuit of their finny prey.

The abundance of crocodile life was beyond our wildest expectations. The guides first called our attention to numerous dark specks like pieces of wood floating upon the water or moving slowly before a very

faint ripple, every one of which was the nose or the eye of a crocodile on the lookout for prey. We had not gone more than a few hundred yards from the ship when we sighted a long, black, loggy-looking creature sixteen or seventeen feet long, lying asleep on the bank. Mud-covered and slimy he lay there with his head downward toward the water, and his huge mouth opened to its widest extent, displaying a disgustingly red throat and a long wavering line of wicked looking teeth. If it had not been for his open mouth he could easily have been mistaken for a log which the tide might have washed up on the bank.

Two shots were fired at him, and it was very evident that they struck him, for the next instant he bounded into the air and went through a series of violent contortions which no one would have believed possible in such a sluggish and clumsy looking beast. He bent and twisted his body in every direction and snapped his jaws in impotent rage, but disappeared in the water before we could catch up with him.

We were now approaching a place where the stream narrowed slightly, when we saw a tiger swimming rapidly across in front of us, with a crocodile in close pursuit. The tiger managed to land, and was in the act of springing up the bank when the crocodile snapped and caught one of his hind legs and jerked him backwards. Quick as a flash the tiger turned and thrust his claws into the eyes of the crocodile, which promptly released his hold and swam away. The tiger was in the act of turning away to spring up the bank when a second crocodile, which had evidently been asleep in the bush, jumped open-mouthed down the bank and gripped the tiger's neck. The momentum of the onrush was so great that he carried the tiger to the water's edge, and a pretty fight ensued. The tiger was caught in such a way that he could not reach the crocodile's eyes or throat. So, in spite of his struggles, he was quickly dragged down and drowned.

We next came to an open place, where we decided to land and explore. Several crocodiles splashed into the water at our approach, and we discovered a long row of the brutes on the bank a few yards from where we landed. Wishing to examine them at close range, we crept silently through the bush close enough to have a good look. They were of all sizes, from babies three feet long to big fellows of sixteen and eighteen feet. I was surprised to see that some had had both

**The
Lame,
the Halt
and the
Blind.**

eyes torn out, which in a measure accounted for their docility. It is surprising how these blind ones manage to make a living in such a strenuous state of existence. Many had broken noses, others had lost the tips of their tails and some of their toes, while others were

minus a leg or two. The intervening bushes sheltered us from their view, and at a given signal we all fired our guns among them. The sudden volley caused the wildest commotion. Some instantly plunged into the water, others snapped savagely at everything within their reach, while still others got tangled up with their neighbors as they rolled about and tumbled into the water, where most of them immediately disappeared.

Leaving the two sailors in charge of the launch, we started along an open glade that led almost at a right angle to the stream. The dogs led the way, as they usually did. We had gone only a short distance when a slumbering crocodile suddenly wakened, and, slipping out of the scrub, charged open-mouthed at the dogs, which were a little way ahead. I promptly shot him in the side, whereupon he instantly left the dogs and charged at me. I fired down his throat and jumped to one side in the nick of time to avoid his attack. He turned quickly and lunged at three others of the party who happened to be standing close together. But they made short work of killing him.

It was late in the afternoon when we emerged upon the bank of a small but deep stream, on the other side of which a wild sow and her little half-grown pigs were contentedly rooting among the rank sedge in a small opening surrounded by dense jungle.

"There's a fine chance for some excellent roast pork," said one of our men.

"Yes, if you could only reach it," replied another. "It would be easy enough to shoot them, but I would rather be excused from swimming across the stream to secure them after they are shot," and he pointed to the ugly snouts of some crocodiles which were moving slowly along in the middle of the stream without so much as causing a ripple on its surface.

A Jungle Pastime. It was curious to notice that the dogs had observed the projecting snouts, and were watching them as intently as a pointer watches a bird, although a casual observer might have thought they were nothing but pieces of wood drifting with the current. It was of no use to shoot the pigs, since we could not secure them without a boat, so we were about to leave when a tiger suddenly leaped from the nearby bushes and struck one of the young sucklings dead with a blow of his paw, and, picking it up in his mouth, trotted away to begin his repast.

The rest of the pigs meanwhile had set up a terrific squealing, and, as if in answer to their cries, a magnificent boar broke from the jungle and confronted the tiger. The tiger dropped his prey, and for a moment the two savage antagonists surveyed each other in menacing silence. The tiger beat his sides with his tail and uttered a coughing growl, to which the boar replied by tossing his powerful head and uttering a loud "Woof! woof!" of resolute defiance. The tiger then began circling around his antagonist for the evident purpose of attacking him in the rear, as these beasts invariably attempt

to do when about to attack a really dangerous enemy. The boar as resolutely faced the tiger, and as cleverly maneuvered until they were about three yards apart, when the boar, with a sudden "woof! woof!" made a particularly vicious lunge at the tiger.

It has been well said that when a wild boar makes a charge nothing but death will stop him; it proved to be true in this instance. I was surprised to see that the tiger did not spring upon the boar, as I had always read that these beasts did; instead, he crouched low until the boar was within his range, then, leaping nimbly to one side and rising on his haunches, Mr. Tiger aimed a blow at the boar's hindquarters, where he would be most easily disabled. But the boar wheeled like lightning and the blow landed upon the upper part of his shoulder, where the hide is almost as impervious as if it were sheathed with boiler-plate. Before the tiger could recover the boar dashed underneath his guard, as a prize-fighter would say, and actually bore him back by main strength. The tiger cried out with pain and rage and fought with teeth and claws, while the tusks of the boar were cutting him through like sword-blades. The tiger tried to get clear of the boar, with the evident intention of fighting at longer range, but the boar, grim and silent, stuck to him as relentlessly as death itself. In a short time the tiger was so fearfully gored that he endeavored to crawl away from his antagonist, but the boar followed him, and never stopped attacking even after every vestige of life had vanished from the almost shapeless remains of the tiger. Finally the boar paused, and, after looking carefully over the remains of his enemy, as if to make sure that he was dead, crawled away and lay down to rest. We all agreed that it would be far more merciful to shoot him than to leave him to perish slowly of his wounds and scratches, but none of us had the heart to do it after he had so gallantly defended his family, but even while we were debating the

matter he pulled himself off into the thick jungle, where the rest of his family had disappeared.

The noise of the combat attracted the crocodiles, for we now counted dozens of them swimming toward the scene of conflict. One of them got up on the bank ahead of his companions, and, seizing the remains of the tiger, was about to indulge in a comfortable meal when two or three others closed in on him and fought for the prize. It was easy then to form some idea of the strength of these monsters from the blows which they dealt each other with their tails. These bumps and blows resounded like the strokes of a ship-carpenter's maul upon the side of a ship, though they seemed to produce little effect upon the ironclad hides of these savage fighting crocodiles.

It was now late in the day and we made all speed to return to our headquarters, especially as the mosquitoes were terribly troublesome. We had got about half way when all of a sudden a whole family of wild pigs plunged pell-mell into the stream on our left and began swimming for the opposite bank in great haste to escape pursuing crocodiles.

**Wild Pigs
Run
the Crocodile
Gauntlet.**

The pigs understood perfectly well the risk they were running, and several long, converging lines of ripples showed that crocodiles were pursuing them. We slowed down for the purpose of intercepting the pigs and securing one or two of the young ones, which are very good eating. They were nearly abreast of the launch when one of the smallest ones gave a pitiful little squeal and disappeared from view. Two of the ubiquitous crocodiles had evidently seized it. Fearing that if we shot one of the pigs it would sink and be lost, we ran close to them, and Cassim dexterously seized one by the hind legs and hauled it on board just as the ugly head of a crocodile emerged from the water, and the huge jaws snapped together like a steel trap within about a

foot of the squealing pig. Before the hideous thing had time to withdraw Korovin fired with the muzzle of his revolver almost touching the monster's jaws, and blew off the top of his nose, while some one else shot him in the side. The next moment we were deluged with spray from the monster's tail as it struck the water with a force that would have stove a hole in the launch had we not been going fast enough to avoid it. But now an unforeseen difficulty confronted us, for the squealing of the pig attracted crocodiles from every direction to the launch, and excited them to such an extent that it really seemed for a while that they would make a combined attack upon us. It was difficult to shoot the pig, or even to cut its throat in the bottom of a launch, and no power in nature could apparently stop its perfectly appalling squeals. The more it squealed the more it excited the crocodiles. In the meantime all the other pigs had scrambled up the bank and disappeared. The squealing pig in the launch also excited the dogs and they began to bark. This added the finishing touch to the general excitement. Crocodiles now started pursuing the launch in the same way they had been pursuing the pigs, and it was a thrilling moment.

The
Hunters
Hunted.

"Look out for their tails," cried the two Hindoos together, "they are liable to sweep us and knock some one overboard." They had scarcely more than spoken when an unusually large one raised his head and rested it upon

our gunwale, then opened his jaws to the fullest extent and snapped savagely at the nearest man within his reach. But we blew most of his head to pieces with rifle shots, and saved the man he would have hauled overboard in a twinkling. The whole party of us opened a fusillade upon the reptiles by this time, and were inclined to regard the matter as fine sport, although Cassim and Ghoolah Khan both declared that if our machinery broke down and the launch were disabled the

crocodiles would swarm on board and sink us in spite of all we might do to prevent it.

We slowed down for some time, and soon noticed that the crocodiles around us were rapidly increasing in numbers as well as in boldness. Under ordinary circumstances they seem to fear the report of firearms, but the squealing of the pig evidently made them reckless. One man was resting his rifle on the gunwale in the act of aiming at a crocodile a few feet away, when another of the brutes suddenly raised his head close alongside, and, seizing the rifle with his teeth, jerked it overboard, very nearly carrying the owner along with it. The brutes now seemed to have lost all fear of firearms, although the wounded were violently plunging and contorting in every direction. The situation assumed a more serious aspect when some of them began to poke their snouts over the side of the launch and snap at us. So we started up full speed for the ship. To our utter dismay the whole herd of crocodiles not only came along with us, but others seemed to spring up on all sides and join in the pursuit.

It was now near sundown, and would be dark before we could reach the ship, because in the tropics the darkness follows almost instantly upon sunset. We knew that crocodiles are far bolder in the dark than by daylight, and that they would stay with us as long as we had the pig.

I believe the brutes could smell the pig in the bottom of the boat, for they followed us all the way to the ship, and became so aggressive that we were obliged to drive them off in a somewhat novel way before getting the pig and dogs on board. We poured a quantity of kerosene on the water all around the launch, and, as they usually swim with their eyes on a level with the surface, the stuff got into their eyes, and annoyed them to such an extent that they kept at a distance, and we got safely away.

The young pig which we had captured still showed traces

of the stripes which distinguish them in youth, for the color of these wild pigs varies greatly according to age. A very young one is brownish-yellow with lighter colored stripes, but this color gradually darkens until it becomes almost black when the pig is a year old. They attain their full growth in

**Most
Dangerous
Animal in
the Tropics.**

five years, and the color is then a blue-black, but at the age of eight or nine they begin to get gray. A full-grown boar weighs a great deal less than a full-grown tiger; nevertheless, a boar in the prime of his life is a match

for any tiger living. A full-grown boar weighs about three hundred pounds, stands about thirty-eight inches high at the shoulder, and is nearly five feet long. His tusks are as formidable as a pair of daggers, and his immense strength, incredible ferocity and lightning-like quickness make him one of the most dangerous animals in the tropics.

These wild pigs have a curious way of protecting themselves from the heat in the middle of the day. They cut a quantity of coarse, rank grass and spread it upon the ground, after which the whole family crawl underneath it and sleep comfortably until it is time to go forth and feed. They are more destructive to crops than any other animal, but the natives have a very cunning way of keeping them out. In the settlements in the northern part of the Sunderbuns the natives surround their farms and villages with impenetrable hedges of giant bamboo and betel nut planted in zigzag fashion. When full grown the stems are so close together as to form an impenetrable barrier as solid as a stone wall, and no animal living, not even a rhinoceros, could force its way through. I have seen these hedges so thick that it seemed to me that it would be impossible for even a snake to wiggle through them. Moreover these hedges are very beautiful to look at.

CHAPTER XIX

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE

We were particularly anxious to go hunting for wild buffaloes, and next morning started on a tramp through the

jungle in quest of them. The dogs, which

were a little in advance, suddenly began to

bark excitedly, and the next moment a bull

Our First Rhinoceros. rhinoceros crashed through the bushes and charged upon the dogs, scattering them right

and left. Three of us fired, and evidently struck him, for he instantly turned from the dogs and charged straight at us like a runaway locomotive. The dogs valiantly closed in upon him and bit at his hind legs, but of course their teeth had no effect upon a hide which is proof against the claws of a tiger. He was only about ten yards away from us, and, realizing that a rhinoceros always rushes in a straight line, we leaped aside just in time to avoid his rush and fired two more shots at him as he passed. He fell heavily to the ground, and we ran up to examine him, when suddenly he sprang to his feet, and, giving a loud snort, ran smashing and tearing through the bushes for a distance of about fifty feet, and then dropped dead.

These animals are fearfully dangerous, for they stand or lie among thick bushes and give no indication of their presence until the unwary hunter approaches their place of concealment, when, without a moment's warning, they charge upon him like a thunderbolt. They fear no living animal, and invariably attack anything that excites their attention, no matter what it may be. Their eyesight is poor, but their sense

of smell is excessively keen, and enables them to locate an enemy at a great distance. If a rhinoceros possessed the cunning of a wild boar he would undoubtedly be the most formidable beast in the world; but he is as stupid as he is ferocious, and seems scarcely to be conscious of what he is about.

I noticed one peculiarity about the dead rhino which does not appear to be commonly known, and which may help to account for their ill-temper. The creases and other sensitive portions of his skin were alive with ticks and small leeches, and the biting and burrowing of these pests, together with the mosquitoes, must be maddening.

We always managed to find our way back to the launch through a jungle in which there were no trails by cutting a young tree half through at intervals about four or five feet from the ground, and bending the upper portion horizontally across the path, a plan which I had often seen used in the Australian bush.

In the
Jaws of
a Tiger.

We were proceeding in single file, and Korovin, who happened to be in advance, was pushing through some bushes, when a tiger sprang up suddenly almost from under his feet and seized him by the right shoulder.

The attack was so sudden that his rifle was knocked out of his hand before he had time to use it, and, although we all rushed to his assistance, the tiger was dragging him in such a way that it was difficult to shoot the tiger without the risk of shooting Korovin. All hands were excitedly shouting in several different languages, and nobody knew exactly what to do, when the dogs suddenly darted after the tiger and seized him by the hind legs with such ferocity that they actually jerked his feet from under him and brought him down with a thud. The tiger let go his prey with a harsh, rasping cry and made a lightning charge upon the dogs, but they dodged his attack

with marvelous agility. Korovin endeavored to regain his feet, but Cassim and Ghoolah Khan shouted simultaneously, "Lie still! Lie still! Don't move, the dogs will draw him away from you," and also shouted words of encouragement to the brave dogs in a language which they understood.

It was a matter of agility now; they scattered whenever the tiger charged, then quickly wheeled, snapped fiercely at his hind quarters, and were off again like the wind before he could turn to attack them. One dog would deliberately present himself in front of the tiger and bark furiously to attract his attention and induce him to charge, but the moment he did so the other dogs closed in and bit him so savagely that his hindquarters were bleeding as though they had been cut with knives. The dogs had cunningly drawn the tiger some distance from Korovin, when the poor frightened creature jumped up and escaped. Watching our opportunity we all fired together and the tiger fell, apparently dead.

The dogs were now about to rush upon him again, but Cassim and Ghoolah Khan excitedly called them off, and also shouted warning to us not to approach too close, as he was not dead, but only shamming, though he lay as rigid as a log of wood, and certainly looked dead as the proverbial doornail. The dogs were much excited, and in spite of the warning cries of the two natives, one of them rushed in and began worrying his fallen enemy, when like a flash the tiger sprang to his feet and laid him dead with a single stroke of his paw. Two of our men instantly fired more bullets into him at short range, and he gave one convulsive bound and fell dead.

Native Surgery. Korovin's shoulder proved to be badly lacerated, though not as badly as we expected, and the next question was to know what to do for it. Cassim and Ghoolah Khan declared that they had seen several such cases, and that it was an established fact that the best of all remedies known

for such a bite was fresh wood ashes applied while hot. They explained that this remedy caused great pain, but was the best antiseptic known, and was sure to prevent any serious after effects; otherwise a tiger's bite is liable to cause blood poison. The natives are generally right in such matters, and we could do nothing better than follow their advice, especially as we had no other remedy at hand; but our chief difficulty was to light a fire where every thing was so damp. The two natives managed to find some half-dry sticks, which were whittled into kindling with our knives, and after a great deal of trouble we succeeded in getting up a fire by burning up all of our spare clothing. After washing the wound with some of the fresh water we had brought along, Cassim unwound his turban and bound a quantity of ashes upon Korovin's shoulder, while the rest of us prepared a litter, which we lashed together with bark and vines. We did not waste time in skinning that tiger, but before leaving we scooped out a grave and buried the dog, after which we took turns at carrying the wounded man back to the launch.

Continuing the hunt was now out of the question, so at daylight we towed down the river and returned to Calcutta to put Korovin under the care of a doctor. The fresh wood ashes which had been applied to his wounds caused him great suffering, but the medical authorities whom we consulted in Calcutta assured us that it was the best possible remedy which under the circumstances we could have used. They also assured us that it would not be safe for Korovin to leave the hospital for a month or six weeks, and since they did not wish to proceed without him the other members of the party had no alternative but to await his recovery.

Incidentally the doctors gave us some good advice on the subject of malaria. They said that the Sunderbuns was the hotbed of miasmatic fever, and that the chief reason why

none of us had suffered from it was because we always slept on board the vessel instead of sleeping ashore.

During the enforced delay which followed the other members of the party proceeded to Port Canning, at the head of the Mutla River, about twenty-two miles southeast of Calcutta. They traveled by rail from Calcutta to Port Canning, and upon their arrival they found the Mutla River so favorable for hunting that they sent me word to bring the ship around to Port Canning, which I did with the assistance of a native pilot. We still retained Cassim and Ghoolah Khan, although some of the party blamed these two men for the accident to Korovin because they were not leading us at the time of the occurrence. But Korovin, like a hero, exonerated them from all blame and declared it was his own fault for pushing so far ahead of the rest of us. In reality the best plan in these hunts is to let the dogs lead the way, which they are always more than willing to do. The intelligence of these animals is wonderful, and it is only necessary to point out to them the direction in which you wish to go and they will spread out in front of the hunters and examine every clump of bush so carefully that nothing really dangerous escapes their observation.

**We Spend
a Night
in Trees.**

The second day after the arrival of the vessel we determined to spend the night in the trees on the bank of the stream, where wild animals were in the habit of drinking. Each hunter

took care to provide himself with a piece of mosquito netting in which to swathe his head, as mosquitoes are dreadfully troublesome at night, and we rubbed our hands with some native preparation which in a measure prevents these pestiferous creatures from biting, and in pairs took our positions in trees, which we climbed by means of the large vines hanging from the branches. Darkness followed almost immediately upon sunset and the alternate eerie noises and

death-like silence which pervade the lonely forest by day gave place to a weird chorus of unearthly cries and growls and prowling noises as night approached. Darkness had scarcely fallen when a jackal set up a series of hideous yowls close by our place of concealment, though the brute himself was entirely invisible to us. The water-fowl kept up an incessant clatter all night long, and it seems strange how these creatures manage to escape the crocodiles, which not only swarm in all the streams, but also hunt their prey at considerable distances inland during the hours of darkness.

**A Thrilling
Night in
the Jungle.**

Low, moaning sounds seemed to float in the air, and occasionally a wilder call resounded from the depths of the jungle. I was watching the ground near our tree when I noticed the faint outline of some large animal moving toward the stream as noiselessly as a shadow. I touched my companion, who was a little higher up in the tree, and silently directed his attention to it, and a moment later we saw a tiger steal silently across a streak of moonlight which streamed between the trees. We both took aim, but he instantly disappeared in a deep shadow. Presently he came into view again, and in shifting my position to get a better aim I happened to make a very slight noise. Slight as it was it attracted his attention, for he instantly wheeled halfway round and glanced warily about him but did not look up, for it is a singular fact that wild animals very seldom look upward. The uncertain light rendered aiming somewhat a matter of chance, but fearing that he might disappear again I took hurried aim and pulled the trigger of my gun.

Simultaneously with the report of the rifle the tiger emitted a furious, angry cry, and sprang directly up the trunk of the tree where we were perched, and almost touched our legs. It is impossible to say whether he would have succeeded in climbing it or not, for my partner immediately fired straight

down the trunk and killed him on the spot. The report of the rifles and the ear-splitting roar of the tiger seemed to rouse the savage denizens of the jungle, and for miles around it was as though pandemonium had broken loose. Savage cries and shrieks of fear resounded in a prolonged uproar from every direction, mingled with the sound of heavy bodies breaking through the bushes in a frantic race for safety.

The uproar was at its height when we heard three sharp, whistling snorts and a rhinoceros came warily through the jungle, but stopped short and began sniffing the air exactly as though he had detected our presence. Four of us fired right into him and he fell, but almost instantly regained his feet and, with more snorting and wild-eyed astonishment, rushed headlong through the bush like a runaway locomotive.

Two members of the party who were posted in a tree nearer the water had a more serious adventure which came very near ending in tragedy. Seeing what they supposed to be a tiger stealing by the foot of their tree, one of them fired and wounded it, whereupon it set up a most appalling series of blood-curdling yells, screams and roars, showing that it was a leopard and not a tiger. It turned out that there were

Treed
by
Leopards. two leopards instead of one, and the wounded animal, which happened to be the female, sprang into a deep shadow which concealed her from view after receiving her death wound.

While the two hunters were peering down and trying to discover her whereabouts her male companion nimbly climbed the tree on the opposite side, and the hunters only became aware of his presence when he thrust his head around the trunk and yowled in the ear of the lower man. As almost any one may imagine, that man wasted no time turning his rifle around to shoot the beast, just as the creature was clutching at him with its claws. But in doing

so he either lost his grip of the rifle or the leopard knocked it out of his hand, for it fell heavily to the ground and the man instantly sprang farther out on the branch upon which he was perched and, although he had no time to turn himself around, drew his revolver and began firing backwards just as his companion, on a branch higher up, fired and mortally wounded the beast. Although wounded to the death the leopard managed to retain his hold for a few moments amid the thick branches, and the screams he set up roused his mate to the utmost fury. It happened that she had only been shot through the flank, and hearing her male companion screaming in his death agony she bounded up the tree and was fairly on the hunters before they realized it, clutching one of them by the calf of the leg, so that her dagger-like claws cut through his canvas legging as though they had been slashed with a knife, inflicting a long, though light scar upon the skin beneath. The man with the rifle pressed the muzzle close to her face in order to make sure of his aim, her jaws closed on the barrel just as he fired, and she was killed instantly.

**A Hideous
Snake Climbs
Up to Us.**

A little later my companion fancied that he saw some animal moving near by and reached out his hand to pick up his rifle, which he had laid across a couple of branches close to the trunk of the tree. He screamed with surprise as his hand came down on something cold and clammy, and a loud angry hiss warned us of the proximity of a serpent of some kind. We both crawled a little farther out on the branches and tried to locate the lurking reptile, but it was too dark to see clearly enough. We were inclined to think that it was a boa constrictor, though the guides had warned us that numbers of the poisonous snakes also habitually climb trees, and in the darkness one was about as dangerous as the other. It was evidently crawling over my partner's rifle, consequently I handed him mine and told him I would light some

matches while he stood ready to crush it with the butt of the rifle.

Although we spoke in a low tone our voices seemed to irritate the reptile and it gave another loud hiss apparently nearer to us than the preceding one. I struck some matches and the light revealed the body of a large snake slowly ascending the trunk of the tree while its head was stretched out on the branch on which my partner sat. The light went out as he was about to strike it, and I hurriedly struck some more matches and my partner quickly brought down the butt of the rifle, crushing the reptile's head. It writhed and lashed itself about in the most violent manner for some time, then slowly relaxed and slipped to the ground.

The shots seemed to have frightened the rest of the game from our immediate vicinity and for the remainder of the night we caught only a few fleeting glimpses of animals stealing noiselessly by, though we frequently heard the sound of larger prey forcing their way through the bushes.

**The
Deadly
Hamadryad.** As soon as daylight appeared we examined the dead snake, which lay where it had fallen, and were rejoiced to find that it was a fine specimen of the hamadryad, or ophiophagus elaps, the largest poisonous serpent in the

world. The native guides called it a sunerkor and declared it the most dreaded of all serpents of India, not only on account of its deadly venom, but also on account of its fierce and aggressive disposition, for it unites the venom of the cobra with the strength of the boa constrictor and is always more ready to fight than run. It was not of the largest size by any means, although it measured twelve feet. A stuffed specimen which we afterwards saw in the museum in Calcutta measured sixteen feet.

The one we killed was dark olive green above, with numerous V-shaped cross-bands of dirty white or whitish yellow

converging towards the head, and the belly was a uniform pale green. It had large shields or scales surrounding the back of the head, and these shields, together with the scales of the neck, the hinder part of the body and the tail, were light-colored in the center and edged with black. Its head appeared to be round, rather than flat and triangular, like the heads of many poisonous serpents, and I was surprised to see that its fangs were comparatively short. At first we supposed that its fangs had been broken, but upon examination we found that the gun had descended upon the neck instead of the head and had almost severed the head from the body. It had a thin, tapering tail, which measured about one-fifth of its entire length. I afterwards learned that its poison contains about ninety-five per cent. of nerve-destroying and about five per cent. of blood-destroying elements, and the fatal bite causes scarcely any suffering. The poison of the viperoids, on the other hand, contains about ninety-five per cent. of blood-destroying and about five per cent. of nerve-destroying elements and causes untold agony. The only good thing that can be said in the hamadryad's favor is that it lives upon other serpents, which it readily overcomes by means of its great strength and deadly venom.

**After the
Wounded
Rhinoceros.**

The natives attended to skinning the snake and the other creatures which had been shot, while the others started to follow up the wounded rhinoceros. There was no difficulty in following him, for he left a trail which looked as though a cart had been forcibly driven through the jungle, and it was surprising to see the thick bushes which he had broken off in his stampede. We followed the trail for about two hundred yards, when it suddenly turned off at a right angle to the left and a little further on we found the rhinoceros lying dead beside a bunch of trees. It struck me that the senseless practice of slaughtering inoffensive animals

is little short of criminal, although it undoubtedly is right enough to kill animals which are dangerous to human life.

We were on our way back to the launch when we noticed something moving towards us through the grass and bushes and stopped to investigate. It was a large crocodile evidently returning home after a night of hunting. We were between him and the stream, and we knew that no matter where a crocodile may be placed he always, with unerring instinct, makes for the nearest water.

The crocodile lunged open-mouthed at the man who happened to be nearest him. Two of us fired at his side as he rushed past and one of the bullets penetrated his side just back of the foreleg, where a wound usually proves fatal to a crocodile.

The blood was streaming from his mouth and he was undoubtedly mortally wounded, but in spite of all he turned so quickly upon my partner that the latter only saved himself from the savage snap of his jaws by leaping nimbly aside. But a crocodile is equally dangerous at both ends, and the savage brute aimed a blow at him with his tail in passing, which undoubtedly would have broken both legs, if indeed it had not killed him outright. Seeing that it was too late to get out of the way, he had the presence of mind to throw himself flat on the ground just in time to avoid it.

CHAPTER XX

HUNTING BUFFALOES AND TIGERS WITH A DEADLY BOA FOR COMPANY

It was at this stopping place in our strange travels that we acquired a tame mongoose for a pet. The shy little animal did not prove as friendly as we expected, for it lived in a state of bitter hostility towards the dogs and regarded them always as intruders. We were obliged to exercise constant vigilance in order to preserve peace between them. The movements of the little mongoose were quick and serpentine like those of a weasel, and when excited it scampered about so rapidly that the most active squirrel would appear slow and clumsy by comparison. Always anxious to accompany us on our hunting expeditions, it would dash and flash through the bushes in quest of prey, but would always return promptly to us when we called it.

A Battle of Mongoose and Cobra. One day when we landed from the launch and had gone a short distance inland our little friend the mongoose darted like lightning into a thick clump of bushes, and a moment later a large cobra came out from the bushes hissing and dancing in front of him. Instantly it coiled into a fighting attitude, its head reared a couple of feet from the ground. Its hood was distended and its forked tongue darted like slim tendrils from its mouth, while evil gimlet eyes glared in suppressed fear and anger. The mongoose crouched deftly before it; nose close to the ground and hindquarters erect, its tiny reddish eyes blazing like coals of fire. The cobra swayed its head and the upper portion of the body lithely from side to

side as a feint to lure the intent enemy within range of its deadly fangs. The mongoose remained motionless and keenly alert. The cobra then changed its tactics and swiftly swayed its head backwards and forwards with evident intention of darting at the little fellow. Cunningly it increased the length of its oscillations by almost imperceptible degrees until at length into the air it sprang and darted at the mongoose. Quick as the cobra was the mongoose was quicker, springing just far enough to evade the strike of the deadly fangs. Instantly the cobra recovered its former attitude. The illusive mongoose again crouched in front of it. In our opinion the advantage at this point was entirely with the mongoose, for it seemed almost to be resting while the cobra was exhausting itself by the tremendous exertion of holding over two-thirds of its body erect. Watching its opportunity the cobra made another swift dart and another and another, but each attack was easily evaded. The mongoose then changed its policy and began dancing and leaping around the cobra with such quickness and agility that it was difficult for the eye to follow. The cobra swayed just enough to be constantly facing the enemy, but it made no attempt to strike and presently both resumed their first watchful attitudes. Slowly and deliberately the cobra swayed its head backwards and forwards as before, when the mongoose, with a sudden spring, pretended to seize the reptile by the throat. The cobra as promptly met the expected attack. The mongoose once again leaped aside and then, quicker than the eye could follow, jumped upon the reptile from behind, seized the back of its head in a vicelike grip in which the cobra was helpless. It writhed and twisted and wound its body around the mongoose, but the plucky little animal retained its hold. They struggled in battle royal for a short time, but the little victor planted one of its forefeet on the cobra's head and held it down the way a dog would hold a bone and quickly dispatched its enemy with its teeth.

The little enemy to the deadliest of all reptiles was so exhausted after the hard fight that we sent her back to the launch, where she coiled up and slept for hours.

**Hunting
Wild
Buffaloes.**

We were still anxious to secure some heads of the wild buffalo which are found hereabouts in the swamps, not having found any trace of such big game in the first places in which we had landed, so we returned to the launch

and proceeded further up the stream until we sighted a herd of big fellows feeding on the edge of a swamp. We ran the launch close in to the bank and were then obliged to wade through deep mud overgrown with long grass. This was a dangerous situation, for the mud came to our knees and these savage brutes are so perfectly at home in swamps and mire that it is impossible to phase them. More than this, we had no place of concealment in case they charged at us. We stealthily made for firmer ground within a short distance of the herd and fired into them. Two of the largest bulls fell and the others charged instantly at us. We set out with might and main for the boat, and as we reached it they were so close upon us that one of the native hunters tripped and fell and was killed by the maddened animals. Safe and sound on the launch we shot two more of them, while the rest of the herd retreated, snorting with rage and shaking their heads in what looked like baffled fury. As soon as they were out of sight we landed again, however, and it was necessary to use the greatest caution in doing so, for these wild buffaloes are as cunning and treacherous as they are fierce and intelligent in attack.

When one of them is wounded or conscious of being hunted and discovers that he cannot reach the hunter any other way, he will run straight ahead for some distance and, returning by a detour, conceal himself in bushes close to the trail which he has left, and remain there still as a statue until

his pursuer approaches, when he charges like a thunderbolt at him, and oftener kills him than not.

We had advanced some distance when we heard a shot in front of us and a sudden rushing of one or more large animals through the jungle near by. After this all became quiet again. Cassim and Ghoolah Khan, the natives with us, led the way a couple of hundred yards further, where suddenly they stopped, and pointed to a buffalo bull standing motionless in a clump of bushes about thirty yards away. We took careful aim at him and fired. Two bullets struck him back of the shoulder; and though he was mortally wounded he charged at us and we jumped aside only in the nick of time to avoid his charge, just as he received another bullet, this one in the heart. He ran twenty yards further, wheeled and charged at us again, but fell with a groan that was half bellow and died almost at our feet.

More
Dangerous
than
Tigers.

These formidable brutes are considered much more dangerous hunting than the tiger, for a tiger rarely attacks a man unless he can steal upon him unawares, whereas the buffalo will

lunge at either man or tiger without any provocation whatsoever. The tiger will devour buffalo calves whenever he has the opportunity, but he fears the full-grown buffalo even as he fears his dreaded enemy the rhinoceros. We cut off the heads of the slain buffaloes and carried them to the launch by slinging each one on a long pole. We also saved the hides, which were highly valuable.

Some hunters shoot these buffaloes solely for the sake of preserving their magnificent horns. The method which they adopt for cleaning the head of a buffalo or crocodile is as simple as it is effective. They simply leave the head near an ant hill. The ants remove every particle of flesh and skin in a very short time.

Buffalo horns furnish the favorite material for bows

throughout Asia, especially in the southern and eastern portions. The elasticity of these bows is little short of wonderful and they retain their vigor and elasticity indefinitely instead of deteriorating as wooden bows do. The war bows are nearly six feet long. They are much lighter than a wooden bow and are so enormously strong as to require a pull of sixty to a hundred pounds. This is the bow which made the ferocious Tartar savages the terror of the heathen world. It is by means of this weapon that the Tartar hordes spread death and destruction from the shores of the China Sea to the Baltic, to the Mediterranean and the Nile and from Delhi to Moscow. Asiatics draw the bow-string principally with the thumb. They wear a broad thumb-ring made of ivory or bronze or even gold, according to the rank of the wearer. The ring has a groove on the inside for holding the bow-string. When the archer seizes the string with his thumb he bends the forefinger over it to strengthen his grip. They claim that this method enables them to release the arrow without disturbing the aim as the European method tends to do. The arrows are fitted with barbed steel points, and winged with three small feathers, and for the most part are tipped with deadly poison.

Wishing to test such a bow and arrow in actual hunting we took one along with us one day in the launch and the guides led the way up one of the numerous streams where wild animals were in the habit of drinking. We followed a poorly defined trail into the jungle and soon reached the point where it divided. Following the trail to the right we soon emerged upon the bank of another creek where an unusually large crocodile lay apparently fast asleep on the opposite bank. Strange to say, his head was not turned towards the water, and his cavernous mouth was opened to its fullest extent. The carrier of the bow and arrows quickly placed a poisoned shaft and taking careful aim discharged it at the sleeping

monster, striking him squarely in the throat. Startled at so rude an awakening he snapped his jaws together and lashed his tail as he bounded down the bank and plunged into the water. Soon he reappeared upon the surface. That he was suffering great pain was most apparent from his actions. In a twinkling he turned over belly uppermost and undoubtedly sank to furnish a meal for his cannibalistic companions.

**Hunting
Large Game
with a
War-bow.**

It was still quite early in the morning, the time when wild animals are in the habit of drinking before retiring for the day. Fearing lest our shooting might have alarmed any

game which might be in the neighborhood we moved on a half mile further up the creek. All wild animals except the most daring fear to drink where the banks of the stream are covered with scrub or thick forest. Some instinct tells them that enemies may be hiding there and they will travel great distances to find an open place. After searching for some time we found a promising place in which to conceal ourselves, opposite what seemed to us a good drinking place for wild animals, and from which two or three trails radiated into the jungle. Scarcely had we taken up our position when a family of pigs under the leadership of a huge gaunt boar came down to the stream and began to drink. We sent a poisoned arrow clean through a half-grown pig and the rest of them set up a loud squealing, while the valiant boar held himself erect, uttering his defiant "Woof! Woof!" and looking eagerly about for some enemy upon which to wreak vengeance. His frightened brood crowded close together, when suddenly a second arrow from our hidden cover brought down another. At this the rest broke and ran, the courageous boar bringing up the rear, and as long as he was in sight he kept wheeling from side to side challenging the unseen enemy to come forth to mortal combat. Cassim and Gholah Khan, who were still with us, swam across the creek and recovered

the young pigs that we had killed. They placed the entrails in thick bushes about thirty yards away on our side of the creek. Many small wild animals and one or two deer came to drink, but we did not trouble them, because the crocodiles were gathering thick and fast in the stream and it was too late and too dangerous to attempt to cross it.

Before long a solitary buffalo bull marched down and slaked his thirst, and proceeded to roll himself in the mud and water, utterly indifferent to the crocodiles. His mud bath over, he leisurely emerged within a few yards of our hiding place and suddenly became alert, sniffing the air inquisitorily and shaking his head as though he had detected the presence of enemies. Ghooleh Khan aimed an arrow, which struck him behind the shoulder. Up he leaped into the air, bellowing, and much to our astonishment fell down heavily on his side. Almost instantly the poisoned animal regained his feet, however, and darted into the jungle. We knew that he was mortally wounded, so we followed him for about half a mile and found him kicking and struggling on the ground in great agony. We shot him through the brain and ended his suffering. We saved the head and left the carcass to the tigers or other carnivorous animals and posted ourselves in trees to watch for more game. Within a very few minutes a jackal sneaked out of the jungle, glanced cautiously about and began feeding upon the bull carcass. We were about to frighten him away when Cassim whispered that his presence would surely attract any tigers that might be round about. Sure enough, the jackal continued eating ravenously for a little while, then suddenly stopped, gazed fixedly into the jungle and a moment later a tiger and a tigress cautiously emerged. The sight of the jackal enjoying such a sumptuous meal apparently filled them with wrath, and they stole towards him, but he promptly bounded into the jungle and disappeared.

The tigers, naturally suspicious, glanced warily around, sniffing the air apprehensive of danger. The fact that the jackal was there probably allayed their fears and very soon they, too, began a feast upon the hindquarters of the buffalo bait. At a given signal every member of our party fired simultaneously and both tigers fell, mortally wounded; but while we were climbing out of the trees the tigress regained her feet and bounded into the jungle. We followed her trail and came upon her in a clump of bushes, and though she was wounded mortally she was still full of fight and attempted to charge at us, but we shot her down at short range.

We secured the skins of both the tigers and pitched camp in a cool, shady place during the hottest part of that day. Cassim and Ghoolah Khan cooked a young pig for our luncheon and while we were resting Ghoolah Khan regaled us with interesting reminiscences of the manners and customs of the people of ancient India.

**In the
Coils of
a Boa-
constrictor.**

While we were listening to Khan's strange stories Cassim suddenly called our attention to something moving through the grass not far away. We got up and looked, and to our horror discovered it to be a large boa-constrictor. It attempted to glide away at our approach, but finding its retreat cut off it began to hiss loudly and endeavored to escape by coiling itself up into a tree. We wanted its skin in as good condition as possible, so we endeavored to break its neck with sticks. The ugly creature anticipated us and darted like a streak of lightning at Cassim, coiling itself around him in such a way as to completely disable him. He must surely have been crushed to death had no one been near. Cassim raised his hand to protect his face, and the boa had just sunk its fangs into his hand when every man of us rushed in and seized him. The hideous writhing thing struck out savagely with its tail and I received a blow across the shins

which felt exactly like the blow of a club. We dispatched him and Cassim was saved from a hideous death and the skin of the boa was added to the day's collection.

Late in the afternoon of this most eventful day we returned to the launch, and the two sailors who had been left in charge of it reported that many wild animals had come there to drink during our absence. An unusually fine buffalo bull stepped out of the jungle on the opposite side of the stream almost on the moment of our return and was in the act of drinking when I fired and hit him. Instantly he wheeled around and disappeared in the long grass. We hurried after him, Ghoolah Khan climbed a tree to discover his whereabouts. He saw him standing motionless in a clump of bushes about a hundred and fifty yards further on and a little to the left of the trail which he had been following. We made a slight detour and advanced noiselessly for a distance of about a hundred and thirty yards, when all of a sudden he made a dash for us, charged like lightning at us, but every man, bent on self-preservation, leveled his gun and fired a volley which brought him down on the spot.

While the two natives were removing the hide and head I noticed the grass moving very gently in the distance, so I slipped behind some bushes and watched to see what it meant. I was scarcely out of sight when a leopard loomed into view, moving as silently as a shadow and stopping occasionally to sniff the air. Obviously he was making towards the carcass of the buffalo, of which he had evidently caught the scent. Reaching a convenient tree, he sprang up into it as lightly as a cat and stretched himself along one of the branches, from which he could carefully watch the natives at their work. Vastly interested was he in the skinning process and patiently waited to secure a meal as soon as everybody had retired. I leveled my gun, took the most careful aim I knew how to take, and fired. Almost simultaneously with the report of the

rifle he bounded into the air and set up a series of blood-curdling shrieks and screams as he clutched wildly at the branch and fell heavily to the ground. He tore up the grass beneath the tree in his ravings until another shot from my rifle entered his brain and finished him.

The natives in this region suffer great losses from cattle-killing tigers and leopards, yet they seem to be incapable of comprehending that it would be cheaper to buy firearms with which to kill the marauders than to lose their cattle. It seems useless to argue with them on the subject, since every man moves in the same rut as his father did before him, and such a thing as initiative or an independent action is utterly incomprehensible to them.

**Spearing
Tigers.** One day during our sojourn a deputation of

settlers visited us and begged us to kill a certain tiger that had devoured so many of their cattle that they were afraid to drive them to pasture. They offered as reward an ample meal of curry and rice for all the neighbors who would volunteer to act as beaters, and to the hunters themselves. Enough curry and rice was prepared to feed two hundred people and we volunteered the services of our steam launch to tow native canoes as near as possible to the scene of action, where we found an assemblage of upwards of eight hundred natives who declared they had tracked the tiger into the jungle close by and they believed that he was still concealed there, because there were no tracks leading out of it. Nets were spread in a semi-circle on the edge of the jungle and a deputation of men remained in charge of them while others surrounded the section of underbrush in which the tiger was thought to be.

At a signal from the leader the huge company of beaters began blowing horns and beating tomtoms and yelling like bedlam let loose as they slowly advanced in a great semi-circle. We had brought along a number of rockets, thinking

to assist the natives with them, and we had taken up our positions near the net, keeping a sharp lookout to guard against surprise and accident. All at once we caught sight of the tiger crawling through the underbrush stealthily and evidently planning to break through the line. We discharged two of the rockets, which struck the ground in front of him and he hastily plunged back into the long grass and low bushes from which he had emerged. The uproar from the shouting beaters continued until suddenly the bewildered tiger found himself in the meshes of the net. It was necessary, of course, to close down the ends as quickly as possible before he discovered that he was in a trap, so there was a general skirmish to close in stealthily, because if he discovers that he is trapped, the tiger is sure to make a desperate charge to regain his liberty. As it was he took swift refuge in a small clump of bushes in the center of the enclosure and the ends of the net were closed in without further difficulty. The spears, which the natives had ranged around the outside of the semi-circle enclosed by the net, were more than twelve feet long with steel heads shaped like a double-edged dagger and sharp as a razor. Promptly seizing their smaller hand spears the blacks ran about shouting and blowing crude horns to further terrify the tiger. Then almost as though they were drilled to it they formed in close order and presented an unbroken circle of short spears while a few "outsiders" tried to drive him from his retreat with enormously long bamboo poles. We rallied to their assistance by again discharging half a dozen rockets into the bush, and this time two ferocious tigers sprang out, charging open-mouthed into the net. If it had not been tremendously strong and securely fastened the tigers would have torn it to shreds in short order, but it was so loose and so well managed that it yielded to their impact and they soon became almost hopelessly tangled up in it. Those of the natives who were stationed directly in front instantly attacked the tigers

with long spears and before they could escape they were pretty badly cut up. They succeeded in extricating themselves, however, and once more retreated to the bushes, whence a fresh discharge of rockets again drove them forth. This time one tangled again in the net, and the other sprang on top of it, bearing down the upper edge until it was less than four feet from the ground. A shout of alarm went up from every one as they instantly realized this unexpected danger, and instantly, from all quarters, we rallied to one point of attack. The tilting animal freed his forequarters and in less time than it takes to tell it cleared the net, and the force of his jump knocked half a dozen net-holders off their feet. Determined to escape this time, he put up as fine a fight as I ever witnessed, and even seized one of the pointed spears in his mouth, snapping it clean off at the head. Brave as he was that magnificent fighter was no match for the circle of long spears, and though he fought desperately to the very last he fell dead beside his companion, who lay in the net defeated and utterly exhausted with her efforts to escape.

When the fight was all over the natives performed a curious ceremony of dipping their hands into blood of the slain tigers and smearing it on their foreheads, muttering an incantation to their gods begging them to endow the victors with the strength and courage of the tiger.

CHAPTER XXI

MORE FAKIR MAGIC AND A HUMOROUS RHINOCEROS

The two days before setting sail from this point we spent ashore in Port Canning, and Ghoolah Khan insisted that we see the best-known fakir of the port perform

**The Startling
Trick of
Cutting a
Boy to
Pieces.**

the startling trick of cutting a boy to pieces, immediately mending him up and restoring him to life again. We had heard of this trick frequently, and seized the opportunity of actually witnessing it. In prompt order

Ghoolah Khan turned up, accompanied by a very dirty, gray-haired old man and a boy, neither of whom wore anything in the way of drapery but the usual turban and loin cloth. The old one promptly threw down upon the ground a large sack which he carried and both man and boy salaamed profoundly before us. The boy then seated himself upon the ground while the old man opened the bag and extracted from it a large ball of common twine. Holding the loose end of the twine in his hand, he threw the ball straight up into the air, and it rose rapidly until it disappeared entirely from sight. He then let go the lower end, but the twine remained hanging perpendicularly as though the upper end were fastened to some object up yonder which we could not see. A light breeze was blowing, and I noticed particularly that the twine was perfectly motionless. The wind had absolutely no effect upon it.

After muttering some perfectly incoherent words the old man seized the twine with one hand and tried to pull it down; finding it did not yield he grasped it with both hands and appeared to pull with all his might. He then feigned to become

very angry because he could not recover the ball and said something in his own language to the boy who, without a word, seized the string with both hands, pulled himself up from the ground and deliberately climbed hand over hand upon the string until, like the ball, he, too, completely disappeared from view.

The twine still hung limp in the air and the fakir stood staring upward for a minute or two as though expecting to hear something from the boy. He called to him several times at the top of his voice and apparently became more enraged every moment at receiving no answer. At last, losing all control over himself, he ran to his bag, took out a murderous-looking curved knife, and placed the back of it in his mouth, then, seizing the twine, he also climbed rapidly up it until he disappeared from view. In a few minutes we heard a piercing shriek which sounded as though it came from a very great height and, looking up, we saw something falling through the air slowly. It struck the ground within a few feet of where we stood, and we all gazed at it, amazed and horrified to see that it was the head of the boy covered with blood and still wearing the turban. As we looked in speechless horror a bloodstained arm fell beside it, and in another moment the other arm followed. Then down came each of the legs in turn, and last of all the dismembered body fell with a heavy thud and rebounded on the ground. The fakir then deliberately climbed down the twine, the knife, bloodstained, between his teeth, and throwing it upon the ground quietly pulled down the twine and rolled it into a ball without the slightest difficulty. He proceeded quickly to gather up his bag, which had been lying spread out on the ground, and in it he placed the fragments of the boy. Then facing us and covering his face in the usual way with the palms of his hands he bowed very low, threw the bag over his shoulder and started to walk away. Before he had gone a dozen steps something inside the bag

began to kick and struggle. The old man stopped and with well-feigned surprise opened the bag, whence the boy stepped, wreathed in smiles and perfectly sound, showing not the slightest trace of injury of any kind.

By this time we had begun to doubt the evidence of our own senses and, fearing to trust our eyes, we felt of the boy to make sure that he was really a human being and not a spirit or a shadow. The fakir smiled at this evident high appreciation of his performance. We attempted to question him, but the attempt was useless, and he declined to say anything about his performance.

I have been asked a great many questions about this special trick, but it is utterly useless to discuss the matter, for the simple reason that no satisfactory explanation of it seems possible. Had we been the only white people to witness it I would not attempt to tell of it here, because I should be pooh-poohed. Thousands of people have seen it, to be sure, but so far as I know no one has ever explained it satisfactorily. I even had some photographs of it in my possession until they were destroyed in the great San Francisco fire. Even if a fakir could hypnotize the spectators it is absurd to say that he could hypnotize the camera. Moreover, I do not believe that we were hypnotized, nor do I believe, on the other hand, that a boy was cut to pieces. After studying the matter over for years I am still unable to reach any satisfying conclusion concerning this marvelous piece of jugglery.

**Another
Trick that
Astonished
Us.**

We met another fakir one day, and for fun told him that one of us would conceal a coin which he was welcome to if he could tell which one had it. He was placed in such a position that he could not possibly see what took place; we all sat in a circle and one man placed a coin on his knee, covering it with his hand. We all sat with our hands on our knees looking absolutely unconcerned, and with-

out a moment's hesitation the fakir pointed to the hand which covered the coin and, furthermore, declared it to be a Russian ruble (which it was), though it is not likely he had ever heard of such a piece of money before. It has always seemed strange to me to come in actual contact with men who apparently possess faculties bordering on the miraculous and realize that they lead such wretched lives as they do, content to perform feats astounding to the brightest minds in Christendom for the price of a pound of rice.

We passed through Siberoet Strait, immediately north of the island of the same name, and anchored in the mouth of the Padang River. The picturesque town of Padang, which is the chief settlement of the Dutch on the west coast of Sumatra, is situated on the north side of the river, and the land on this side is low and marshy, while the south side is bold and lofty. The district surrounding Padang is called Menang-kabau, a corruption of Menang Karabau. It is interesting to note that the gable ends of the native houses hereabout are built to represent the head and horns of the big game of the district, the native word for which is karabau (water buffalo).

A romantic tradition to which is probably traceable the origin of this name is as follows:

A Savage Tug o' War. The tribe inhabiting Menang Karabau had been at war with an island tribe for many years until most of the best men in both parties were killed off and the tribes had been reduced to the verge of starvation, principally owing to the fact that each feared to plant crops lest the enemy, attracted by them, might come at harvest time as marauders. The chiefs of the warring tribes held various consultations, at last agreeing to settle future differences as follows: Each side might select an animal and pit it against an animal chosen by the other tribe. The two animals were enclosed in the corral and left to fight until

one had killed the other; the tribe whose animal won were declared to be victors and the other tribe must submit to whatever terms the enemy dictated. The inhabitants of Menang Karabau invariably chose a water buffalo, while their enemies chose a tiger. The battles were fierce and bloody and both parties watched the issue with intense solicitude, realizing that the fate of the entire tribe depended upon the result.

We made several trips into the interior to investigate valuable deposits of gold, tin, copper, coal and other minerals plentifully scattered throughout this island. We also visited an extinct volcano, Mount Talang, which has three craters, one of which is filled with the finest variety of sulphur. We soon realized that while Sumatra is one of the most beautiful islands in the world it is also one of the most unpleasant on which to travel. The average rainfall is fifteen feet, the heat is frightful and mosquitoes, leeches and flies make life a burden.

It is possible to guard against the mosquitoes and even flies, but there seems to be no way of escaping the pestiferous leeches which infest the leaves and underbrush through which one is obliged to pass. They will hurry towards you from every quarter, it matters not how quietly you go, and the moment they touch you they crawl rapidly over your clothing, managing quickly to get beneath it, where they suck blood until they are full and drop off. Strange to say, the bite of this pest is not apparent at first, nor can you feel it until the blood trickles down your arms and legs and you wonder what is the matter with you.

**A Rhinoceros
Has a
Little Joke.**

We camped for one night in a clearing, because we had learned by experience that it is bad policy in this vicinity to camp under trees; for not only noxious insects, but snakes

also have a habit of dropping from the branches upon sleepers during the night. We built a large fire of logs, though it was difficult to get them to burn on ac-

count of the great dampness, and the natives promised to keep what aboard a vessel would be called "anchor watch." Dogs and all slept inside the tent on account of the big rain, and it was some time after midnight that these faithful animals aroused us by their sudden and excited barking. Appreciating that hunting dogs never bark unless there is pretty good cause for it, we all sprang up to see what was the matter. We got outside just in time to see a rhinoceros dash out of the jungle and charge upon our fire, sending some of the logs flying into the air. The dogs attacked him, endeavoring to bite his hind-legs, but their teeth had no effect upon his hide and he paid not the slightest attention to them. Without pausing in his lumbering career in our camp he delivered a sidelong blow with his horns, cutting one side clean out of the tent and then, to our astonishment, plunged back into the jungle, where we could hear him smashing and tearing about in the usual blundering way peculiar to these beasts.

All this had occupied but a very few seconds. He had ruined our tent, partly demolished our fire and was gone before any one had time to fire a shot at him. It was like an ugly dream, and since it poured rain in torrents we had no alternative but to crawl under the remains of our tent and shelter ourselves as best we could until daylight, trusting to the dogs to warn us again in case the rhinoceros should pay us another visit.

By daylight we got up and repaired the tent as well as we could, returning to Padang by a circuitous route that took us three days. On the first day we came upon a Dutch planter who, with a number of coolies, was engaged in building a large tiger trap for the purpose of trapping the tigers which were nightly devouring both his cattle and coolies. The trap was fourteen feet long and just wide enough to permit a tiger to enter. It was made of strong bamboo sticks set deeply into the ground and securely lashed together with rattan. They

ties a goat inside to the far end of the trap. The other end was left open except for a few light sticks lashed across it as a blind. Should the end of the trap be left entirely open the tiger would be likely to suspect danger and might decline to enter. The light sticks look to him as though they had been placed there to protect the goat which he hears bleating inside, and accordingly he smashes through the sticks with a single blow of his paw and unsuspectingly enters the trap. A strong bamboo door instantly closes behind him and holds him a helpless prisoner. This kind of trap is commonly used in this country when the object is to capture the tiger alive. Where the object is simply to destroy him it is common to set a bear trap close to the entrance of the bamboo box and cover it over with leaves. The tiger cannot enter the box without stepping into the steel trap which is firmly secured to a convenient tree with a very strong chain, and even should he succeed in dragging the chain from the tree, the end of it is provided with a grapnel or four-fluked anchor which would amply detain him by catching in all kinds of obstructions.

**Still More
Tigers
Visit Us.**

The next night we camped in a small opening on the bank of a stream and once again were about to drop off to sleep when the dogs barked excitedly at a short distance from the tent. Naturally supposing it to be another rhinoceros every man of us seized his rifle and ran out to their assistance. But this time we found the valiant fellows surrounding a tiger which was growling angrily and charging first at one, then at another, as they ventured near. It was difficult to shoot him owing to the uncertain light and the rapid movements of both the dogs and their enemy, but we brought the old tiger down at last with two bullets that must have killed any ordinary animal. That tiger seemed to think the dogs had dealt him the wounds he had just received and he rallied enough to fight them further. Once again it was

a brave fight that we saw in that fading light of our camp fire. Another volley from our rifles felled the tiger and the natives turned to and skinned him and, after cutting off as much flesh as the dogs could eat as a reward of merit, they dragged the carcass some two hundred yards from the tent and we all turned in.

We were serenaded the rest of that night with an almost incessant chorus of howls, snarls, yowls, whines and growls from the direction of the carcass, and about two hours before daylight the uproar became unbearable, so we got up, shouldering our guns, and stole as noiselessly as possible to within what must have been some thirty or forty yards of the chorus of voices; and although we could not see the chorus-makers we fired helter-skelter and all together in the general direction from which the sound proceeded. Almost simultaneously with the report of our guns came a wilder chorus with the sound of a retreating stampede into the jungle. After this things were comparatively quiet until daylight.

Before decamping in the morning we examined the remains of the tiger and found the bones stripped clean, while close beside it lay an unusually large wildcat which we had shot through the body when we fired in the dark. The natives carried the tiger skin to the ship by hanging it over a pole with the inside turned to the heat of the sun. It would have spoiled in a single day had it been otherwise folded.

CHAPTER XXII

TIGERS, CROCODILES, MONKEYS AND BISONS

We left Pedang and proceeded by way of Sunda and Banka Straits to Singapore, there to replenish our provisions before proceeding further north. While outfitting in Singapore we visited the Chinese

All Races Assemble at Singapore. quarter of the city and witnessed a Sem ba yang, which is a great Chinese feast for the spirits of the dead. We found a long line of

tables extending for fully two hundred yards along one side of the principal street. These tables were literally heaped with every kind of food and drink known to the Orient, and immense bouquets of orchids and every other tropical flower were very neatly and tastefully arranged in bunches and festoons around the edges. Although the Chinese predominated, the street was crowded with multitudes representing every race of the Far East arrayed in every conceivable color, while overhead hung millions of bright paper lanterns which rendered every object as clear as day, imparting to the whole shifting panorama the appearance of some fantastic fairyland as beautiful as a dream.

Goats, pigs and fowls were roasted whole and stood in rows, and at either end of the table were placed an especially large-sized goat and pig with their mouths stuffed full of the joss-sticks which play so important a part in all Chinese religious observances. A long broad bench was placed across the lower end of the table. This we were told was for the accommodation of the visiting spirits and there were no seats of any kind along the sides. The Chinese believe that the spirits

of the departed feast upon some immaterial part of the provisions which they offer and when they are satisfied it is perfectly proper for the living to feast upon what seems to them to be the material part which remains.

After leaving Singapore we proceeded to the mouth of the Pahang River, about one hundred and fifty miles further north on the east coast of the Malay Peninsula. We entered the river at high tide and anchored near the town of Pekan, which is the residence of the High Sultan of this district. The surrounding country is low and flat and extremely fertile. It would probably have been thoroughly developed long before this had the river been deep enough for ships to navigate; but owing to the soft alluvial nature of the soil the river is so shallow that only vessels of lightest draught can navigate it. We paid our respects to the Sultan of Pekan and proceeded to engage promptly a number of natives and their large canoes for a voyage upstream. We got well under way next morning about two hours before daybreak and with a fair wind proceeded at a record rate to the Sungai Cheni, a small stream which opens to the south from the apex of a sharp V which the Pahang takes about thirty miles above

Pekan. Like all tropical rivers the shores

Up the Sungai Cheni. of the Pahang are lined with thick mangrove forests for several miles from its mouth; but as we ascended the stream these gradually gave way to stately tropical woodlands and reedy jungles. Many small islands, sunken snags and whirlpools render navigation hereabouts dangerous. The surface of the water is dotted with many small objects resembling lumps of wood lying either motionless or moving slowly almost without a ripple, and we were well aware that every one of these apparently insignificant objects was the nose of a deadly crocodile. The river is full of fish in spite of the crocodiles, and on the banks were many adjutant birds which stand motionless

on the river's edge awaiting their finny prey. In the trees perched innumerable buzzards waiting for anything eatable that they might discover.

We anchored the canoes about twenty yards from the land at the mouth of the Sungai Cheni and our sudden appearance caused a great commotion among a troop of dark-brown monkeys who whistled and chattered like so many excited magpies as they peered at us from the tops of the trees that overhung the river at this point. We slept in the canoes at night, and there was no need to warn the Malays to keep a sharp lookout, for they were well aware of the immediate dangers that surrounded us. Not only do the crocodiles frequently go aboard canoes and devour their occupants, but prowling tigers and poisonous reptiles are apt to crawl aboard small ships at anchor. The mosquitoes would have been intolerable had we not provided ourselves with a mosquito curtain.

We were sitting under our curtain admiring the beautiful scene and listening to the strange subdued sounds which came from the depths of the forest near by when all at once the long, quavering cry of a tiger rose loud and clear from the bank near our anchorage. Every man seized his rifle and watched for a good shot, but though the roar was repeated many times with startling distinctness we failed to see the beast himself.

It is strange that an animal which depends upon hunting for a living as the tiger does should disclose his presence by roaring, nevertheless he frequently does so, especially just before sunset, which reminds me of the Japanese police who sound a large rattle as they walk their beats at night to warn evildoers that they are coming.

At first we paid no attention to the crocodiles swimming around us, but as the night advanced we were no little distressed to see the repulsive beasts gather around the canoes

and constantly increasing in numbers. We could not imagine what it was that attracted them, but long afterwards came to the conclusion that it was a kind of relish which the Malays use with their rice and fish, and of which they had a considerable quantity on board the canoes. This mixture, which they call blachang, is a sort of paste, the smell of which was so appalling that one would suppose any self-respecting crocodile would swim with all its might out of range of it.

A
Familiar
Guest.

As had happened so often before, we had been asleep but a short time when a sudden general uproar broke in upon our slumbers and aroused all hands. As might have been

expected, a crocodile had come up under the stern of one of the canoes and, placing his four feet on the gunwale, was masterfully climbing on board. He attempted to seize the lookout, who promptly drove his spear down the yawning throat, and the rest of the crew made a general attack with their long spears. It was only a matter of a few moments when the wounded brute fell back into the water with a gurgling groan that made us shudder. It was far too dark to see much of what was taking place, but the commotion in the water indicated the arrival of more crocodiles. They came surging around the canoes in a most menacing way, and we concluded the only way to get rid of them was to shoot as many as we could manage to shoot in order to furnish the others with something to eat. This required some cunning on our part, for it is a bad policy to wound a crocodile if his tail is within a few yards of your boat, for he is almost certain to knock some one overboard or do other serious damage with his tail. I lighted a dark lantern and flashed the light across the water while the others prepared to shoot. The light had a singular effect upon the crocodiles, for they remained perfectly motionless with astonishment as though hypnotized. We shot several of them and the others turned to devouring

their dead or wounded companions. We soon discovered, however, that our troubles were increasing rather than growing less, because such an uproar no one ever heard here before and all the crocodiles in the world seemed swimming up to us, each one more anxious than the other to secure his share of something, we could not make out what.

A particularly bold one snapped at the muzzle of a rifle resting on the gunwale and jerked it overboard, although this was a familiar trick by this time. In his sudden surprise the gunner held fast to his gun, as a person would naturally do, and would have gone overboard along with it if another man had not had presence of mind to catch hold of him and keep him from it. Quickly as possible we hauled up anchors and paddled for the beach; but although it was only a few yards away the brutes jerked two of the paddles out of the hands of the rowers and we had to pull for the shore as best we could.

**Night
and a
Campfire.**

The Malays built two large fires which almost surrounded our temporary camp on the shore, chiefly to guard against further attack from the crocodiles. These brutes are far more cunning than is commonly supposed, and if a victim gets beyond their reach on the bank of a stream it is common for them to resort to a flank attack, when they will travel some distance inland, crawling quietly down upon their victim until they get close enough to see him, and by a sudden jump carry him into the water.

Simong, the head man among our Malays, now proceeded to show us how we in turn might have revenge upon the crocodiles for the trouble and fright which they had given us. We cut up a number of pieces of hardwood in twelve-inch lengths and sharpened them at both ends. Then taking a strip of bark we lashed one of these sticks crosswise on the end of a light board about twenty feet long. We then fastened some bits of meat on the sharp-pointed crosspiece for bait.

Approaching the water as near as we dared we held the improvised bait within a few inches of the surface and instantly a crocodile opened his jaws and closed them on the tempting morsel with a contented snap. The crosspiece was held vertically so it passed through both his upper and lower jaw and the surprised monster leaped half out of the water at first and then actually turned a complete somersault in its pain and rage. It plunged about, ploughing the water into foamy waves, in its effort to get rid of the torturing obstruction in his jaws, until it finally disappeared from our sight. Simong tried the same trick upon others with similar results. It was a curious sight to see so many crocodiles with eyes like glittering stars in the flickering unsteady light of our camp fire. The dogs, which had previously crouched in the bottom of the canoes, now shrank back as close as possible to the fire and whimpered with terror, and they seemed almost humanly aware that a crocodile will risk almost any danger in order to feast upon a dog.

We took turns sleeping and keeping watch during the remainder of that night, and in the morning proceeded by canoes to the head of the Cheni.

One of the principal objects of our expedition to the Cheni was to hunt the sladang, or seladang, an unusually fierce and wild bison found on this peninsula. The natives assured us that this was the best locality in which to find them. We made our way through a jungle of enormous trees interlaced with rubber vines and rattans often several hundred yards long and so thick that the natives who led the way were often obliged to cut a path through the brush with their axes and parangs.

The natives have three different kinds of spears or parangs, two of which are intended solely for fighting. The one here referred to is virtually a pointed double-edged sword which weighs over two pounds and measures about twenty inches in

length. The blade is triangular and cross-sectioned; in other words, one side of it is flat while the opposite side is beveled from the central ridge to both edges. The blade is a little over two inches wide, tapering to about three-quarters of an inch near the hilt. Either edge can be used, and it cuts right or left-handed much on the same principle as the edge of a carpenter's chisel.

**We are
Followed
by Monkeys.**

The dogs started several small deer, but we did not shoot at them for fear of alarming larger game. We were strongly tempted, however, to shoot at a troop of dark-brown monkeys which followed us in the treetops and kept up an incessant chatter, sufficient to alarm any animal within the radius of a mile. Watching his opportunity, Dola, one of the crew, wounded with a freshly poisoned arrow one of the pursuing monkeys, and although it instantly hid in the thick foliage its cry of mortal agony was pitiful to hear, while the others wailed a dismal monkey chorus, but their voices died away gradually as we left them behind in the trees.

In many places the jungle was so thick that we could not have seen an animal a dozen yards away, and we were all suffering from the bites of leeches which swarm in this tropical vegetation. The jungle became more open as we advanced, and we found some of the most beautiful orchids in varieties I had never seen before growing upon decayed trees. The cicadas kept up an incessant chorus of strident cries and I was particularly surprised to hear at intervals a long musical *coo-ee* that was strongly suggestive of the *coo-ee* of the Australian bush, and the Malays explained that it was the ordinary cry of the stealthy and beautiful argus pheasants.

The Malays called our attention to the many buzzards hovering in the air a short distance away and explained that a tiger or leopard was surely devouring some animal directly

beneath them. We kept the dogs in the rear and made a detour in order to approach from the lea side lest the animals we were in quest of should scent us. After advancing about three hundred yards we found a flight of fifty or more buzzards hovering closely over a clump of bushes so dense as to seem impossible to penetrate. We discovered, however, a tiger feasting upon the carcass of a small deer. His head was turned away from us and we were advancing very quietly when I stepped on a dry twig which snapped with a slight report. Slight as the noise was the tiger instantly wheeled and with a low angry growl advanced in our direction, lashing his furry sides with his tail. Fearing he might dart away in the jungle and escape, four of us fired together and the tiger fell dead. Two of the bullets had pierced his head, another struck him in the chest, while the fourth grazed one of his forelegs. The Malays removed his skin and hung it inside out on a high branch in order that we could see it and find it upon our return. It was still quite early in the day and as we resumed our tramp through the dense jungle Simong explained that the sladang travel in herds from ten to thirty strong and, like most other jungle animals, they feed in the morning and evening and rest during the day.

They led the way toward a small sulphur spring, a favorite drinking place for sladang, and we noticed that our guide became very nervous as we approached the spring, for they hung back and begged that the dogs be sent forward to range in front and guard against sudden surprise. But this we re-

fused to do for fear of the dogs alarming the game, for numerous tracks could be seen now through the long grass. We were tramping in single file along a narrow trail which led directly to the spring, when a short,

At Last! angry bellow sounded close by from a thick clump of bushes from which, even as we looked, emerged a magnificent bull.

**A
Sladang!**

With not a moment's warning he charged full speed upon us. I shall never forget the yells of terror with which those natives stampeded to the nearest tree, up which they ran like monkeys. The dogs met the charge of the angry bull like heroes, closing upon him from opposite sides and biting his heels savagely enough to cause him to wheel and strike at them with his long horns. This gave us time to aim and fire simultaneously, and in the same instant the noble old beast threw up his head and fell down heavily with scarcely a struggle, whereupon Simong, ever the leader among the guides, hastened up and seized what he supposed to be the dead bull by the tail, and the others were in the act of turning him on his back for the purpose of skinning him when, like the shot out of a gun, the beast sprang to his feet, scattering the surprised crowd from right to left as he charged from side to side with his last remaining strength. Simong had the uncanny presence of mind to retain his hold upon the tail as the bull whirled round and round in his efforts to hit him, and it became a most difficult problem just how to shoot the beast without risking shooting the man as well, as they circled around together. Before any one had time to decide upon the course of action the sladang staggered and plunged ahead for a few paces and fell dead.

Such experiences seem incredible, but one grows to regard them as a part of every day in savage lands where they are made little or nothing of. It is scarcely to be wondered at, however, that the Malays, armed with their inferior weapons, regard the sladang with such abject terror. This one was a truly magnificent beast. His color was a dark coffee brown with forehead and legs of dirty white. The hair was short and thin, especially upon the hindquarters, where the skin was almost bare. A high ridge ran from the middle of the neck to the middle of the back, where it dropped abruptly about four or five inches to the loins. The highest part of this ridge

was between the shoulders in the center of the back which formed a kind of hump, but it bore no resemblance whatsoever to the flabby hump on the backs of hump cattle of India. The hoofs were small and the legs neat and tapering. It measured five feet ten inches from the hoofs to the shoulders, and although we had no means of weighing it it is generally known that full-grown bulls of this class weigh anywhere from a ton to a ton and a half. Its horns, which turn slightly inward at the tips, were immensely powerful and measured thirty-four inches on the inside from the base to the tips, forty-one inches on the outside, and were twenty inches in circumference at the base. Its ears drooped slightly and the skin was more than an inch thick upon the back and the sides. The vitality of the beast was unbelievable, for we discovered that every one of the bullets had struck him in the body and one had gone clean through his heart. The Malays removed the skin and hung it in the sun to dry and then we sat serenely down in the shade of a spreading upas tree and ate our luncheon. After all the excitement I found myself quietly reflecting upon all the solemn nonsense which I had read concerning the upas tree: how birds fell dead if they flew over it and animals dropped senseless if they but ventured beneath its branches. The natives warned us to turn our faces away lest some sap might strike our eyes and then they chipped away some of the bark and showed us the poisonous sap which is viscid, milky and of a yellowish color as it flows from the tree, but it soon turns brown from contact with the air and hardens into a gum very much like resin.

While the Malays were preparing camp the white members of the party strolled about exploring the immediate vicinity. We gradually became separated and noticing some very beautiful orchids growing upon the bole of an old tree some twenty feet from the ground I climbed up and secured them, roots and all, by chopping a piece out of the side of the tree. As I

started to return to camp with the orchids I heard several shots fired to the right of the course which I was following

**At Close
Quarters
With a
Buffalo.**

and turned to go in the direction from which the sounds came. I had just entered a small opening in the jungle when I heard a rumbling bellow and caught sight of a buffalo heading for me, his tail in the air. The orchids dropped mechanically from my arms, and scarcely knowing just what I was about I caught my rifle and fired. He merely tossed his head, and with a still angrier bellow darted toward me, with what seemed to be the speed of a train. My rifle was a single shot and there was no time to reload. I jumped into a bunch of trees and avoided a charge, and no man that has not been there can realize what it meant to me when I discovered that even by turning his head sidewise and striking at me with one horn my position was such that he could not reach me, though I instinctively stepped backwards to avoid the charge. I was in the act of inserting a fresh cartridge when I heard a warning hiss at my feet. Glancing downward, I beheld a venomous snake ready to strike, and instantly dropped the butt of my gun on its head. All this had occupied only a few seconds, and the bull, finding he could not reach me from where he was, wheeled and darted to the opposite side of the trees. As any one may easily imagine, I fully realized it was up to me to shoot him in a vital place. I aimed at his eye and the bullet passed through his neck, and although the blood streamed from the wound it only increased his anger and vigor. In his next attack he turned a side toward me and I shot him back of the shoulder, where a wound is generally fatal, but he only bellowed more loudly and dashed his head, stupidly, I thought, against the tree behind which I stood. He then retired a couple of paces or more and began to paw the ground, regarding me the while as though he intended to besiege the position until he compelled me to come

out where he could successfully get at me. These animals have been known to besiege an enemy in a tree for twenty-four hours at a time. While he glared at me I took as deliberate and careful aim as I ever took in my life and shot him in the left eye. He uttered an ugly kind of a moaning bellow, reeled and fell, but I was still unwilling to trust to appearances, so I fired another shot through his head and another and another before leaving him, and then crept out of my retreat and started for camp, meeting on the way some of the other men who had come to investigate the noise of the firing.

Towards sundown a tiger approached the spring to drink, but catching sight of our camp he bounded lithely into the jungle and disappeared before we had time to fire at him. Several deer also came to the spring, but we did not molest them.

**A Poisoned
Tiger.**

Just after sunset Dola, one of the bravest and finest of our natives, and two white men concealed themselves in the branches of a tree close to the carcass of the first sladang that we had killed. About half an hour after darkness set in two tigers stole from the jungle as silently as shadows and began to feast upon the dead body. Dola quietly lodged an iron-pointed poisoned arrow in one of them. The beast started and snarled angrily, but soon began eating again. In a few moments, however, it began moaning as if in great pain, and rambled off into the jungle. Its mate the white men killed with their rifles. In the morning they followed the trail of the other tiger for about two hundred yards and found it in the grass and bushes lying dead as though it had died in great pain. The Malays offered to skin it, but the white men would have nothing to do with it. They actually feared to handle anything in which a poison so deadly as that used upon this arrow was concealed.

We had intended to remain a few days in our present camp, but the Malays told us of a hill called Bukit Duri which lay a few miles southeast of us at the head of a stream called Sungai Duri, and declared it was an excellent place for hunting the various kinds of game peculiar to this vicinity, but more particularly the rhinoceros.

We
Scare up
Rhinos.

So we returned to our canoes, which we had hauled up, and proceeded to follow the blacks to Sungai Duri, the entrance of which is nearly three miles east of the entrance to the Sungai Cheni. We had gone some nine miles or more when we reached Bukit Duri and camped on the bank of the stream which flows along the base of the hill on its western side. During the night we discovered several pairs of glary eyes leveled on us through the darkness, but we dared not shoot for fear of disturbing any game that might be close by. About midnight the Malay lookout who was on guard over our sleeping camp quietly awakened us, calling our attention to a lurking crocodile staring directly at us not ten yards away precisely as though we had hypnotized him, but he quickly slipped into the darkness terrified at the volley of blazing sticks with which we assailed him. The same thing happened over again just before daylight, and in each instance it seemed as though the lurking brutes must have remained staring at us all night if we had not flamboyantly driven them away. The fire seemed to possess some irresistible attraction for them. They were both fascinated by it and terrified at it.

Leaving a couple of natives in charge of the camp, we set out after breakfast towards the open to which the natives had referred as good hunting grounds, and had not gone far when we came upon a fresh trail of a rhinoceros which we immediately started to follow. The natives were rather nervous and Simong especially said that it would be a bad place in which to encounter either a buffalo or a rhinoceros, for the jungle

round about was so thick that one of the beasts might easily be in hiding and charge upon us before we could possibly see it. The dogs were sent ahead to scout and nothing exciting occurred until we reached a place where the thick jungle grass was three or four feet high. While rounding a small clump of bushes we came suddenly in full sight of a rhinoceros quietly browsing some hundred yards away. We were moving very stealthily and he could not possibly have seen us, for his head was turned away, so we instantly leaped behind the bushes. But in spite of our precaution he grew suddenly apprehensive of our presence, for he promptly wheeled around, facing us and sniffing the air suspiciously. He turned his head most intelligently a few times as though trying to locate his enemies, then reaching his great head as high in the air as he could, he swiftly ran away at right angles to the course we were following. Meanwhile all the Malays except Simong had taken refuge in the nearest trees and Simong excitedly whispered so we all could hear: "He run round like this in circles till he pick up smell, then he come quick like the lightning."

Sure enough, the beast stopped when he got exactly to leeward of us, then charged furiously up the wind and went breaking his way through some of the very bushes in which we were concealed. He ran some fifty yards further and, finding that he had lost the scent, he stopped, sniffed the air inquiringly and again began trotting around in a circle. We let the dogs loose now for the first time and they closed in on the rhinoceros. He charged upon them in self-defence and one of the boldest of them barely escaped with his life, for while the rhinoceros is one of the most clumsy looking of animals it can twist and turn and attack with an agility that is astonishing. While he was occupied chasing the dogs we stepped out of the bushes with our guns leveled. At that very moment he caught sight of us and, scattering the dogs right

and left of us and giving an angry snort, he charged at us headlong, but our volley of bullets knocked him out and soon he was stretched out dead on the ground before us.

Carrion Buzzards. While the Malays carried the hide of our first big game in this vicinity back to the camp we once more concealed ourselves among the bushes and held the dogs in check, hoping that tigers might smell out the carcass and come to it. Simong, who remained with us, explained carefully that it was best not to disturb the buzzards which gathered upon the carcass, because, he added in quaint English, tigers follow buzzards precisely as buzzards follow tigers. Sure enough, in less than half an hour a tiger stole up to the dead rhinoceros and after glancing warily about began to feed upon it. The buzzards flopped heavily out of his way but settled thickly upon the dead meat wherever they could manage to reach it without coming in range of the tiger's claws, while the tiger on his part appeared not to notice them. He was facing us and had just raised his head to glance about him as these wary animals are in the habit of doing while eating, when a couple of well-aimed bullets struck him in the breast and with a convulsive jump he dropped dead in the midst of the astonished buzzards.

The day was so intensely hot that we sought shelter under the branches of a large tree near by and remained under cover until late in the afternoon. About an hour before sundown another tiger crept from the jungle and began to feast upon the remains of the rhinoceros, but almost instantly something aroused his suspicion, for he suddenly stopped eating and looked terrified round about him. One of our crew quietly stepped out of the bushes and was in the act of aiming his rifle at the wary animal when it caught sight of him, but before he had time to move the rifle cracked, the tiger sat straight upon his hind quarters and throwing out both fore-

paws to either side fell over backwards, quite dead. We ran up to examine him and found that the bullet had struck him fairly between the eyes and passed through his brain, killing him instantly.

Soon after daylight we set out for our ship. We had passed less than three miles north of the camp when we came to a place where the stream makes a bend to the right. A party of Malays in a smaller canoe about a hundred yards ahead of us had just rounded the bend, when suddenly they stopped paddling and began gesticulating and pointed excitedly ahead. We hurried up to join them, and discovered a water buffalo struggling fiercely near the edge of the stream where the water was not more than three feet deep; while the long, scaly tail of a large crocodile could be seen churning the water into islands of foam as the hideous reptile endeavored to drag the noble beast into deeper water. Both combatants were so intent upon their life and death struggle that they paid no heed to our approach. We discovered that the crocodile had secured a monster grip on one of the forefeet of the buffalo and was dragging him into deeper water for the purpose of drowning him, of course, while the buffalo was trying his utmost to back out of the stream and also to hook his scaly antagonist with his formidable horns. Handicapped as he was, the great strength of the buffalo enabled him to back slowly to the bank, though the crocodile clung to him with the grip and tenacity of a bulldog and the buffalo could not get his horns into an effective position, partly on account of the water and on account of his short length. A bullet sent through the hind quarters of the crocodile only set him plunging madly about snapping his jaws, while several long converging lines of ripples showed that other crocodiles were coming up to take part in the fray. In one of his frenzied on-rushes he came up open-mouthed to our canoe and poked his long, heavy snout at us over the gunwale, but instantly we

filled his throat with bullets and he sank out of sight never to be seen again on the surface. In the meantime the buffalo had struggled out of the water, but he was in a pitiful condition; for the teeth of the crocodile had stripped the skin and flesh off his left foreleg so that we shot him down and put a quick ending to his sufferings.

Shortly before reaching the junction of the Duri and Pahang we sighted a tiger crossing the stream just in front of us. I fired and wounded him just as he merged upon the

A Strange Enemy. right bank. We immediately landed and had followed his trail less than five hundred yards when the Malays, who were in the rear, uttered a low exclamation of absolute terror and darted back over the trail along which we had come, as though evil spirits were pursuing them. Simong, who was close behind us, cried in a low, excited tone, "Run back for your lives!" and without stopping to explain darted after his flying comrades. At first we were inclined to laugh at him, for we supposed they were in terror at the thought of the tiger charging back upon us; but Simong as he ran pointed to something over our heads and, looking in the direction indicated, we saw a swarm of hornets hovering over us darting angrily about from side to side in the way these fierce insects do when excited.

The moment we realized the real nature of the danger we followed the Malays at our best speed until we came to Simong hiding under some thick underbrush and, looking back, we could see some of the hornets still hovering immediately over our trail, though it was evident they had abandoned the chase. It is little wonder the natives regard these ferocious insects with such abject terror, for they are almost as large as locusts, and many a person, both white and native, has died in fearful agony from the effect of their poisonous sting. They are so vicious and aggressive that they almost

invariably attack, with or without provocation, any living creature that approaches them. We concluded that the wounded tiger had disturbed them, and had it not been for the Malays we should never have noticed them before they had attacked us, in which case they must almost certainly have stung us to death. Needless to say we abandoned the pursuit of the tiger and returned to the ship.

Mount Ophir. The Malay peninsula is the most extensive storehouse of tin in the world and gold and silver also occur there plentifully. The mem-

bers of our party set out for the purpose of investigating the gold and tin mines especially, but not being interested in mining I did not care to accompany them.

The early Portuguese navigators were so firmly convinced that this was the site of the Ophir of the Bible that they bestowed the name Mount Ophir upon one mountain near the west coast of Sumatra and also upon another mountain on the peninsula. It is a matter of history that commercial intercourse has been maintained at intervals between the Arabs and the Malays from very early times. It is interesting to note, also, that Sumatra and the Malay peninsula were the first of all Eastern countries to adopt the Mohammedan faith and customs, and a great many Arabic words are found in the Malay vocabulary. An Englishman who had lived for many years in this section called my attention to the fact that Sumatra and the Malay peninsula are the only places in the world which could have supplied all the various articles mentioned in II Chronicles 9:21. Everything mentioned in this verse is found here in abundance, while silver and peacocks are not to be found at all in Africa, where some people attempt to locate Ophir. Peacocks are found only in India and on the Malay peninsula, and in the language of Orang Benua (the aboriginal inhabitants of the peninsula) the word for

peacock is shim, which is the exact termination of the Hebrew name tuchim, meaning peacocks. In Ceylon at the present day the peacock is called tokei. Hebrew commentators state that the al gum timber mentioned in the 10th and 11th verses of the same chapter and also in I Kings 10:11, 12, is the same wood which is found in southeastern Asia and also in the South Sea Islands.

I call special attention to these rather impressive facts because all the years which I have spent among the South Sea Islands have convinced me that the ancient Phoenicians or Carthaginians navigated the Indian Ocean centuries before the Christian era and are intimately connected with the wonderful prehistoric ruins which still remain silent mementos of a civilization whch perished long before the dawn of authentic history.

CHAPTER XXIII

SIGHT-SEEING IN JAPAN

During the absence of the rest of the party I frequently went hunting with some of the natives along the banks of the river, and they were always anxious that I should shoot at the crocodiles which were a constant menace to them and caused the death of many of their number.

Nine Lives of a Crocodile. A cat is commonly credited with having nine lives, but a crocodile exhibits a tenacity of life which almost surpasses the meager record of the cat. One morning some natives

brought word that they had just seen a well-known man-eating crocodile asleep in the bushes a few feet from the water's edge. They had recognized him by the absence of one of his forefeet, which had been bitten off in a fight with one of his own cannibalistic tribe. We crept up very quietly and shot him behind the foreleg exactly in the spot where a wound is usually mortal. The crocodile bounded convulsively, snapped his jaws and his tail and then rolled over on his side, remaining perfectly motionless as if dead. Scarcely wishing to trust to appearances I walked up close and fired another shot clean through him and alongside of the first one. This all happened a little before eight o'clock in the morning, and there he lay in the same position until we returned to the spot at six o'clock that evening, when the Malays prepared to skin him. The moment they stuck their knives into him he delivered one terrific blow with his tail, knocking two of the men senseless into the bushes a dozen feet away,

and would certainly have killed them had the bushes not broken the force of the blow. He snapped like a bulldog at the men in front of him, who barely saved themselves by deftly getting out of the way, and although I fired another bullet into him he plunged into the water and disappeared.

It is not commonly known that the Malay **Pirates.** pirates, who, by the way, are not by any means extinct, formerly wore a sort of armor and carried shields made of crocodile hide.

One of these shields would deflect even a rifle bullet if it happened to strike at an acute angle. The English, French and Dutch cruisers frequently chased the Malay pirate ships and tried to capture them, but the clever robbers would pull into the shore towards the numerous mangrove swamps and disappear from view as completely and mysteriously as though they had vanished into air. The armed boats of the cruisers would then carefully search every place along the shore, but could find nothing save impenetrable forests of mangrove trees growing straight up out of the water. The easy disappearance of the pirate ships was so unaccountable and mysterious that the pursuers became superstitious about it and began to wonder if the pirates were spirits or if they themselves were victims of optical illusion.

In reality the explanation is very simple. The savages had constructed a series of slips for the purpose of drawing their boats out of the water and literally carrying them to the tops of the trees into a channel inside the mangrove trees. This slip consisted of two long rows of piles driven into the bottom at such an angle that they crossed each other in the form of an X.

The boat was hauled through the upper open space, and the whole thing was so constructed that each end of this section was several feet beneath the surface of the water, while the central portion rose almost to the tops of the mangrove

trees. Two stringers were securely lashed along the inside of the piles to bind them together, and the inner side of each stringer was carefully smoothed off and kept well greased in order to permit the boat to slide along easily between them.

Whenever any of their boats were out on a piratical expedition the men who remained at home kept a constant watch both day and night from a lookout station carefully concealed among the tops of the trees, and the long ropes made of twisted rattan were kept stretched along the stringers. Whenever the watch sighted a cruiser chasing one of their canoes he gave the alarm, and every man, woman and child turned out and manned the two ropes stretched along the stringers. Unless very hotly pressed the pirates never pulled straight for the spot where the slip was located. Instead they ran as close inshore as they could get, but at some distance away from it, then pulled along in hiding until they reached the place where the slip was carefully concealed under the thick, overhanging foliage, and quickly disappeared from view. They ran the bow of the canoe into the upper open space between the top of the piles till her keel grounded upon the junction of the piles, and instantly lowered her masts. They then secured the ends of the two ropes to her bow, and everybody pulled with might and main, drawing the boat up the gradual incline with her sides resting against the stringers.

**Native
Crocodile
Trap.**

One day I visited a little Malay hamlet the inhabitants of which were engaged in trapping crocodiles and selling their hides to the Chinese traders. Their trap consisted of a strong stake fence extending about twenty

feet into the water, and in the center of the fence was an opening just wide enough to permit the largest crocodile to enter. The two stakes which formed the side-posts of this entrance were deeply notched on the sides next the bank, and a strong piece of hardwood about three inches square was

laid across the entrance, resting in these two notches, about a foot above the surface of the water. A young tree which grew on the bank had been stripped of its branches and its top bent down over the water. A strong rope was made fast to the top of the tree, then passed through a hole in the center of the timber which lay across the entrance, and knotted underneath, while the lower end of the rope was formed into a slip noose, which was spread across the entrance upon some little pegs in the side-posts. The bait consisted of a dead monkey suspended from the tree about ten feet inside the entrance, and I was invited to remain and see how the trap worked. The houses in which they lived were between two and three hundred yards from the trap; and after setting the trap they tied two dogs to a bush on the bank near the bended tree and retired out of sight. As soon as their masters retired the two dogs began to bark and whine, while casting apprehensive glances at the water; for they well knew that a crocodile prefers a dog to almost any other kind of prey, and the barking of a dog never fails to attract any crocodile that may hear it. We had not been long in ambush when we noticed a small, dark object moving along the surface of the water toward the trap, and leaving behind it a very faint ripple. The crocodile approached one side of the trap, raising his huge head out of the water, and appeared to be on the point of climbing the bank in order to get around the obstruction; but finding that it was carried well up among the trees, he changed his mind and began swimming along the improvised fence looking for an opening.

When he reached the entrance he paused for a moment as if in doubt, but the sight of the monkey hanging a couple of feet above the water, and the two dogs tied to a bush on the bank, offered temptation which no crocodile could be expected to resist, and he quickly ran his head through the noose and swam towards the monkey. As soon as his fore-

legs came in contact with the noose his onward motion pulled the cross-piece out of the notches which held it down, and the tree instantly flew upward, jerking the noose tight around his neck and lifting his head several feet out of the water. The astonished reptile gave vent to a sort of choking, gurgling bellow, and began lashing with his tail and struggling so fiercely that it seemed as though the line which held him must break. Had the line been alongside of his head he could have turned his head far enough to one side to bite it through, as I have seen these creatures do; but it led straight up from the back of his neck, where he could not possibly reach it.

Another running bowline had been passed around the tree; and with a couple of long bamboo poles they pushed this up over the top of the tree and let it fall down around him, after which they hauled his hindquarters up on the bank, taking excellent care to keep out of reach of the sledge-hammer blows of his tail. They killed him by stabbing him several times behind the shoulder with a long spear, then they wisely let the body hang for some hours after every sign of life had gone before attempting to skin him. They said that it would be useless to leave their trap set at night, for crocodiles are so cannibalistic in their habits that they would be sure to devour any that might be caught during the hours of darkness. When the rest of the party returned to the ship they brought the skins of two black leopards which they had shot; and we were told that these animals were common in these parts.

Although the southeast trade wind had ceased blowing before we left the Pahang River, there was still a rather heavy surf on the bar, and we hired a number of large canoes to help tow us out, and we used the steam launch besides. We provisioned in Hong Kong and proceeded to Yokohama, in Japan. While here we took the train to Tokio, which is eighteen miles from Yokohama. Aside from seeing the sights,

Off for
Japan.

our principal object in visiting the capital was for the purpose of witnessing the strange ceremony of Hi Wattara (Hi, fire; Wattara, walking), which the Shinto priests perform in the temple. Our jinrikisha men took us to the temple late in the afternoon, and we were requested to pay at the entrance, though we noticed that the natives crowded in without paying anything; and they did not appear to treat the place with any particular reverence, for they chattered away among themselves precisely as they would have done in the street.

A party of coolies prepared a bed of charcoal twelve feet long, four feet wide, and a foot or more in thickness in the dark, dim courtyard of the temple, and when all was ready they lighted it with a quantity of straw and kindling wood about twenty minutes past 5 P. M. They were careful to light it on all sides at the same time; and as soon as it was seen that the charcoal was thoroughly ignited from bottom to top, the priest struck a small gong to announce that the ceremony was about to begin, and a death-like hush instantly fell upon the audience.

Fire-Walking. I have often been in heathen temples while sacrifices were being offered to demons who were worshiped in them, and it has always seemed to me that a decided Satanic influence permeated the atmosphere of the place. On the present occasion there was something peculiarly suggestive of the infernal regions in the lurid glare of the burning charcoal, which imparted a still more fiendish look to the hideous idols amid the darkening gloom of the twilight. The priests who were to take part in the ceremony had previously prepared themselves for it by fasting, praying, and offering sacrifices to the fiends whose aid they invoked to protect them during the fiery ordeal. Two priests now advanced through the audience and made their way to a small shrine in one corner of the courtyard, where they knelt

down and offered long prayers to a small idol within the shrine.

Our guide informed us that this idol was the god who presided over the ceremony, and the priests were praying to him to "take the soul out of the fire," so that they could pass through it without pain or injury. These two priests seemed to think that the fire was not hot enough to suit them, for they took long poles and long-stemmed fans from some of their attendants and poked and fanned it until the spectators were compelled to fall back out of range of the intense heat. The two priests then walked alongside of the fire and pounded it down to a level along the center, after which the chief priest gave a signal, and a number of fire walkers gathered at one end of the fire. One of the priests then raised his hands and prostrated himself three times in honor of his guardian demon who had taken the soul out of the fire; after which he stepped upon a wet mat and rubbed his bare feet lightly in some powder which the other priest had placed upon the mat. Immediately after rubbing his feet in the powder he deliberately stepped into the fire and walked to the other end as coolly and unconcernedly as though he was walking upon an ordinary piece of matting.

It must be remembered that his feet were perfectly bare, and the heat was so intense that the heat waves constantly blew his light cotton kimono, which reached to his heels, up around his waist. When he reached the other end he turned and walked very slowly back through the center of the burning coals, returning to the starting point, when he stepped out and rubbed his feet in the same white powder which he had used before entering the fire. He repeated the same performance a number of times (I did not count how many), and each time he reached the end at which he started he stepped out and rubbed his feet lightly in the powder.

Darkness had now fallen upon the scene, and the fierce

glow of the fire cast a sinister light upon the gloomy outlines of the temple and the dark, stolid faces of the spectators, who stood silent and motionless as ghosts. The crackling of the charcoal was the only sound that broke the death-like silence, and the sight of a human being walking unharmed through the midst of a fiery furnace, amid such eerie surroundings, was indescribably weird and ghastly.

After the Ceremony.

After the ceremony we examined his kimono, which was made of light cotton stamped in Japanese style, and not the slightest trace of a burn could be found on any part of either his clothing or his anatomy. We tried to learn from the guide the nature of the white powder in which each performer rubs his feet, but he professed utter ignorance on the subject, and declared that this was a secret which was known only to the priests. The guide informed us that the fire would be renewed from time to time, and other priests would continue the performance of "passing through the fire" until after midnight, but we concluded that we had seen enough of the ceremony.

The Great Heathen Dai Butsu.

Among other sights we visited the image of Dai Butsu (Great Buddha), which was set up during the reign of the Mikado Shomu, who died in the year 748 A. D. The total weight of the metal used in the construction of this enormous memorial to an imaginary deity is something over 450 tons, comprising pure gold, silver, tin and copper. The height of the figure from the sacred lotus flower upon which it sits is 53½ feet. The leaves of the lotus flower between the enormous petals on which the figure is seated are covered with several pounds of pure gold leaf. There are fifty-six of these leaves, and every one is ten feet long and six feet wide.

We purchased an extensive collection of ancient Japanese arms and armor, including swords, spears, bows and arrows,

etc. The swords of Japan are most formidable weapons, and experts declare them superior to the far-famed blades of Toledo and Damascus, though they have very little elasticity. The temper of these weapons is so perfect that a Japanese sword has been known to sever an iron bolt with a single blow without leaving the slightest trace of injury to the sword with which the feat was performed. The sword-maker bestows an astonishing amount of labor upon his work, and every item connected with it receives the most minute care and attention. Most of the blades are perfectly plain, though I have seen some that were most beautifully ornamented with figures of dragons worked in the steel; but I believe these were intended chiefly for show, for such ornamentation weakens the blade for actual use. These swords are keen as razors, and equally adapted to cutting or thrusting.

Their armor consists of a great number of light, thin steel plates hung upon strong cloth and profusely ornamented with gilding; but it does not seem that the Japanese ever made much use of the shield. Their famous yumi (war-bow) is seven feet long, and made of horn and sinew, after the manner of the Tartar bow already described, except that the yumi has no wooden end pieces like the kung (Tartar bow), and when unstrung it curves backward to a considerable extent, instead of being almost straight like the kung. One peculiarity of the yumi is that the handle is not quite in the middle, but a little nearer to one end, and the short end is always held downward when the bow is in use.

I bought an ancient spear for a very small sum of money, though the head of it was a genuine work of art. The diamond-shaped head and the socket which fitted upon the end of the shaft were forged out of a single piece of steel, and each was about six inches long respectively. The socket was very beautifully and elaborately ornamented with the figure of a silver dragon wound around the socket in a spiral with out-

stretched claws, as if climbing up towards the point, and every detail of the figure, such as teeth, claws, scales, eyes, etc., was worked out with a neatness beautiful to see. There is a peculiar reason for ornamenting weapons in this way. The dragon is still worshiped in the Far East as the emblem and embodiment of the devil, and the custom of ornamenting arms and armor with the figure of a dragon is intended as a direct appeal to Satan to aid the one who carries his emblem. As the figure of the cross is the type or emblem of Christianity, so the figure of the dragon is the type or emblem of idolatry and devil-worship, and as such it receives divine honors from its votaries.

The Japanese live in little wooden houses with tiled or thatched roofs, and the doors consist of sliding wooden frames covered with glazed paper. There is usually a veranda all

around the house, and at night this veranda is closed in with sliding wooden doors a quarter of an inch or less thick. As a rule the only furniture in a room consists of a very soft and clean matting about two inches

thick and wide enough to cover the whole floor, and a hibachi, or small brass basin for holding a charcoal fire, which is the only means of heating the houses. Every room is used for sleeping purposes, and the bedding consists of a pair of thick cotton quilts and a wooden pillow covered with paper. They do not remove their clothing when they retire, though they usually don a different garment from the one which they wear out of doors. The ordinary dress of a working man consists of a tenungwe, or handkerchief, twisted around the head like a rope and knotted upon the temples; a kimono, an obi, and a pair of zori or geta, according to the weather. The kimono is a long loose garment reaching to the heels, and provided with loose, flowing sleeves. The obi is a girdle about four inches wide and twelve feet long, usually of very

**Charming
Houses
of the
Japanese.**

heavy silk, and is used to confine the kimono around the waist. The zori are straw sandals, which are worn in fine weather, and the geta are wooden clogs, worn in rainy weather, together with a pair of meriyasu (stockings), but inside of the house everybody goes barefooted. The geta consist of a wooden sole provided with a wooden cross-piece under the heel and another under the ball of the foot, and these cross-pieces, being from four to six inches high, raise the wearer out of the mud.

A woman's kimono is called a hakama, and a woman's obi is a foot wide and twenty feet long. The women have different ways of dressing their hair, according to whether they are maids, wives or widows, and also to show whether they wish to marry or not. Everybody takes at least one bath, and sometimes four or five baths, each day, and I have often seen them bathe in water so hot that I could not bear my hand in it. The bath is in front of the house and in plain sight of the street; but all the members of the family and the servants strip naked and bathe in the same tub and water, though the order of precedence is carefully regulated in each family.

They are very artistic, and always try to have the little dooryard in the rear of the house adorned with a tiny mountain, a stream, a waterfall, trees, flowers, and a fish pond, even though the yard may not exceed ten by fifteen feet in diameter. I believe I have never seen any people except the Eskimos who could stand the same amount of cold as the Japanese. I have often been in Yokohama in winter time when the thermometer was down to the freezing point, yet the market boat would come alongside each morning with the meat and vegetables for the day, and every member of the boat's crew was absolutely naked except for a narrow rag which they call a *findosi* around the waist. The people are clean, happy and cheerful, though a stranger from other cli-

mates is puzzled to know how any people can exist, much less be happy and cheerful, upon so little. They have certainly reduced the cost of living to a minimum, for absolutely nothing is wasted, and their mode of existence offers the most indubitable proof that "man wants but little here below."

Their method of bowing consists in placing the hands upon the knees and bending down till the back is nearly, if not quite horizontal, and the greatest mark of respect consists in frequently drawing in the breath with a hissing sound as it passes between the teeth as they talk with you.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN WEIRD KAMCHATKA

From Yokohama we sailed for Kamchatka and for a few days the weather was fine, with a steady breeze. This state of things did not last long, however, and suddenly we found ourselves enveloped in one of the impenetrable fogs so characteristic northward of Japan. It was necessary to stand well to the east to avoid the strong currents liable to sweep a ship among the dangerous Kuril Islands which form an almost continuous chain from farthest north of Japan to farthest south of Kamchatka. On the sixteenth day from Yokohama the fog cleared and we were afforded a magnificent view of one of the grandest scenes to be witnessed in any part of the world. Three smoking volcanoes, which mark the Kamchatkan coast, towering boldly in the foreground, the rays of the rising sun tingeing their snow-white crests to a rosy pink. The brilliant gold and hazy blue of the distant mountains added to the glory of the haloed volcanoes was a scene the majestic wildness and serenity of which could scarcely be surpassed. The coast consists of rugged cliffs rising sheerly to a height of four hundred feet and the ceaseless dash of ocean breakers has worn these rocky highlands into innumerable sea caves in any one of which a good-sized ship might hide with all safety. Numerous tiny waterfalls leap from the jagged rocks and tumble in long lines of snow-white foam in pleasing contrast to the dark, frowning sea cliffs beneath. Myriads

Lost
in a
Fog.

of sea birds make their nests in these cliffs and caverns, while the rocks below are covered with seals and sea lions. The seals are particularly noisy during a thick fog, when their hoarse barking and bellowing can be heard a mile or more away. They have saved many a ship from going on the rocks. Undoubtedly their object in barking so loudly during foggy weather is to guide the seals which are out at sea back to the rookery.

As we approached we sighted Racoff Lighthouse and signal station, which are built on the brink of a high promontory on the north side of the entrance. A little to the south of the entrance Mt. Vilyutchin rises in impressive grandeur to a height of 7,257 feet. This is the lowest of the famous peaks in this vicinity. The distant cone of Mt. Avatchinskaya is 8,000 feet and more, while Mt. Koriantski towers over the others to a height of more than 11,400 feet above the sea.

The magnificent bay of Avatcha is nearly circular in shape and is about eleven miles in diameter. The depth averages eleven to thirteen fathoms, and there is excellent anchorage everywhere in the bay. We hauled up on the east side of the bay opposite the town of Petropavlovski, whence a small boat came out to pilot us in. The town was named in honor of the two ships, the St. Peter and St. Paul, in which the explorer Behring made his voyages to these seas.

Strange
Fear of
Lizards.

The first thing we did was to go hunting. We took a couple of guides with us and had some luck, and the funniest thing that happened to us on the first day was this:

One of the men suddenly drew his knife and uttering strange guttural exclamations began slashing vigorously at something, we could not discover what, in the grass. The other guide quickly drew his knife and great consternation ensued. We supposed at first they had discovered a poisonous snake and were killing it, but to our amazement

we discovered that it was nothing but a small, harmless lizard. It seems that these people believe that all lizards are emissaries of Satan, and assume the form of lizards in order to escape observation. They firmly believe that these impish little creatures come to out-of-the-way places for the purpose of spying on the people in order to report their doings to the devil. The natives pretend to get even with his Satanic majesty by cutting every lizard they see into small pieces and scattering the bits very far apart, because they firmly believe if the pieces are left near each other they will crawl together and again become an annoying spy upon them. These strangely superstitious people also believe that unseen powers are intensely malignant and spiteful. It is necessary to constantly placate their curses by sacrifices of great value. Frequently they will sacrifice a best dog to some foolish little evil spirit which they declare is troubling them, and they firmly admit that formerly human sacrifice was practiced among them until the Russians, to whom these lands belong, put a stop to it in so far as it was possible.

A
Unique
Perform-
ance.

One night before pulling out from this harbor we happened upon a unique performance in a native settlement back in the mountains.

A chief beat a drum with all his might and main and chanted a bit monotonously perhaps,

while many native hunters vigorously and seriously bounded about in imitation of the animals which they hunt. It was a wonderful sight to see them bounding like reindeer, trotting like foxes, loping like wolves, floundering about after the clumsy manner of the seal, imitating the while the voice or cry to perfection. Imaginary hunters moved about enacting perfectly the pantomime of spearing, shooting, lassoing or trapping the animals. There was more or less precision in the dance, the wild grace and beauty of which was astonishing.

The morning on which we sailed from Petropavlovski was so warm and bright we might almost have imagined ourselves in the tropics. The rising sun tingeing the snowy crests of the volcanoes and the beautiful hills which surround the harbor were reflected in the unruffled surface of the water, and the atmosphere was so clean that every object loomed up with a distinctness that was startling.

The first night out we saw a magnificent display of aurora borealis. The sky at times was arched with a triple rainbow bordered with clear white light, and in a trice all would change. The brilliant dome above us would be crossed and recrossed with quivering streamers of every color, the radiance of which rendered us speechless. The display was a fore-runner of the thick fogs characteristic of this region and which render navigation particularly dangerous, owing to the strong and erratic currents which are liable to drift the ship a long way out of her reckoning in a very short time.

On the third day the fog cleared sufficiently to allow us to make Amphitrite Strait, which leads from the Pacific Ocean to the Okhotsk, between Paramushir Island on the north and Onekotan Island on the south, in latitude $49^{\circ} 55'$ North. The wind died out suddenly, however, and we were obliged to get out the launch to tow the ship through the strait.

We anchored at the entrance to the Gulf of Amur, where a pilot came on board and took us up the river to Nikolayevsk, a typical little Siberian town built upon a plateau upon the north side of the river. We climbed the wooden stairway which leads from the wharf to the town, and came upon a score or more of Cossack men and women singing and dancing in a circle with clasped hands. They stopped to greet us with friendly shouts of welcome, and then complacently continued the dance.

Shamanism is a form of devil-worship peculiar to the Siberians in this particular vicinity. Little is known about this peculiar form of worship, but it is the general custom among the tribes to meet in lonely forest clearings after midnight on moonless nights and actually worship the devil with weird and uncanny ceremonies. The custom

**Shamanism,
A Form
of Devil
Worship.**

is deeply rooted. The Shamans believe in the efficacy of these ceremonies just as the Christian believes in prayer; and the custom of devil-worship is so well known that the Russians have bestowed the name Shaitanskaya upon the forest clearings in which the unholy rites are held. No white man is allowed to witness the ceremonies, though we managed by great dexterity to see one, knowing all the time that our lives would have been taken had we been discovered.

They also practice ancestor worship and represent their ancestors by hanging streamers on the branches of trees. Each streamer bears the name of the ancestor to whom it is dedicated and to whom they make supplication. After several thrilling experiences which made the natives rather suspicious of us we ran close in shore and anchored under the lee of the dark towering cliffs which lie on the right bank of the river. Even before the anchor was down, however, a whole troop of native dogs saluted us with such a deafening chorus of barks and howls that we might have supposed a pack of wolves had been set loose to attack us. Above the din we heard a human voice calling out something to which a native on the ship gave answer. Whereupon the dogs were dispersed as if by magic, and we were invited to come ashore and spend the night.

We presently found ourselves in a good-sized room with a bright fire burning on a large box of earth in the center of the floor. There was a square hole in the roof to permit the smoke to escape, and there were several sleeping-bunks ranged

around the fire. The inmates treated us to roast fish and berries, and wanted us to sleep in the bunks, but we had our misgivings. The natives, known as the Gyliaks, became greatly agitated as we were about to leave the house, and we were at a loss to understand the cause of their anxiety. It seems that they have a superstitious dread of untold calamities which would result if they permitted the least particle of fire to be taken out of their house. So strong is this feeling among them that if such a thing should occur they would burn the house at once and no one would think of entering it again, much less of occupying it. One of our men was smoking a pipe and the possibility of his carrying it lighted from the house was the cause of their consternation.

Famous
Monu-
ments.

In the morning Kulenko led the way up the cliff upon which the famous monuments which we had come to see stand. The monument cliff is a short distance from the vil-

lage of Tir. The wild, majestic grandeur and picturesque beauty of the landscape which lay spread out before us combine to form one of the most magnificent scenes to be found anywhere, and we ceased to wonder that the mighty Tartar conqueror chose this spot to mark the north-eastern extremity of his vast empire.

The cliff from which we looked over the face of the earth faces the south and juts boldly out into the majestic stream which flows in a semicircle around its base. Looking up the river, the main stream extends toward the southeast, while an arm almost as wide as the main river extends due east for a distance of about seven miles, then flows south into the main stream, inclosing one large and several smaller islands. The western bank of the river is covered with dense forest through which the streams which form the delta of the Amgun River flow into the Amur River directly opposite where we stood. Still further away to the westward we could trace

the course of the broad Amgun and its numerous tributaries meandering like threads of silver through the extensive plains which stretch from the western bank of the river to the distant mountains.

The first monument we approached is made entirely of granite and is an ordinary upright column about five feet high and slightly rounded at the top, which is unusually thick in proportion to its other dimensions. About fifteen feet from this one is another which stands close to the brink of the cliff and consists of an octagonal base or pedestal supporting a plain octagonal column of porphyry. The pedestal spreads out a little around the top and is about three inches wider all around than the column which it supports. The top of the porphyry column is broken off, although there appears to be no flaw in the stone, and it seems as though some relic-hunter had broken or chiseled off a piece of it as a souvenir of his travels; for it is difficult to comprehend how it could have been broken in any other way. About twelve feet from this one is a third monument which stands about six feet from the edge of the cliff and is shaped almost exactly like the first one, except that the pedestal is made of granite and the upper part of a very fine-grained gray marble, the surface of which is wonderfully well preserved considering that it has been exposed to the rigorous winters of Siberia for nearly seven hundred years. A fourth monument stands nearly four hundred yards further east upon a bare and narrow rocky promontory, which is a little higher than the ground upon which the other three stand. The general form of this fourth monument is octagonal, but it is larger and much more ornamental than any of the others, and the top of it is shaped very much like an octagonal vase. It stands so close to the point of the almost perpendicular cliff that one fancies it is in danger of toppling over.

Immediately back of the first three monuments are the

ruins of a large temple and also several large stones which Russian authorities say were ancient altars of sacrifice. These sacrificial stones are nearly square, and the surface of each one slopes slightly downward toward the center, through which a groove an inch deep extends from side to side evidently for the purpose of conveying the blood of the victim into some receptacle. The two monuments, which resemble tombstones in shape, are engraved with Chinese and Mongolian characters, some of which Kulenko, one of our guides, translated for us. One inscription is "Tai Youman shou chie lee goon boo," variously translated, "The great Youan spreads the hand of force everywhere," or "The power of the great Youan Dynasty extends everywhere." The Youan (or Yuen) Dynasty was that of Jinghis Khan, who erected these monuments; and this human tiger certainly justified the sentiment which he engraved upon them, for he slaughtered uncounted millions of human beings and spread wholesale ruin and destruction throughout the fairest portions of the world. Another inscription is the mystic formula "Om Mani padme, houm" (O jewel of the lotus, amen!), which in the Far East is credited with such marvelous virtues that it would require a whole separate volume in which to explain them.

Spot
Sacred
to Evil
Spirits.

The Gilyak tribe consider this spot peculiarly sacred to the evil spirits whom they worship, and they keep two poles about forty feet high always planted in the ground beside the first three images. Kulenko stated

that they renew these poles at regular intervals and consecrate them to the worship of the evil spirits by the sacrifice of one or more dogs—their most valuable possession. Before setting up these poles they remove both bark and branches to within a few feet of the top, with wreaths of shavings bound together with strips of bark. The monuments and sacrificial stones also were decorated with gar-

lands of splint very artistically worked and lashed together at intervals with willow twigs, and a number of small wreaths of shavings were hung upon little sticks thickly planted in the ground. Ignorant and degraded as the Gilyaks are, they believe firmly that they belong to the race that once ruled the world; for traditions never die in the East. They know that Jinghis Khan erected these monuments at the outset of his world-conquering career, and they attribute his amazing success to the favor of the evil spirits in whose honor he erected them.

They endeavor to secure the favor of the same spirits not only by the sacrifice of dogs at various seasons of the year, but chiefly by the annual sacrifice of a bear in January of each year. Each village in turn is bound to provide a bear for this great sacrifice, and the inhabitants of all the other villages within the district come together for the purpose of taking part in the ceremony and sharing in the favors of the gods whom they meet to worship. The village priest accompanies the party and chants his incantations to the deep, booming sound of his drum. He calls his Satanic Majesty's attention to the unusually fine bear which they are about to sacrifice to him; begs him to remember the trouble which they took in capturing him and the good care which they have since bestowed upon him; and reminds him that he (Satan) is expected to bestow his choicest favors in return, not only upon all his worshipers in general, but more particularly upon the men who captured the bear which they now offer to him.

In order to discover whether their prayers will be answered or not, they drag the bear to the river and endeavor to make him drink water through a hole which they cut in the ice. They also offer him fish upon a large platter made of wood or birch bark, but as a rule the bear is too enraged to eat or drink, and the assembled worshipers hail his refusal to do so with loud shouts of delight, because this is a sure sign

that the shaman's incantations have prevailed and the coming year will be one of great prosperity. On the other hand, should the bear attempt to eat or drink, it is a sure sign that some dreadful misfortune is about to befall; but in such a case the shaman always averts the impending calamity by incantations. It may thus be seen that the shaman is sure, in any case, to come out on top, and he always reaps a rich harvest, no matter what happens.

They then drag the bear back to the sacrificial ground and secure him with strong ropes to a sacred post, where he is permitted to rest while the shaman chants some more of his incantations. One of the chiefs then shoots an arrow through his heart, and as soon as life is extinct the shaman cuts the body of the bear into pieces and distributes a piece to every house in the village. This piece of the sacrificed bear is sure to prevent evil spirits from entering the house, they say, and the skull of the animal is placed among the branches of a tree as a warning to all perambulating devils to keep clear of that village.

They believe that after death the soul of a Gilyak passes into his favorite dog, except in the case of a man who is killed in a combat with a bear. In the former case the friends or relatives of the deceased feed the dog upon the choicest food and pay the shaman to pray the soul of the deceased out of the dog and start it on the way to paradise. When the shaman feels that he has worked the game for all there is in it and that he is not likely to get any more pay, he announces that he has just succeeded in releasing the soul from the dog and is guiding it safely into paradise. The friends of the deceased then sacrifice the dog by solemnly cutting its throat upon the grave of its deceased master, and everybody is supposed to be happy ever after.

CHAPTER XXV

THE CURIOUS ISLAND OF PONAPI. FIJI AGAIN

The short Siberian summer was now drawing to a close, and it was necessary to sail for more southern latitudes. We had intended to proceed next to the Philippine Islands, but our itinerary was changed for the purpose of collecting curios and exploring some of the prehistoric ruins upon several of the South Sea Islands.

**The Place
of Lofty
Walls.**

On Ponapi in the Eastern Carolinas there are the immense ruins called Nan Tauach, which means The Place of Lofty Walls. An immense outer wall rises some seven feet from

the edge of the canal by which approach to the island is gained, and the landing is built of massive basalt blocks rising only a few feet above high tide. The island itself has the appearance of having sunken several feet since these walls were erected, and is littered with basalt blocks thrown down in all probability by earthquakes. To add to its ancient beauty the principal pile of ruins is entirely overgrown with vines, trees and brushwood. The only entrance is a tunnel-like gateway in the western wall and a small square hole near the northeast corner. A raised terrace six feet high and some ten feet wide surrounds the inside of the outer wall, which is all of fifteen feet thick and varies in height from twenty to forty feet. The inner enclosure is centrally located. It also has two small entrances. At the center of this enclosure there is what must originally have served as an altar. The entire place gives evidence of having been both temple and fortress, and, as was the case of the Jewish tabernacle, the worshipers evidently gathered in the outer court. The smaller

entrance may have served for priests to enter for the performance of mystic rites. The tombs, vaults and chambers are clearly designed for holding human sacrifices. Many points of similarity between the architecture of these ruins and the ruins of Solomon's temple have repeatedly been noted by archaeologists. The builders of these mysterious and dignified structures undoubtedly understood the highest principles of masonry.

Most of the small islets in this neighborhood are surrounded with high sea walls of stone blocks neatly fitted together, and some idea of the labor involved in building them may be gathered from the fact that, together with the canals which separate them, this little group occupies an area of over eleven square miles. Many of them contain paved enclosures and raised platforms built of the same kind of blocks, and the little island of Nan Katara has a single wall twenty-seven feet high surrounding a huge paved enclosure, which was undoubtedly an ancient council house, for it was in this enclosure that the chiefs and priests of the tribe met to make laws, to hold feasts and to worship their strange gods. I have several times visited these ruins and have always found that even the natives who profess Christianity regard them with superstitious dread and believe them to be haunted.

An unusually intelligent chief who called himself David Lumboi, and spoke good English, besides professing to be a Christian, once accompanied me into the ruins of Nan Tauach. He declared that he trembled with fear all the while he was

within the ruins, and that nothing could induce him to enter them except in company with a white man.

**The Beautiful
Islet of
Nan Tauach.**

It is a curious fact that Nan Tauach is the only one of these islets which is not a perfect parallelogram. It faces directly on the canals to the north, east and west sides; but the south side runs off to an indefinite

point, and is so overgrown with trees and brush that it is impossible to follow the outline of it.

By scratching the ground on this island with a stick I dug up a number of shell beads in the bottom of the central vault. These beads are about an eighth of an inch in thickness and vary in diameter from half an inch to more than an inch and a half. Some were rectangular, others were circular, and each bead had a hole through the center.

There is a theory that these islets were constructed for fortifications, and that the ground has subsided and allowed the sea water to overflow them, forming canals of what originally were streets and public squares. These and other massive ruins in the South Seas prove beyond a doubt that the Pacific Ocean in these parts was in prehistoric times the scene of a high civilization.

**Mysterious
Ancient
Inhabitants.** It is curious that the natives of the various islands where ruins are found all trace their origin out of the west. They also unite in locating their paradise at some indefinite point in the west, and all hope to go there

when they die. It is evident that those ancient races were great slaveholders with important business interests in the seas, or they never would have undertaken the enormous labor involved in the construction of such buildings, roads and bridges, whose picturesque remains bear silent witness to the greatness of the mysterious people that constructed them.

It also is evident that these structures were erected to protect and facilitate trade and not in any way for the sake of glory or to perpetuate the memory of the inhabitants, for no inscriptions of any kind are to be found among them.

This mysterious people who have left monuments of empire all the way from Easter Island in the extreme southeast to the Pelew Islands in the extreme northwest, evidently came there in large decked ships and practiced some distinct and

elaborate form of paganism. It is interesting to surmise who they were and how they vanished so completely, leaving no record of their identity on the face of the earth.

**Little People
against
The Giants.** On the little island of Nan Tamarui are the graves of the so-called Little People who lived upon this special island. They were very short and black; and when the ancestors of the present inhabitants dispossessed them of their land they retreated to their fastnesses in the interior of the island and maintained a long and desultory war against the invaders.

Their method of warfare consisted chiefly in making sudden raids upon the enemy, burning houses, destroying crops and canoes, killing every one in their way, and as suddenly retiring to the inaccessible fastnesses of the interior. The invaders, who were giants, made repeated attempts to follow the Little People to their retreats, but were so assailed from leafy coverts, which completely concealed the little war men, with sudden and manifold volleys of myriads of poisoned arrows, that the giants were glad enough to beat retreat.

The trail from Nan Tamarui to Ponial, where the graves of the ancient Little tribe are located, is almost impassable, and we reached the place at last and discovered it to contain only nine graves all told, and these were the resting places of distinguished chiefs, which accounts for their elaborateness and for the remoteness of them also.

Some of the dances of the remaining tribes on Nan Tamarui are especially beautiful, though they have nothing of the savagery of the dances of the tribes south of the line. The performers are usually naked to the waist, except for wreaths of flowers around the head and festoons of leaves on the neck and arms. They dance to the tap-tapping of castanets, which resemble finger rings, and also they use a drum made of a hollow log and varying from three to five feet in length.

This is set up on end, covered with manta skin and beaten in time to the measure of the dance.

**The Dances
of Kalek
and Wen.**

The men alone perform one class of standing dances which they call kalek. Men and women together perform various varieties of sitting dances known as wen. They are fond of singing, and it is quite common to come upon small groups of them singing lustily to the accompaniment of fifes and drums and castanets. The kol or full dress kilt of the men reaches nearly to the knees and hangs loose like a long fringe of flax. The common costume is made of banana fiber and is little more than a waist clout.

Unlike most South Sea Islanders the Ponapians make their houses square. They first build a stone platform four and a half or five feet high and fill the interstices between the stones with sand and pounded coral. Upon this platform they erect a wooden framework, lashing the pieces together with a cord made of cocoanut husks. The height of the ridge pole varies from fifteen to twenty feet, and the rafters are invariably made of the aerial roots of the mangrove. These houses are thatched with leaves of the cocoanut tree and the sago palm, while the sides are covered with tall leaves lashed to the bamboo uprights of the framework. Each village has a Nach or Big House, where strangers are received and entertained, the affairs of the tribe are discussed and dances are performed. When the chief wishes to assemble the people quickly for a council he blows lustily upon a large shell trumpet.

At a Ponapi wedding which we attended one day at noon, the bridegroom had provided a sumptuous feast at his own house where he and his friends waited for the coming of the bride with her numerous friends and relatives. The bride seated herself beside the bridegroom, whose mother performed what is known as the ceremony of anointing, by vigorously

rubbing her back and shoulders with cocoanut oil. The bridegroom then crowned her with a wreath of fragrant and beautiful star-shaped wedding flowers which they call chair-en-wai. Then everybody partook of the wedding feast and the ceremony was over.

**The
Dangerous
Flying
Garfish.**

Frequently we went fishing with natives at night. They live in great dread of the flying garfish, which often leap from the water and kill men who chance to be in their line of flight. I frequently have seen these flying fish leap over the boat at night. They whizz through the air like an arrow. One night we were calmly fishing and a native was standing in the bow of our canoe when a small garfish flew past and struck him on the leg. The man fell over as if he had been shot, and there was a wound in his leg like a large spear cut. We took him to the big ship as quickly as possible and dressed the wound, and he got well of it in time, but his superstitious fears and dread were fearful to contemplate.

Upon another occasion I was cutting some aerial mangrove roots for the purpose of making them into fishing poles, when I suddenly came upon a macho, as deadly a reptile as there is anywhere, coiled upon the spider-like roots of the tree. Instead of escaping, as I fancied it would, it at once showed signs of fight, so I fought, too, and killed it after a twenty-minute battle, with a blow of my axe. Some years afterward I saw the same variety of venomous dark-green water snake in the Pelew Islands, where the natives fear its sting like a death blow.

After experiencing considerable dirty weather we arrived off the entrance to Ahurei Bay on the east coast of Rapa Island, where a native pilot came aboard and took us into the inner harbor, which is commodious and well sheltered. Rapa bears a striking resemblance to some portions of Fiji on ac-

count of its extraordinary sharp-pointed mountain tops. The natives evidently belong to the Polynesian race, though they are smaller of stature than those found on islands farther west. We had learned from a whaler of some interesting ruins on Rapa. The natives readily agreed to show them to us and we found them most interesting.

Ruins in
Fine State
of Preserva-
tion.

The ruins of Ponapi are in the water and those on the island of Kusai are only a little distance above the water, but the ruins on Rapa are built upon the tops of six high hills.

Instead of being built of basaltic prism laid crosswise without cement as are the other ruins in this region, those of Rapa are made of huge stones all neatly squared and accurately joined together with cement which is as hard as the stone itself. It is owing chiefly to the excellence of the cement used in their construction that these ruins are in such a fine state of preservation. No plants or roots of trees have been able to force themselves between the stones and force them apart by the power of expansion.

While the actual building of these ruins required an incredible amount of labor, this feature sinks into insignificance when compared with the rare beauty and workmanship of the finish and the elaborate minor details of their construction. They are as far superior to the other ruins which we had seen as a fine mansion is superior to a common building. This would seem to indicate that this lonely little island of Rapa may possibly have been the chief capital of the same mysterious civilization which flourished here, the very heart and center, perhaps, of some elaborate form of heathenism.

Tradition tells us that a race of white giants lived in fortified hills somewhere hereabouts at a remote period and wore white garments in time of peace but clothes of iron in time of war.

There can be little doubt that these buildings are the work of some highly civilized people far advanced in the mechanical arts and possessed of steel tools capable of cutting the hardest of stone. They also had copper tools tempered to cut like steel. It is a strange experience, this actually being among the mystic, silent relics of long-forgotten ages.

**The Work
of Highly
Civilized
People.**

We searched the buildings for inscriptions or hieroglyphics, but found none. We spoke of what might be buried beneath these great buildings and agreed that if any treasures or relics are to be found beneath any of the ruins or monuments scattered throughout these tropical islands they should surely be found here.

The climate of Rapa is remarkably mild and delightful and we were told it is entirely free from storms and hurricanes. We had rather squally weather on our run westward to Tongatabu where we anchored in Nukualofa Harbor. Our object in revisiting the Tonga group was to secure a collection of native cloths made of the bark of the paper mulberry and also to see the ruins there.

An interesting point about the island of Tongatabu is a low coral formation only slightly elevated above the sea. This island contains no other such stones as those of which the ruins are built, which shows beyond doubt that the builders must have conveyed the huge monoliths to the islands in large ships of some kind. These upright stones must be very deeply and firmly planted in the ground, for they have successfully withstood severe earthquake shocks, one of which threw a huge stone urn off the horizontal roof-slab upon which it stood. This particular monument seems to be built to stand for all time. It required an immense expenditure of labor, first to hew the gigantic monoliths into shape and then to convey them to the place where they now stand, and lastly

to set them up and place into position the roof-slab and the stone bowl. It is interesting to note that this monument upon which so much labor was expended stands entirely alone, and it is difficult to surmise the object for which it was erected, for like all the other ruins which we had visited it reveals no sign nor inscription, though it clearly conveys the impression of having been the center of some idolatrous religion.

Leaving Tonga we sailed again for Fiji and anchored in the mouth of the Rewa River on the southeast coast of Viti Levu, which consists of a mangrove swamp several miles in extent, abounding with wild duck.

We ascended the Rewa to its junction with the Wai ni Mouka or Water-of-fire-river, for the purpose of trading with the mountain people. The river banks were covered with magnificent forest trees festooned with a network of lianas, climbing ferns and orchids. The beautiful mountain ranges rising in the background make a supremely beautiful panorama. We stopped at several points and secured many rare and beautiful orchids and the native Kai Tholo tribe furnished us with a fine collection of curios consisting of bows, arrows, war clubs, spears, stone axes and the most beautiful wood carving of any of the islands we visited. The principal articles they wanted in return were strong knives, hatchets and calico.

Most
Beautiful
of all
Savage
Dances.

Before we left the Kai Tholos invited us to witness a Wave Dance representing the ocean waves breaking upon a coral reef, and we enjoyed the performance of it more than we could express to each other.

The faces of the dancers were painted in various light colors and in a great variety of patterns. Their hair was adorned with scarlet parrots' feathers. They first seated themselves upon a little knoll which represented the coral island around which the waves were rising. By far the greatest number of dancers were men and boys wearing snow-

white turbans and long sashes of pure white *masi* cloth as fine as gauze and representing the waves. These snow-white sashes were so arranged that they floated in long streamers from the heads and waists of the dancers like the white crests of breakers; and their grace and beauty, as they waved in perfect harmony with the music, and all in such barbaric surroundings, was unearthly and unspeakably beautiful.

The music began in a low droning murmur, like the ceaseless murmur of ocean surges, while the dancers formed in long lines and began advancing in imitation of the rising tide. The smallest children represented the tiniest wavelets and the entire company waved on with bowed heads and outspread hands until at a given signal they began to break up into smaller companies, precisely in the way that incoming waves break against minor obstructions in their course. When the long waving lines of dancers reached an imaginary shore, they all suddenly sprang into the air and waved their long white streamers in imitation of the snowy crests of larger waves and breakers while the murmuring dance of the music swelled to a thundering roar like the reverberating boom of high waves beating upon the shore. The movements of the dancers gradually increased in rapidity as they alternately advanced and retired in imitation of the rising tide and they steadily gained ground until high tide was reached at last. The process then reversed, and though the dancers advanced and retired as before, they steadily receded by imperceptible degrees to the point where they had started, which represented low water resounding. The dancing was as graceful as it was realistic and every movement and attitude of those performing savages was exquisite in the extreme. Suddenly everybody around about, except our astonished selves, uttered a resounding *wawo* and the most beautiful savage dance in the world ended.

The climate of Fiji is rainy, so every house is built upon a stone foundation several feet high in order to keep it well

above the damp ground. The floor is evenly covered with a thick layer of soft, dry grass and the grass in turn is covered with rich woven mats which are kept scrupulously clean. A large wooden bowl of water is always kept outside the door and every one must wash his feet before entering.

The Fiji canoes are large double boats a hundred feet long and six feet deep, capable of carrying several tons of cargo besides a hundred or more men. A small pilot house is built upon a platform extending between the boats, which carry large matting sails, by means of which they can travel very fast.

Fiji canoes belonging to chiefs are elaborately carved and decorated, and their snow-white sails and long bright-colored pennants streaming in the wind present a gay and fantastic picture as they glide over the water with the speed of a race horse.

**The Home
of the
Heathen
Gods.**

On completing our trading operations we proceeded to Suva, which is situated about twenty miles to the westward on the south side of Viti Levu, thence to Mbenga, where

we again witnessed the unearthly fire-walking ceremony, well known as characteristic of the islanders of the Fiji group. It is celebrated to-day only on the island of Mbenga, a little basaltic islet only five miles long by three broad, and, like all the rest of the Fiji group, is beautiful enough to make the spectator wonder not at all that the Fijians believed it to be the residence of their god. Small as it is it has two good harbors, in one of which, Kovanga, we anchored.

On the north side of the entrance is a wide beach of white sand, back of which is a pretty native village of about thirty houses. The entire habitat of the island is scarcely 750 souls, who call themselves "Ngali thuva ki Langi," which, translated, means Subject only to Heaven, because they consider themselves and their island sacred and acknowledge no earthly authority.

The priests who perform the mysterious fire-walking are called Na Ivilankata, a word which seems to have an endless variety of significant meanings. The lovo, which is the pit where the fire-dancing takes place, is some four feet deep and probably twenty-two feet in diameter. The bottom is paved with large flat stones. First a quantity of kindling wood is laid upon the stones and covered with logs to a height of ten feet. Many stones are placed upon the top of the logs and before daylight the fire is lighted. The hardwood logs which they use give out a great heat; as the fire gradually burns down a fresh supply of dry logs is thrown in on top of the stones until they are heated to a white heat.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon the master of ceremonies gave the signal and the natives began clearing the burnt logs and embers off the stones. The men who did this wore clothes of banana leaves by way of a protection from the fierce heat. They dragged away the half-burned logs with running nooses of tough vines attached to long poles.

**Again the
Incredible
Fire
Walking.**

While this was going on two medical men, along with us, requested permission to examine the feet of the performers. This was readily granted. They examined not only their feet, but their entire bodies and limbs, and acknowledged there was nothing unusual about them, while the native priests declared positively that they had not undergone any preparation whatsoever for the ceremony. There were ten dancers, so called, and they wore only breech clouts of common calico and anklets of dried fern leaves, which, by the way, are highly inflammable. They also wore wreaths of the ti tree upon their heads.

Starting in single file, they walked slowly and measuredly across the red-hot stones, chanting in a low monotone. They walked backwards and forwards in the glowing heat, showing not the slightest evidence of inconvenience.

A native who stood by and who spoke good English instantly invited one dancer to satisfy the mind of an incredulous white man about the heat of the stones by allowing him to touch any one of them, which he had declared must be non-conductors of heat. Another dancer tied a white handkerchief to the end of a long bamboo pole and held it all of two feet above the red-hot stones; the handkerchief instantly scorched and burned up. Some one else threw a rolled-up bit of cloth in upon the stones. It blazed up and burned instantly. Still others threw in branches and twigs, which promptly sent up clouds of smoke and burned up in flames.

The performers remained in the pit for about ten minutes and then marched out. The doubters examined their feet carefully, but were obliged to admit that they were perfectly normal, and I noticed that their loin cloths and anklets of dry fern leaves showed not the slightest evidence of being scorched.

In a little while the performers reentered the fire and deliberately seated themselves upon a layer of green leaves, which, of course, could afford no real protection from the intense heat; nevertheless they remained seated on the hot stones for several minutes, chanting their monotonous incantation. At a signal from the leader they all arose and marched out as unconcernedly as they had marched in.

I have talked with missionaries who have lived among these people for many years and they all agree that the Fijians have the same traditions, which, according to the

The Tradition of the Fire-Walkers. leader of the fire-walkers, who is a very intelligent man and speaks good English, is as follows:

A great many years ago, ages before the coming of Popalangi, a kind of fairy god named Tui Na Moliwai lived in seclusion among the hills in the Sawau district of Mbenga Island and performed many miracles. One day a

strange story-teller appeared in the village of Narakaisese and entertained the inhabitants with wonderful stories of the many foreign lands which he had visited. After several days when Tui Na Moliwai was about to take his leave the chief of the village asked each one in the audience what gift he would make to the story-teller. A high chief named Tui Ngalita promised the story-teller a large eel and the next morning he started out to secure one. He went to the pond which had been named in honor of a certain sprite who was supposed to live near it, and he thrust his hand into a small but deep hole and felt for eels. He first drew out a man's girdle, which he threw away. He next got hold of a man's arm, which proved to be the arm of no other than the story-teller. Tui Ngalita informed his captive that he must be baked in the pit and eaten. The story-teller then confessed that he was no other than the fairy sprite, and offered the chief great rewards if he would release him. The request was refused, and his captor insisted he must be cooked like an eel and eaten. "If you will release me, and not put me in the fire, but only allow me to walk through it," insisted the sprite, "I will confer upon you and upon all your descendants forever the mysterious power to walk through fire whenever you wish to without the slightest injury to your body." This offer Tui Ngalita accepted. The sprite immediately constructed a large long pit, lined it with stones which he heated white hot and led Tui Ngalita into the furnace, where they remained without feeling the least discomfort for the whole day. "You are now invulnerable to fire," said the sprite to the savage, "and this power shall remain with you and with your descendants forever." So saying the sprite vanished in a flame and has never been seen since.*

* It must be remembered that this unearthly fire-walking ceremony is not performed in secret by any means, and that many most intelligent and highly educated white people have witnessed it.

It must be understood that this strange ceremony of fire-walking is not confined to the Fijians alone. In Honolulu I saw the famous Papa Ita, a native of Tahiti, give his famous exhibitions of fire-walking there. He afterwards went to ^{In} ^{San} ^{Francisco.} San Francisco, where an immense crowd of spectators witnessed his ceremonious fire-walking performance.

A large square place was dug in the form of an oven in front of a church, and ten or twelve cords of wood were piled in it. On top of the wood were piled about eight or ten tons of large stones and broken blocks of lava; the fire was kept burning for about seven hours before the performance began.

Medical experts have been sent to examine the performers, but after most careful scrutiny all have been compelled to confess that they could find no explanation of the mystery. My own opinion is that this fire walking is nothing more nor less than a survival of the ancient heathen rite of passing through the fire to some heathen deity so often mentioned in the Old Testament.

"And they caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire, and used divination and enchantments."—II Kings 17:17.

"And he made his son pass through the fire, and observed times, and used enchantments, and dealt with familiar spirits and wizards."—II Kings 21:6.

"And he defiled Topheth, which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Molech."—II Kings 23:10.

As Christian baptism and the Eucharist are the visible bonds which unite humanity to divinity, so passing through the fire was evidently an unholy heathen sacrament which formerly united its votaries to Satan. The Bible does not say that they were consumed in the fire, but simply that they passed through the fire as a dedication of themselves to some of the devil gods worshiped by the heathen.

No intelligent person could spend several years of his life among the Polynesian Islanders and not notice the great similarity of many of their manners, customs and traditions to many customs mentioned in the Bible.

When the fire had burned down sufficiently they leveled the stones with long poles, and Papa Ita, removing his shoes, invited any one to examine his feet. Several medical men made a very careful examination, but could find nothing unusual about them. I noticed particularly that Papa Ita, who had most likely never heard of the Fiji Islands or their inhabitants, wore upon his head a wreath composed of the leaves of the ti tree, exactly like those which the Fijian performers wore under the same circumstances. He also carried a bunch of the same leaves in his hand and constantly waved them above his head during the entire performance. As he approached the fire he began chanting a low and melancholy though singularly musical incantation which was plainly audible amid the death-like silence of the spectators. He walked slowly and deliberately across the white-hot stones without the slightest hesitation and landed safely on the other side, amid the cheers of the onlookers. He then turned and walked back to the center of the furnace, where he stopped and remained for some time, looking around him, then stepped out on the side where he had first entered.

He now held out his hand towards the hundreds of spectators and made a short speech in the Tahitian language. His native interpreter said that he invited any of the spectators to follow him through the fire, and assured them that the fire would not have the slightest effect upon them, because they would be under the protection of the fire goddess. No one accepted his invitation and he turned and walked slowly back and forwards through the glowing furnace several times, then stopped and stood for a few minutes in the center again, where the heat was so intense that the heat waves caused his robes to flutter around him. He never ceased his chant while in the furnace, and also kept the bunch of ti tree leaves constantly waving about his head.

His feet were carefully examined after the performance,

but were found to be perfectly normal and did not show the least sign of being burned. Some of the people then threw pieces of meat upon the stones and they were burned to cinders in short order. A thermometer was hung six feet above the stones and the solder melted when the instrument registered 282 degrees; and several parties took photographs of Papa Ita during the performance.

Representatives of the Honolulu papers interviewed him before his departure for San Francisco and questioned him in regard to his mysterious power over fire. In reply to their inquiries Papa Ita said: "I am the last lineal descendant of the original fire-walkers of the Tahitian Islands. Countless ages ago the goddess of fire, Hina nui a te Ahi (Great maiden of the Fire), chose my ancestors to represent her in this world and gave them complete power over fire and heat; but I am the last of the line. Hina nui a te Ahi is offended with my people because they have forsaken

**An Address
in a
Heathen
Tongue.**
the worship of their old gods and have accepted Christianity. Therefore the goddess whom I worship has decreed that I shall die childless, and with me dies the last of the fire-walkers of modern times.

"She protected my forefathers and she will protect me as she has so often done. It is only through special power that I am kept from being burned to death.

"The goddess of fire once visited us from her home in the moon. She appeared to my ancestors completely enveloped in the leaves of the ti tree, and it is to the ti tree leaf and her watchful care over me that I owe immunity from all harm in the fire. She told my forefathers that many thousands of years ago a bird flew to the moon and plucked the berries of the ti tree, which is sacred to the gods, and in carrying them over our islands dropped them upon the soil, where they took root and grew, and thus it was that this sacred tree first ap-

peared upon this earth. So long as I am enveloped in the sacred ti leaf and chant my prayer to the fire-goddess all fire is as harmless to me as the rays of the sun. Time and time again I have walked barefooted over white-hot stones in the presence of hundreds of spectators without feeling the least pain or even noticing the heat.

"It is no trick, I assure you. It is the power of our goddess which protects me. My people are dying out and are afflicted with various calamities because they have forsaken the worship of their ancient gods, and there is no help for them except to return to their old mode of life and the worship of their former gods."

**A Breath from
Forgotten
Ages.**

We look back with a sort of vague curiosity to the Biblical account of the passing through the fire and other kindred abominations which were practiced in honor of Baal, Ashtoreth, and Moloch in the days of the Hebrew prophets; but it seems like a breath from these long-forgotten ages to find that the same religion still survives and the same weird, uncanny ceremonies are being performed to-day in our own land. We know as a matter of history that the Phoenicians, who were by far the greatest navigators, merchants and traders of antiquity, carried the religion of Baal and Ashtoreth with them wherever they went and made it the religion of almost the entire ancient world. It is not difficult to understand the secret of their success in spreading their religion; for the spectacular always appeals to the multitude and the amazing spectacle of people walking unharmed through a fiery furnace would naturally tend to convert whole tribes of natives to the worship of the gods who could enable their votaries to defy the laws of nature.

The world-empire of the Arabo-Phoenicians is now distinctly traced from the Orkney Islands, on the north, to Zambezi and Lindi Rivers in South Africa, and from the Canary

Islands, in the Atlantic, to Malacca and Sumatra in the Far East. Hanno, the Carthaginian admiral who sailed around Africa about B. C. 570, or more than 2,000 years before Vasco da Gama or Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope, carried 500 men in each of his ships besides their provisions and other stores.

Extensive Phoenician ruins are now found in East South Africa, and the Makalanga tribe, residing along the Zambesi River, still worships the ancient Semitic Baal under the name of Bubu. It is known that the Phoenicians (or Carthaginians) planted colonies in the British Islands and introduced the worship of Baal; and it is curious to find that this worship never became entirely extinct in those Islands, although what was once practiced as a matter of religion is now practiced as a mere matter of fun or in obedience to ancient custom. The intensely religious Keltic inhabitants of Ireland, Wales and Scotland still celebrate Midsummer Night (June 21st) with bonfires upon the hilltops in honor of the sun as their Carthaginian or Phoenician ancestors did in long-past ages upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Some roll blazing hoops or blazing wheels (the emblem of the sun) down hillsides in commemoration of the annual course of the sun. Young couples clasp hands and leap over the bonfire, entirely unconscious of the fact that they are only celebrating in a milder form the dark heathen rite of passing through the fire, which was celebrated in honor of Baal the Sun-god upon the hills of Palestine three thousand years ago.

CHAPTER XXVI

STRANGE PAGAN ECHOES OF SCRIPTURE NARRATIVES

The colonies and trading posts of the Phœnicians and Carthaginians are clearly traced from the British Islands to Malacca and Sumatra, but it is against reason to suppose that such enterprising traders and navigators would stop at the entrance to the Pacific without exploring further. It might be argued if the Phœnicians or Carthaginians built the immense ruins which still remain in various parts of the Pacific, they would surely have sought to perpetuate their memory by inscribing their names and achievements upon the buildings or monuments which they erected. But it is a matter of history that these people were so extremely avaricious that they cared absolutely nothing for what is known as "glory," the sole object of their existence was gain. Avarice with them destroyed patriotism, and led to their ruin and extermination; for they depended entirely upon hired mercenaries to fight their battles while they devoted all their energies to buying, selling and hoarding.

And
Drowned
All Hands.

They were also extremely secretive and sought always to conceal the sources of their wealth. It is on record that a Carthaginian ship bound to Britain for a cargo of tin ore was followed by a Roman galley for the purpose of discovering where they obtained the tin. The Carthaginian captain, finding that he could not get rid of his pursuers, deliberately ran his vessel ashore on the coast of Gaul and drowned all hands, rather than run the risk of any one of

his men betraying such a valuable secret to their hated rivals.

All the Polynesian races without exception have very distinct traditions that their ancestors emigrated to these islands from the westward; but every existing proof goes to show that this emigration must have been very remote. It could not possibly have occurred within recent or historic times, for no other people now in existence bear a sufficiently strong resemblance to the Polynesians in their language and chief mental and physical characteristics. The first settlers must have arrived in the Hawaiian Islands in very early times, because human bones are found beneath the ancient coral beds and lava flows. In New Zealand human bones are found under the peat beds of the Molineaux River, thus proving the great antiquity of man in this region. There can be no question that a highly civilized race once held sway in these islands of the Pacific, and it is equally beyond question that the ancestors of the Polynesians were intimately associated with the people of the Holy Land.

The Polynesian traditions of the War in Heaven, the Creation, the Fall of Man, the story of Cain and Abel, the Flood, the eight persons who were saved from the flood in a large canoe, etc., all agree so closely with the Bible story that it would be preposterous to say that they are the result of mere chance or coincidence. Competent authorities declare that the Polynesian institution of tabu, or tapu (which has been described elsewhere in this story), is identical with the Hebrew toebah. They adhered strictly to the law of Moses in regard to circumcision and the test of virginity, and their laws and restrictions in regard to consanguinity and marriage are very nearly identical with those found in the Bible.

While the Polynesians are doubtless a mixed race, there seems no reasonable doubt that the main stock (especially the chiefs) are of Semitic and Hamitic descent, and that they

came with the early Phoenician navigators from their original home on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean to the colonies which they planted in the South Sea Islands.

The views expressed in the following paragraphs are found in the introduction to *Legends and Myths of Hawaii*, by King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands:

The strictly Polynesian tribes can be traced back to an Aryan beginning, somewhere in Asia Minor or Arabia.

Their legends clearly repeat the story of the Jewish Genesis. Following the channels of the commerce of those early days they drifted to India and at length found a home in the Asiatic Archipelago from Sumatra to Luzon and Timor. From thence they spread, or were pushed, further east, and made their first general round-up in the Fiji group, where they undoubtedly left their impress upon the native Papuan inhabitants. From Fiji they gradually spread over the Pacific, occupying by stages the several groups of islands where their descendants are now found.

Their religion was a system of idolatrous forms and sacrifices engrafted without consistency upon the Jewish story of the creation, the fall of man, the revolt of Lucifer, the Deluge, and the repopulation of the earth. Their legends were preserved with marvelous integrity. Their historians were the priests, who met in council at regular intervals and compared their genealogical "mélés" in order that nothing might be either changed or lost.

How did the Hawaiian priests become possessed of the story of the Hebrew Genesis? It was old to them when the *Discovery* and *Resolution* dropped their anchors in Kealakeakua Bay, and also to their ancestors when the latter quitted the shores of Asia. They believed that from the beginning there existed a trinity of gods, who were the sole and all-pervading intelligences of Po (night, chaos, darkness). These gods were: Kane (Kah-ney), the originator; Ku, the archi-

tect and builder; Lono, the director and executor of the elements. This "Hikapoloa" (trinity), according to their traditions, first brought light into chaos. They next created the three heavens as their dwelling places, and then the earth, sun, moon and stars were made by them. From their saliva the Hikapoloa then created a host of angels to minister to their wants.

**Another
Creation
Story.**

Finally they created man's body and limbs of red earth, mingled with the saliva of Kane, and his head of white clay which Lono brought from the four quarters of the earth.

The name Adam means red in all Polynesian dialects, and it will be noticed that the body of the Hawaiian Adam was formed of red earth. He was created in the image of Kane, who breathed into his nostrils, and he became alive. While he slept the gods took a rib from his side and made a woman. The Hikapoloa named the man Kumu-honua, and the woman Ke-ola-ku-honua. The newly created pair were placed in a very beautiful paradise called Paliuli. Three rivers of the "waters of life" ran through it, and on the banks of these rivers grew every inviting fruit, including the "tabued bread-fruit tree," and the "sacred apple tree," which were intimately connected with the fall and expulsion from paradise.

The three rivers had their source in a beautiful lake fed by the "living waters of Kane." The waters were filled with fish which fire could not destroy, and when these waters were sprinkled upon the dead they were restored to life.

The legends tell also of instances in which these waters were procured through the favor of the gods for the restoration of the life of distinguished mortals long dead.

One of the angels created was Kanaloa (the Hawaiian Lucifer), who incited a rebellion in heaven and was cast out with all his followers. When man was created Kanaloa demanded that the man should adore him. Kane refused to

allow this, as both angels and men were alike the creation of Deity, whereupon Kanaloa determined to create a man who would worship him. Kane allowed him to proceed, and he made a man in the exact image of Kumu-honua, but could not give life to it. He breathed into its nostrils, but it would not rise; he called to it, but it could not speak. This enraged him, and he determined then to destroy the man and woman whom the Hikapoloa had created. He therefore assumed the form of a moo (lizard) and crept into Paliuli. In some way which the legends do not state he deceived the man and woman and induced them to commit some offence for which they were driven from Paliuli by the "large white bird of Kane."

**Heathen
Cain and
Abel.**

Kumu-honua and Ke-ola-ku-honua had three sons, of whom the eldest, named Laka, murdered the second. The youngest son was Ka Pili, and there were thirteen generations between him and the Deluge. The Hawaiian

Noah is called Nuu, and at the command of the Hikapoloa Nuu made a canoe of wood and he and his wife entered it with their three sons and their wives, and a male and female of every breathing thing. The waters then drowned the world, and when they subsided the Hikapoloa entered the canoe, which was resting upon a mountain overlooking a beautiful valley, and commanded Nuu to go forth upon the waters with all of the life which the vast canoe contained. In gratitude for his deliverance Nuu offered a sacrifice to the moon, which he mistook for Kane. Kane descended upon a rainbow and reproved his thoughtlessness, but left the rainbow as a perpetual token of his forgiveness. These legends are rich in parallel as may be easily seen.

Ten generations then followed between Nuu and Ku Pule, who "removed to a southern country," taking with him as his wife his slave woman Ahu. Ku Pule established the practice of circumcision, and was the grandfather of Kini-lau-a-mano,

whose twelve sons became the founders of twelve tribes, from one of which, named the Menehune, the Hawaiians are descended.

The legends tell a story similar to that of Joseph and mention the return of the Menehune from the southern country to the land which Kane had set apart for them. Two brothers led the Menehune through waters and over deserts on their return to this land. Hawaii-loa, a very distinguished chief and the fourth in generation from Kini-lau-a-mano (which latter evidently refers to Abraham), sailed with his followers, and, guided by the Pleiades, discovered the Hawaiian Group. He gave his own name to the largest island, and the names of his children to the smaller ones. The traditions relate that the ancestors of the chiefs came from the westward, but the common people were descended from the slaves or dependents whom they brought with them, and from the various slave races whom they subdued. The traditions also seem to show that the Menehune (men-e-hoo'ne), from whom the Hawaiians claim descent, built the ruined temples or monuments which are now found scattered throughout the various islands.

The Hawaiians and Tongans had Puhonuas, or cities of refuge, like those of the ancient Jews. The gates of a Puhonua were always open, and in time of war a large white flag was hoisted over each gate to guide fugitives to the sanctuary within. Each Puhonua was inclosed in thick stone walls, and criminals of all kinds, even murderers, were perfectly safe there from the moment they entered; for not even the king himself could enter a Puhonua in pursuit of a fugitive.

An Hawaiian heiau, or temple, had an inner court corresponding to the Holy of Holies of the Jewish Temple. The door of this inner court was covered with a large breadth of kapa (native bark cloth) corresponding to the veil of the Temple, and within was placed the Anu, which is a wicker enclosure four or five feet in diameter, in which stood the

oracle. It will be readily seen that this Anu corresponded to the Ark of the Covenant in the Temple at Jerusalem, and all sacrifices were killed outside the temple, as was the custom with the ancient Jews.

The
Heathen
Jonah.

Hawaiian traditions relate also that a great priest and prophet named Naula-a-Maihea was sailing in his canoe from Waianae, on the island of Oahu, to Kauai. His canoe capsized in a sudden squall and he would have been drowned, but a whale swallowed him and afterwards vomited him alive on the beach at Waialua, in Kauai, which was the exact place of his destination.

Like the Phoenicians, the Polynesians considered human sacrifice by far the most acceptable offerings to their gods, and in times of famine or pestilence their altars were heaped with human victims. The Maori priests always kept on hand a quantity of food set apart for the gods, exactly corresponding to the shew-bread of the ancient Jews; and this most sacred worship was paid to their gods in sacred groves, as it was in ancient Palestine and as it still is in the Island of Timor. The Fijians, many of whom are now staunch Christians, still have a dread of stepping upon the threshold of a vale ni lono (vale, house; ni, of; lono, faith), and we read that in olden days it was death to step on the threshold of a heathen temple. This custom bears a striking resemblance to the custom mentioned in I Samuel 5:5: "Therefore neither the priests of Dagon, nor any that come into Dagon's house, tread on the threshold of Dagon in Ashdod unto this day."

The spies whom Moses sent to spy out the Promised Land reported, "All the people that we saw in it are men of a great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which came of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." I believe I have seen every nationality in the world, including Pata-

gonians; but the Polynesians as a class are the largest people I have ever seen. It is a mistake to believe that the Polynesians were or are to this day ignorant savages. Even when the whites first discovered them they were a half-civilized race possessed of well-established forms of government together with intensely spiritual religious doctrines and usages and a sacred language which only the priests understood. These islanders are undoubtedly the descendants of some highly civilized race who have degenerated on account of their long and complete isolation from the rest of the world, their lack of iron, and the fact that they possess such a beautiful climate and a soil which supplies all their wants without the necessity of labor. They are light-brown in color, but they would be much lighter if they did not rub their skins with cocoanut oil, which has a tendency to darken it. I have often seen children of native missionaries who did not rub their skins with this oil, and they would almost have passed for white; in fact, they were a great deal whiter than many Spaniards and Portuguese whom I have seen. Many of them show such a strong Semitic cast of countenance that it is common to hear white traders, who live among them, say that they believe them to be among the descendants of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel.

The Phoenicians called themselves Kanaani (Canaanite), meaning "Lowlanders"; but the Greeks and Romans called them Phoenices, meaning deep-red or reddish brown, on account of the color of their skin. Rawlinson says in his history of the Phoenicians: "They were of a complexion intermediate between the pale races of the North and the swarthy inhabitants of the South, having abundant hair, sometimes curly, but never woolly. They were above medium height, and had features not unlike the Aryans or Caucasians, but somewhat less refined and regular; the nose rather broad and inclined to be hooked; the lips a little too full; and their frames in-

clined to stoutness and massiveness; while both in form and feature they resemble the Jews, who were their near neighbors and frequently intermarried with them." This description fits the Polynesians (especially the chiefs) so closely that it might have been written of them instead of the Phoenicians.

While Solomon was building the Temple at Jerusalem and his palace at Lebanon, we read in I Kings that he maintained a force of 183,000 Jews, and the record seems clearly to indicate that there were an equal number of Phoenicians, which would bring the total to 366,000. The building of the Temple occupied seven years and the building of the palace thirteen years, and Solomon fed and paid this great army of workmen during this entire period of twenty years. In spite of this enormous drain upon the treasury we read in the tenth chapter of Kings: "And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver; it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon." The writer of the Book of Kings does not leave any doubt in regard to the source of all this enormous wealth, for he proceeds to explain it as follows: "For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." "And King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, ship men that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon."

This clearly shows that Solomon and Hiram built at Ezion-geber, on the Red Sea, a navy of large ships, patterned after the large armed vessels which the Phoenicians were in the habit of building at Tharshish on the Mediterranean. It was

necessary that these vessels should be very large and strong, for it is expressly stated that the voyages upon which they were bound lasted three years. Speaking on this subject, the Jewish Encyclopedia says: "Any large vessel capable of making a long sea voyage was styled a 'Ship of Tharshish,' though this did not necessarily mean that the vessel sailed either to or from Tharshish." Records tell us distinctly that the long voyages which these fleets made were the chief source of Solomon's vast wealth, and the enterprise was considered so important that the wisest men of Tyre were sent in charge of the expeditions. "The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were the mariners; thy wise men, O Tyrus, that were in thee, were thy pilots" (Ezekiel 27:8).

**Solomon's
Gold.**

The next question that occurs to us is, What voyage could have lasted three years? Again the record, according to Josephus, says that they brought gold from Ophir, and Josephus, who was certainly thoroughly familiar with Jewish history and tradition, declares that Ophir was located in the Malay Peninsula. We read that "Hiram, King of Tyre, sent a sufficient number of men to Ezion-geber for pilots, and such as were skillful in navigation; to whom Solomon gave this command, that they should go along with his own stewards to the land that was called of old Ophir, but now the Aurea [Golden] Chersonesus, which belongs to India, to fetch him gold. And when they had gathered four hundred talents (\$11,520,000) they returned to the king again." The Golden Chersonesus was beyond doubt the Malay Peninsula, and peacocks are found only in Southeastern Asia and the neighboring islands. The almug, or algum, trees which the fleet brought back are found only in Southeastern Asia and the South Sea Islands. (Sandalwood is called valgum in Sanscrit.)

The fleets brought back gold, ivory, apes, and peacocks; and it is worthy of note that the names which the old Hebrew

writers applied to these things in the Old Testament are identical with the names which the natives of Ceylon apply to the same things to-day. Although Josephus locates Ophir in the Malay Peninsula, we must remember that the Jews applied the name of Ophir in an indefinite way to all the various lands lying to the eastward of Arabia in the direction of the Indian Ocean, very much as we use the word Orient. It is not to be supposed that the Phoenicians would betray the source from which they brought back such fabulous wealth for fear that the Greeks and Romans might supplant them as they had done nearer home.

Again, it is absurd to suppose that such practical seamen and shrewd business men would waste three years on a voyage if it could possibly be performed in less time; and in Ridpath's "Great Races of Mankind" we read that a Phoenician ship could carry 500 men and make from 120 to 150 miles in 24 hours on an average. It was their custom to establish colonies or trading posts wherever they went (as, for instance, in the British Islands), so that the officials in charge of these trading posts could have cargoes ready for their ships upon arrival and thus avoid delay.

The wonderful ruins of Mexico and Peru, together with the ruins scattered among the South Sea Islands, all point to a common origin, and all are marked with the peculiarities characteristic of Phoenician architecture. The stupendous ruins of Ancient Egypt bear such a striking resemblance to those of Mexico and Peru that there is every reason to believe the latter were copied from the former. Yet the Egyptians were never seamen or travelers, and their country was closed to every other nation except the Phoenicians, who were welcomed everywhere because they catered to the wants of all with whom they came in contact.

The Phoenicians were the only foreigners who were sufficiently well acquainted with Egyptian architecture to be able

to reproduce it on the opposite side of the world; and the friendship between the Egyptians and Phoenicians was so strong that one of the Pharaohs dug a canal where the present Suez Canal is located to enable the Phoenician vessels to pass between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. After the destruction of Phœnician commerce the drifting sands of the desert gradually filled it in and its existence was forgotten.

A curious coincidence often struck me while cruising among the South Sea Islands. The ancient Egyptian name for the sun was Ra, and all the Polynesian tribes throughout the Pacific call the sun Ra, or La. (Some of the Polynesian tribes cannot pronounce the sound of R, and substitute L in its place.) Thus, the sun is called Ra in Maori, Tahitian, and Raratongan; and La in the dialects of Tonga, Samoa, Niue, Fakaafu, Manahiki, and Hawaii.

**Phœnicians
Visited
America.**

It would be impossible to give a résumé of all the evidence there is to prove that the Phœnicians visited this continent. Suffice it to say that M. Renan and other competent authorities describe the ruins of Mexico and

Central America as of Phœnician origin, and the historian Bancroft proves apparently beyond doubt that the Phœnicians visited the American continent in the time of Solomon. In fact, the religious customs and beliefs of the natives of Mexico, Central America, and Peru, their architecture, their calendar, their arts and many other things which the Spaniards found when they conquered America, all reveal such startling coincidence with the details of Asiatic beliefs and Asiatic civilization as to leave no doubt of their Asiatic origin. It is incredible that so many striking coincidences could exist between the civilizations of two widely separated continents unless the civilization of one was chiefly borrowed from the other.

One of the most common ornaments found in the walls of

the temples in different parts of Mexico consists of the pattern known as the Greek fret, or Greek key pattern, and a perfect elephant's head is sculptured upon the walls of Palenque, although no elephants are found in America. The Toltecs understood astronomy so well that they had a more correct idea of a year's duration than did most European nations; and it is said that the Mexican calendar stone is the only calendar ever invented that is absolutely correct for all time, and the best scientists can not discover how it was worked out.

The Mayas, who preceded the Toltecs, have left the most incontestable proofs that they attained a degree of civilization to which the rest of the ancient world could scarcely afford a parallel. The remains of their vast public works, their costly edifices, their splendid sculptures and paintings, and their finely carved symbolic writing attest a height of civilization of which any nation might be proud at the present day; yet all the remains of this great civilization show the marks of its Phœnician origin.

The Phœnicians also introduced the horrible custom of human sacrifice wherever they went, and this prevailed throughout all the Polynesian Islands and to an appalling extent in Mexico. Both Mexicans and Fijians firmly believed that their gods devoured the souls of all bodies which were eaten; hence the practice of cannibalism was the surest way of pleasing the gods! The Bible tells us that the Canaanites (the Phœnicians) considered human sacrifice the most acceptable of all sacrifices to the gods whom they worshiped.

The skulls of sacrificed human beings were preserved in Fijian temples and Mexican temples alike.

It has been truly said that the sun-dance and other self-tortures of the American Indians are a relic of the sun worship of Baal Peor upon the hills of Palestine. The human sacrifice, the passing through the fire, and all the other hideous

abominations which the Hebrew prophets denounced three or four thousand years ago upon the hills and sacred groves of Palestine were contemporaneous and simultaneous practices in both hemispheres until the advent of the Spaniards and the overthrow of the Montezumas. These cruel practices, which still prevail in isolated parts of this continent, attained their greatest development in Mexico; and the Mexican calendar stone duplicates in essentials the calendars of India and Asia Minor, from which these practices were evidently carried to the Western Continent.

We know that Solomon derived most of his **Solomon's Voyages.** enormous wealth from the long voyages of his fleet, and both Hebrews and Phoenicians were far too practical to waste three years

on a voyage unless the profits of the voyage warranted it. The combined fleets of the Hebrews and Phoenicians must not only have gone to some country at an immense distance from Palestine, but it must also have been a country which furnished gold and silver in fabulous quantities; and no other portion of the globe has ever furnished such prodigious quantities of gold and silver as Mexico and Peru. Cerro de Potosi, in Bolivia, has furnished not less than \$2,000,000,000 to the world's stock of precious metals since the Spanish conquest. Pizzaro took 20,000 pounds of pure gold and 82,000 pounds of silver from one Inca temple alone. He imprisoned the Inca Atahualpa, and the latter promised to fill the room in which he was imprisoned as high as he could reach with pure gold if the Spaniards would release him. The Spaniards promised to do so, and Atahualpa's subjects filled a room 22 feet long and 17 feet wide to a depth of 9 feet with plates and ornaments of pure gold; but when it was filled the demand was doubled and although the natives brought this also and promised four times as much silver, the Spaniards treacherously put him to death.

Among other treasures the Spaniards captured ten solid

gold statues of women and four solid gold statues of llamas, all life size.

The French expedition under M. de Pointis, in 1544, took \$200,000,000 from the city of Cartagena alone. Among the immense treasures which Quesada captured in Peru was one golden lantern belonging to a temple, worth \$13,800, and Mexico has yielded \$3,110,000,000 in gold and silver since the Spanish conquest.

When Sir Francis Drake captured the ship *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion*, which was carrying a cargo of treasure to Spain, his crew were three days transferring the gold and silver to his own ship.

It is known that the natives threw immense quantities of gold and precious stones into Lake Amatitlan, and suffered the Spaniards to torture them to death rather than betray their place of concealment. Among the treasures which they concealed were many life-sized idols of pure gold; but there is a native tradition that the time will come when these idols will arise of themselves from the lake, the ancient worship will be restored, and the Golden Age of the Aztecs will be ushered in. The priests and religious leaders to-day say that although the natives often profess to believe in Christianity they very seldom keep their word if sworn upon the cross; but among themselves they swear entirely by the sun and never think of breaking this their most solemn oath, because they still secretly worship the sun as their god.

The stories of the prodigious quantities of gold, silver, and precious stones which the Spaniards took from the New World read more like fairy tales than a sober relation of well authenticated facts. The Mexicans and Peruvians not only possessed vast quantities of the precious metals, but they had secrets which are not known at the present day. They also made their little hollow figures of thin gold, some of which are still found in Mexican museums, and no civilized jeweler of

the present day can imitate them or tell how they were made.

Oldest
Hallowe'en.

It is curious to find a similar (if not identical) ceremony celebrated on the same day of the year among the ancient Druids and the ancient Aztecs. The Druids celebrated a

feast upon the night October 31st (Hallowe'en), when the sacred fire was extinguished and the souls of all who had died during the year embarked in boats and went to the god of the dead, who awarded each his lot. The Aztecs celebrated a *Xiuhmolpilli* or cycle of 52 years, and the celebration always occurred on the night of October 31st. They had a tradition that the world was once destroyed at this time and would be again. On this night all the fires in the nation were put out and as midnight approached human sacrifices were offered to avert the threatened calamity. As soon as midnight was safely past the priests kindled a fire by rubbing two sticks together, swift couriers distributed brands from this fire over the whole nation, and all fires were relighted from it.

While we have the strongest reasons for believing that the main stock of the American Indians are of Mongolian origin, there are equally good reasons for believing that the Mexicans and Peruvians derived their civilization from the Phœnicians. Montezuma claimed that his ancestors were white. Don Pablo Felix de Cabrera of Guatemala, who made an exhaustive study of the subject, says that a large emigration of Carthaginians to America took place during the Punic Wars, and that the Carthaginians founded the kingdom of Amahuamecan.

This is no idle theory, for the ruins of both Mexico and Peru afford indisputable evidence that a Semitic race possessing a very high standard of civilization once ruled upon the Western Continent; and the only point of dispute is the manner in which they got here. From the ruins of a temple in Peru, and from the altar of a prehistoric ruin in Mexico, explorers have unearthed a number of "picture rocks," or hiero-

glyptic tablets, on which are represented characters neither Toltec nor Aztec, but strangely unlike either of the two great races of ancient Anahuac or Peru. The figures on these stone-paintings are unquestionably those of Jews, for the hair is curly and the typical Hebrew nose and other lineaments are portrayed as truthfully as in a photograph. Scientists tried to account for their presence on this continent by supposing that they crossed from Asia by way of Bering Strait about the time that a tribe of Israelites settled in China. In order to do so they would have been obliged to wander through thousands of miles of Arctic deserts, where they would most likely have died of cold and starvation, even if the savage inhabitants of these bleak deserts had not murdered them.

It is far more reasonable to suppose that the prodigious wealth of the New World induced large numbers of Jews and Phoenicians to settle in Mexico and Peru during the voyages of their fleets, and here created the civilization which afterwards perished as completely as did that of the mother-country from which it sprang. Both Jews and Phoenicians were so avaricious that they would take every precaution to prevent their contemporaries from learning their secrets, and it sufficed them to say that they brought their wealth from "Ophir."

It is an historical fact that Scipio was severely taken to task for not bringing back some of the enormous wealth which Carthage was known to possess, after such bloody fighting and such terrible loss of life. Scipio replied that he could find no treasure there; for the Carthaginians, realizing that the city must fall before the Romans, had sent away their enormous treasures in their ships, and no one has ever discovered where they were sent.

The descendants of this race in Tehuantepec still color their fabrics with a dye which they obtain from the mollusc *aptisia depilans*, which is said to be the same as that which the ancient Tyrians used in making their famous Tyrian

purple. It gives a splendid purple dye and requires no mordant to fix the color.

Although we did not visit the Society or Marquesas Islands, I afterwards learned that both these groups contain a number of prehistoric stone buildings which testify to the early settlements of the Phoenicians, and bear a striking resemblance to the buildings on Rapa.

On the Island of Nukahiva (Marquesas Group) is a building called Paepae Tapu, which consists of three tiers of terraces on the slope of a hill, and in front of these terraces is a ruined parapet enclosing an arena. No trace of any superstructure remains on the terraces or the parapet.

On the Island of Hivaoa there is another of these prehistoric buildings, in which there are rows of stone benches and isolated seats of honor for eminent persons.

The buildings in the Society Islands are generally in the form of platforms or terraces placed upon hilltops or elevated spots and formed of huge blocks of hewn stone which are often of very great size. On the center of each is placed a sort of massive altar.

A very large building of this kind is found at Papawa in Tahiti. The base measures 94 feet wide and 270 feet long, and from this rise ten steps or terraces, each of which is about six feet in height. They are called Marae, or Moria, suggesting the name of Mt. Moriah in Jerusalem.

Ancient Ideas. It is a source of unflagging interest to note the striking analogy between some of the heathen practices mentioned in the Bible and some that are found at the present day in the

South Sea Islands. Thus some of the ancient nations held that it was unseemly to represent the gods whom they worshiped by carved images, and worshiped them in the form of unhewn blocks of stone. The natives of Timor worship Usi Neno, the sun god, under the form of rough stones which

they call *Vatu Luli* (sacred stones), and those which I saw looked exactly like meteorites. It seems quite evident that the cultivated people of Ephesus worshiped their goddess Diana under some such form. "What man is there that knoweth not that the city of the Ephesians is a worshiper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image *which fell down from Jupiter?*"

A curious fact is that idolatry seems always to be inseparably connected with licentiousness. The natives of Timor practice the same abominations as did the ancient Canaanites in their sacred groves which they call *Uma Luli*, and the Society Islanders had a society called *Areoi*, who practiced the most horrible and unbelievable orgies as the surest way of pleasing the gods whom they worshiped.

It would require a good-sized volume in which to enumerate all the points of resemblance between the Polynesians and the ancient Canaanites, but because it is so interesting I enumerate here some of the principal points:

Striking Resemblances. Solomon derived most of his enormous wealth from the long voyages of his fleet. The combined Hebrew and Phoenician fleets must have gone to some far-distant country because each voyage occupied three years, and both parties were far too practical to waste three years upon a voyage if it could have been performed in less time; nor would they have done so unless the profits of the voyage were enormous. No other portion of the world has ever furnished such prodigious quantities of gold and silver as Mexico and Peru. The architecture, civilization, sun worship, human sacrifices, etc., of Mexico and Peru show unmistakable traces of their Phoenician origin. The immense ruins so widely scattered throughout the Pacific Ocean all indicate a common origin with those of Mexico and Peru. The Polynesians show beyond a doubt that their ancestors came from Palestine, for their traditions

of the War in Heaven, the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Flood, the *eight* persons who escaped the Flood, the Twelve Tribes, the Story of Jonah (Naula a Maihea), etc., might almost have been copied word for word from the Bible. All the Polynesian traditions state very clearly and distinctly that their ancestors came from the westward in large decked vessels capable of carrying several hundred people. The Phoenicians were the *only* people of ancient times who made long voyages and planted colonies and trading posts in distant lands, though they were extremely secretive in regard to the sources from which they derived their wealth. The ceremony of passing through the fire is still celebrated as it was in the time of the Hebrew prophets and the worship of Baal and Ashtoreth still survives; for Hina-nui-a-te-Ahi, the Fire Goddess and Moon Goddess of the Tahitian fire-walkers, is nothing more than Ashtoreth, the Moon Goddess and Queen of Heaven of the Ancient Phoenicians.

The approximate distance which the Phoenician and Hebrew fleets would have to traverse from Ezion-geber to America would be as follows:

Head of the Red Sea to Singapore..... 4,803 miles
Singapore to Callao, Peru..... 10,900 miles

Red Sea to Callao..... Total, 15,703 miles

Head of the Red Sea to Singapore..... 4,803 miles
Singapore to Acapulco, Mexico..... 9,520 miles

Red Sea to Acapulco..... Total, 14,323 miles

A few years after this visit to Fiji I was in command of the bark *Helen W. Almy*, of San Francisco, and I brought her from Metalanim Harbor in Ponapi (latitude 6° 52' N.,

longitude $158^{\circ} 30'$ E.), to San Francisco (latitude $37^{\circ} 48'$ N., longitude $122^{\circ} 28'$ W.), in forty-five days, but I was becalmed three days on the trip, making the actual sailing time forty-two days. I was obliged to run as high as 40° north latitude in order to avoid the northeast trade winds and catch the northwesterers; and my course on the charts measures 6,350 miles, making an average of about 151 miles for each sailing day. Estimating that the Phoenician vessels could average 120 miles in twenty-four hours, they could go from the head of the Red Sea to Peru in 131 days, and to Mexico in 120 days.

Juan Sebastian del Cano, the Spanish captain who was with Magellan's fleet, sailed around the world in the *Victoria* and returned to Spain in a little over three years, making a great many stops at different places.

All of which goes to show that the Phoenicians had ample time not only to visit the American continent, but also to stop and trade at many other places on the way during the course of their three-year voyages.

CHAPTER XXVII

A BATTLE WITH RUBIANA HEAD-HUNTERS

After leaving the Fijis we sailed to the northwest and anchored in Lakona Bay, on the west side of Gana Island, in the New Hebrides. We spent two days trading with the natives of Lakona village, situated at the north end of the bay, and obtained a magnificent collection of bows, poisoned arrows, war-clubs, spears, slings, obsidian daggers, mats, ornaments, etc., in return for tobacco, pipes, beads, fishhooks, calico, hatchets, and knives.

Really
Splendid
Weapons.

Most of the bows were made of black palm, but some were of mangrove roots, bamboo, and the wood of the wild nutmeg tree. These bows are indeed formidable weapons, for they are seven feet long and so powerful that it

is difficult for a white man to draw one of them, though life-long practice enables the natives to do so with ease. The arrows, which were in proportion to the size of the bows, were mostly neatly barbed with pieces of human bone as fine and sharp as needles, and some were pointed with conical pieces of very hard wood. Both war-spears and war-arrows are poisoned with the sap of a very poisonous plant called salata, though the natives stated that they sometimes poison their arrows by setting their points in decayed human flesh, particularly the brain.

The slings, which are called talvava, have very long strings, and the natives can throw stones with such surprising force and accuracy that these weapons are really more to be feared

than the wretched guns which they obtain from traders. The war-clubs were very much like those which we obtained in the Solomon Islands.

We were anxious to visit some of the prehistoric ruins in the interior of Gana Island, and the natives readily agreed to conduct us to them, but their actions before we started out became so suspicious that we abandoned the project.

Generally speaking, it is reasonably safe for a ship's crew to go ashore so long as some of the natives remain on board, though it is a common trick for a company of natives to remain on the ship as hostages in order to induce the crew to go ashore when they wish to murder and eat them. There may not be a canoe within sight and the natives will saunter carelessly about the deck, as though intent only upon gratifying their curiosity, when suddenly, if not carefully watched or kept under some kind of rigid restraint, they will spring overboard like flying dolphins, and as they swim like ducks they make the shore without the slightest difficulty even though it may be several miles away.

After leaving Gana we proceeded towards the northwest and anchored in Wanoni Bay, on the north coast of Bauro (San Cristoval) Island, at the southeastern extremity of the Solomon Group. We spent some time in trading with the natives of Salipawa village and visited their council house, which is sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The center of the roof is sixteen feet high and rests upon four large posts which are elaborately carved. The lower part of each post is carved in exact imitation of a shark standing upon its tail, with its mouth open, while the

Dolphin Tombs. upper part represents a man.

It is common to find wooden images of dolphins or porpoises hung inside of the council house, or placed on wooden trestles around the outside of it. Each of these wooden dolphins contains the dead body

of a chief, and the head of the dolphin points to the westward because they believe that the soul of the fish will carry the soul of the dead man through the ocean to Paradise.

Many large canoes came every day from the neighboring islands, bringing cargoes of curios to trade; they were particularly anxious to obtain firearms in exchange; but we positively refused under any circumstances to furnish either arms or ammunition. Among other things we bargained for were fine ebony spears from Bugoto (Ysabel) Island, and a kind of spear called kona, elaborately barbed with human bone from Ngela (Florida) Island, together with stone axes and wicker-work shields. The shields varied somewhat in detail, but they averaged three feet long by ten or eleven inches wide, and were made of light rattan securely lashed together with strips of bamboo.

Leaving Bauro, we proceeded through Indispensable Strait, and anchored in Ramada Bay, on the east coast of Rubiana (New Georgia) Island in latitude $8^{\circ} 12' S.$ and longitude $157^{\circ} 40' E.$ After establishing friendly relations with the natives of Ramada village we secured a dozen of them to accompany us in an exploring expedition up the Piongo Lavata River, a short distance south of Ramada.

Midnight Attacks. The fierce Rubiana head-hunters, who live on the opposite side of the island, have very

nearly depopulated this whole district; and the Ramada natives told us that the head-hunters accomplished this chiefly by crossing the center of the island (a distance of about ten miles) and attacking the Vaholi villagers at night. The native villagers endeavor to protect themselves against these midnight attacks by planting small, sharp-pointed stakes in the path which the enemy is most liable to take. These stakes vary in length, but in general are about eighteen inches long and an inch in diameter, and are

made of very hard wood. They plant the butt end of them about a foot deep in the ground, and leave the point, which they have rubbed with poison and concealed with leaves and grass, projecting at an angle of about forty-five degrees, in the direction from which the enemy must approach. In spite of these hideous precautions the head-hunters manage to surprise and murder them in their midnight raids.

**A
Gruesome
Warning.**

Our native friends told us that the Rubiana head-hunters had beheaded three people from the bush village of Kererao while they were at work in the taro patches only two days before our arrival. They also volunteered the cheering information that the head-hunters prized a white man's head above all others, and, though outwardly peaceable, were liable to attack us if they found an opportunity to take us by surprise.

The natives led the way in their own canoes and we followed with most of our crew in our own boat and the little steam launch, and we were all pretty well armed. The lower part of the river flows through a low, alluvial district clothed with a dense forest of splendid timber, and the water is brackish; but after ascending a couple of miles the current becomes more rapid and we found the river perfectly fresh and sweet.

About four miles from the mouth we came to a creek which flows into the main stream, and went up it for some distance, but found that the banks were covered with such dense forests as to make it useless to attempt to land.

As usual in these tropical forests, the branches of the huge trees which lined the banks met overhead and interlaced at a height of 150 feet above the water, supporting a canopy of lianas and other climbing plants which hung in festoons across the stream, and the quiet that reigned was like the silence of the tomb. The only living things we saw were some hornbills

flitting among the trees, and a crocodile which plunged into the water at our approach.

Returning to the main stream, we ascended it about half a mile farther, when we came to an open forest and made a landing. Wild ducks and white herons and kingfishers were plentiful along the river, and in the open forest we found many rare orchids and beautiful flowering trees. One variety of these trees had glossy green leaves and great clusters of fragrant white star-shaped flowers. Another was beautiful with crimson blossoms; climbing vines with large purple flowers shaped like a butterfly wound in and out among the branches. Among other trees we recognized the varnish nut tree which is so common in the Caroline Islands, and which the natives here call Tita. Many of the large trees have huge flanges or buttresses which often rise to a height of fifteen feet on the trunk, and extend fully twenty feet outward along the ground.

We also came upon a number of very fine specimens of sandalwood trees scattered through the forest. It is a curious fact that sandalwood trees seem always to grow singly instead of in families as most other tropical trees do, and the wonder is how they become planted there in the first place. Although we had not come for sandalwood, we cut down a few of the slim trees to take back to the ship.

It seems that there is plenty of this very valuable sandalwood in the interior of the island, but it would not pay to attempt to cut it because the workmen would be exposed to the incessant attacks of the head-hunters. It does

An
Earthly
Paradise.

seem strange that the natives of these beautiful islands should be such frightful savages, for nature has been so lavish in the bestowal of her beauties and loveliness that the scene resembles one's ideal of an earthly paradise.

The numerous mountain streams which flow through these

lovely forest glades, the stately palms, the brilliant flowers of the hibiscus and flame trees, the giant forest trees, often enveloped and garlanded with luxuriant flowering vines, and the Karu Mahimba Mountains rising grandly in the background combine to make idyllic surroundings of sylvan beauty and grandeur.

But here silence reigns supreme, for the head-hunters have practically exterminated all the inhabitants, and the cooing of the wood-pigeons is about the only sound by which the solemn stillness is disturbed.

British, French, German, Dutch, and Austrian men-of-war have repeatedly shot down hundreds of head-hunters, burned their villages, felled their fruit trees, and destroyed their crops and canoes, but it seems that nothing will cure them of their murderous ways, and they are eternally on the watch for an opportunity to obtain fresh heads to add to their grim collection.

Shortly after noon we were tramping through the bush; we came upon several wild pigs feasting upon wild pineapples, and shot three of them as they attempted to escape. A little later it began to rain so hard that we were obliged to take refuge under the tarpaulins in the boats. It seems to rain at least two-thirds of the time in the Solomons.

An Opal
For a
Butcher
Knife.

Late in the afternoon the rain cleared away and we were about to get under way to return to the ship when four natives stepped up to us, and one, who was evidently a chief, offered us a fine rough opal. We gave him a

stout butcher knife in exchange for his opal, and he expressed himself as highly satisfied with the trade. He also informed us, through a native interpreter, that there were plenty more of such opals among the mountains in a place to which he was willing to conduct us. After considering the matter we decided not to go just then but to spend the night where we were and accompany him in the morning.

Our native friends eyed the newcomers very suspiciously, and one of them who had been much in the Fijis and spoke broken English expressed himself as follows: "Him fella belong head-hunters; plenty no good. Four piece man come; s'pose you go (pointing to the mountains), plenty piece man come quick, bimeby kill you; plenty no good."

Shortly after midnight our man who was on watch awoke me and whispered that some wild pigs were drinking along the edge of the stream a little above where we were anchored. So some of us landed and made a detour through the bush by way of heading them off, while the others remained in the boats to attack them in the water should they attempt to swim across the stream. The pigs were so busy squealing and fighting they did not notice our approach till we were about to rush on them, when one man tripped and fell, and hearing the disturbance the pigs instantly darted back directly into our midst. All hands joined eagerly in the fray and the natives, along with us, were so carried away with excitement, that their yells might have been heard a long way off. The pigs fought savagely, as they always do, but we killed a lot of them, and could not tell how many wounded ones might be concealed in the bushes, for wild pigs are cunning enough to keep perfectly quiet until they are discovered.

Head-
hunters
Attack Us.

We were congratulating ourselves upon our "catch," and were dragging the pigs down the bank to the boats, when the whole surrounding bushes suddenly resounded with savages yelling like wild beasts, and a shower of arrows hurtled over our heads. It was worse than useless to attempt to escape to our boats, for the moon had risen high enough to reveal any object in the water, and the savages could shoot at us from under cover of the trees on the bank without exposing themselves. So we instantly dropped down behind the bank just as a second volley of arrows sped over

our heads ; and the head-hunters, for our assailants were nothing less than a bunch of this savage tribe, calculating that we had taken to our boats, gave another volley of yells and, dashing forward, received in turn a volley of shots from all hands, which brought down several of them and made the others dart back into the bushes.

This was not because they were the least bit afraid, mind you, but because this is their regular method of fighting. It is their custom to make a hidden attack, and if they find that they are losing they run away exactly as though they had given up the combat, but this is only a ruse to put their enemies off their guard, for invariably they will steal back as silently as a tiger stalks its prey, and make a sudden attack at the very moment when any one would suppose them to be in full retreat. Knowing this, we stealthily hitched a long rope, which fortunately we carried with us, about thirty inches from the ground and directly in front of our position, and then we all crouched down to avoid the shower of arrows which we knew would precede any hand-to-hand attack they might make upon us.

The new position which we had taken up was several yards in advance of our former position, and we were completely hidden from view in the deep shadow of the trees. For a few minutes everything was deathly still ; and even the savages in our line scarcely dared to breathe. Then a third series of wild yells suddenly resounded upon our right hand and so close to us that we were thunderstruck at how they had managed to approach so near without being discovered. We had wit enough not to fire in the direction from which the yells had come. We knew them to be only a ruse to get us to disclose our true position and waste our ammunition, for we realized instinctively that the real attack would come from some other direction.

Sure enough, while the small party on our right were yell-

ing for all they were worth, we managed to discern a large body of the savages stealthily advancing and evidently under the impression that we still occupied our former position. All at once they stopped, discharged volleys of arrows in rapid succession at the place where they supposed us to be; then, with the customary war-whoop, they dashed forward with the intention of annihilating us by a sudden onslaught.

We
Thwart
the Head-
hunters.

The New Georgian natives are extremely fleet runners, and as they rushed forward the foremost ones landed on their heads over the rope with such crushing force that the wind was completely knocked out of them, and our

crew cut them down as they struggled to regain their feet.

Although so completely taken by surprise the others instantly closed upon us and endeavored to cut us off from our boats, but we kept close together and fired into them at such close range that every shot told, and our Ramada friends were so rejoiced at an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon their hereditary enemies that they used their spears with an accuracy and a deadly effect that was amazing.

I came in collision with one of the savage beasts myself, and he instantly aimed a blow at me with his war-club, but fortunately for me I wore a topi* or sun helmet, which I had obtained in India, and this helped to break the force of the blow. About the same instant that he struck me I cut him across the face with a cutlass and he never struck any one again, I can assure you.

All this had occupied but a very short space of time, and the head-hunters now retired as rapidly as they had come, and we fired a parting volley after them just by way of expediting

* These topis, which are made from the pith of a tree, are an inch thick, but are remarkably light. They are a sure preventive of sun-stroke, and it is strange that they are not more generally used by travellers in the tropics.

their departure. Two of our crew and two of the Ramada men were killed outright in the skirmish and every one of us was wounded more or less severely. One of the crew received a spear wound which penetrated his lung; we did the best we could for the poor fellow by leaving him in charge of a medical missionary in New Britain.

The strangest case of all was that of a Fijian, who received a poisoned arrow through the calf of his leg. His leg afterwards shriveled till all the muscle seemed to disappear and the skin appeared to be drawn tight to the bone. He did not complain of much pain; and it afterwards filled out and became as well as the other leg. I escaped with a slight wound from an arrow on the left thumb, and it festered for two months before it healed.

We immediately returned to the ship, and next day we buried the two dead bodies where we were sure the natives would never find them; for they are so addicted to cannibalism that they will dig up a freshly-interred body for the purpose of devouring it. Our party liberally rewarded the Ramada natives to compensate them for the loss of the two men who had been killed; but death by violence is so common among them that the bereavement did not seem to trouble them very much, and they gave a dance in our honor the night before we sailed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

NARROW ESCAPE FROM SOLOMON ISLANDERS

After leaving Ramada Bay we proceeded towards the northwest and next anchored in Tonolai Harbor at the extreme southeastern end of Bougainville Island, geographically a member of the Solomon Island group. This fine harbor is four and a half miles long, with an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile, and is open to the southward. The land surrounding it is high. It is perfectly protected from all winds, and good anchorage is found everywhere in from fourteen to twenty fathoms, sand and mud.

At the entrance there is a patch of coral with a sand key about two feet above water, but this is easily passed on either side. Tonolai is not only the best harbor in this district, but it is also about the best place for collecting native weapons and other curios. We gathered a fine collection of stone axes, spears pointed with obsidian and human bone, shields, slings, war-clubs, and the powerful seven-foot bows which the natives in this group use with great skill, and some very fine orchids besides.

We made the acquaintance of a chief named Kalikona, who offered to conduct us on an exploring expedition into the interior of the island, but the natives of this immense island are so ferocious that we did not care to accept their invitation. They are so undependable that they appear to be very friendly one moment and the next they may try to murder you with-

out the slightest apparent cause. Strange to say, Kalikona quite willingly posed for his photograph, a thing which savages very seldom do; for the workings of a camera are so mysterious and incomprehensible to them that they believe there is an evil spirit inside of it, and that any one who possesses their photograph can bewitch them or "steal their soul." Kalikona was a typical specimen of a Solomon Island cannibal chief in all his quaint array of savage finery, and although he wore no clothing, the labor of making the shell bead ornaments which he wore is far greater than we might have supposed had we not known about it. His necklace is made of a number of small white disks strung on cords. The method of making these disks consists in laboriously rubbing a shell upon a smooth stone covered with wet sand until the remainder of the shell is worn away and only a small disk, from the center of the shell, is left. When a sufficient number of disks are made they are carefully polished and strung upon cords braided from the hair of victims whom the wearer has killed and helped to eat.

**Ear-lobes
that Reach
Over the
Head.**

The rest of the beadwork which he wore was made of beads of various contrasting shades arranged in very neat geometrical patterns, producing a very picturesque and harmonious effect, and serving to show that these wild

cannibals are not without good taste in their savage ornamentation. The lobes of his ears were sufficiently enlarged to allow them to be passed around large tortoise shell earrings. The custom of enlarging the lobes of the ears is very general throughout all the Solomon Islands. Sometimes the lobe is enlarged to such an extent that the owner can cover his head with it.

While we lay in Tonolai Harbor, three large canoes arrived from Mono Island in charge of Mule Kopa, the head chief of Mono, for the purpose of trading. They also were

very anxious to obtain firearms, as these natives always are, but we persistently refused to trade firearms under any circumstances, and as usual they had to content themselves with the knives, hatchets, fishhooks, bright-colored calico, etc., which we always carried for trading purposes. At first the strangers and the local natives eyed each other in scowling silence, and just before their departure a fierce quarrel broke out between them from some cause which was not apparent to us, and in a short time everything around about was in wild excitement. The local natives who were on board our ship or in their own canoes alongside, shouted excitedly to their friends ashore to launch their war canoes and attack the Mono Islanders before they could get away; but we insisted that there must be no fighting on board our ship, and also that the Mono Islanders should be allowed to get outside the harbor before being attacked.

The local natives had only two war canoes at hand, for the very good reason that the others were in use on some murderous head-hunting raid, so the Mono Islanders got away before these canoes could be prepared to attack them. Nevertheless a number of small Tonolai canoes followed them out of the harbor and attacked them with volleys of arrows; but the Monos gave them better than they sent, and the small canoes did not attempt to close with them, because the larger canoes have the advantage in hand-to-hand fighting. While one warrior used his bow another always held a shield in front of him to protect him, and the smaller canoes were kept with their heads turned towards the enemy in order to present as small a target as possible. These natives are good marksmen with their formidable bows and arrows, though they could shoot much straighter than they do if they feathered their arrows. It is a curious fact that none of the South Sea Islanders have any idea of putting feathers on an arrow to guide its flight.

The Chinese paint two large eyes upon the bow of every one of their junks in order to enable them to see where they

**Canoes
With
Eyes.**

are going, because, says John Chinaman, "S'pose no have eye, no can see." The Solomon Islanders carry out the same idea in a slightly different way. Instead of painting two eyes upon the bow of a canoe, they carve an extremely grotesque figure of a god of war or of the sea and secure it upon the bow of the canoe, just above the water line; and sometimes this god is provided with two heads, one of which looks forward and the other backward. The canoe and its occupants are then supposed to be under the protection of this god, who is expected to keep a bright lookout not only for storms and enemies, but also for rocks or reefs beneath the surface of the water.

It is a remarkable fact that the natives of this group of islands improve in physique and increase in ferocity as you go from south to north. The natives of Bougainville and Buka, for example, are among the finest physical specimens of manhood to be found in the South Sea Islands, and beyond all comparison they are the most ferocious and dangerous. It is most emphatically true of them that their hand is against every man and every man's hand is against them, for they are forever on the warpath, and neither give quarter nor expect it.

**No
Old
Men.**

We did not see a single old man among them, and it is extremely doubtful if any one is permitted to grow old. The sole object of their existence is to secure heads to add to their ghastly heap, and human bodies to de-

avour in their cannibalistic orgies. A never-ending war of extermination is waged between the coast natives and the wild tribes who live among the mountains in the interior of the island, and the mountaineers, it seems, are generally the victors. They frequently descend from their mountain fast-

nesses at night, and not only destroy the crops of the lowlanders, but set fire to their houses and murder the inmates as they endeavor to escape from the flames. Even by daylight small parties of them frequently prowl in the bushes and murder coast natives who are hunting or working upon their plantations, and they are so amazingly fleet of foot that they generally make good their escape before they can be attacked in return.

In this fierce forest warfare the powerful seven-foot bows and poisoned arrows which the natives use are probably quite as dangerous as rifles, for the wounds which they inflict are more deadly, and they reveal no indication of the whereabouts of those who are using them, as the report of a rifle does. These famous bows and arrows are used not only for the purpose of shooting enemies, but also for shooting birds and fish, though, as a matter of course, the poisoned arrows are used only in warfare, as the poison would render game uneatable.

One day we trailed along with a party of natives a short distance into the bush and startled one of the six-foot lizards which are common in these islands. The creature ran up the smooth trunk of a tree to a height of about fifty feet, when it stopped and looked down at us. One of the natives raised his bow and sent an arrow apparently without taking aim at it, and the next instant the lizard fell to the ground with the arrow through its body.

They pointed out a spot where some men of their tribe had been fishing in a stream when a party of bush natives

suddenly attacked them and killed every one of them before they had an opportunity to defend themselves.

Savage against Savage. We saw a party of Tonolai natives who were starting upon a hunting expedition succeed in cutting off the retreat of some bush natives, and the latter took refuge behind a remarkable-looking rock which rises a

short distance from the bank of the stream. The Tonolais attacked them, but the mountaineers defended themselves with the courage born of desperation, and endeavored to keep their assailants at bay with their poisoned arrows until night, when they hoped to escape in the darkness.

At first, and for some minutes, volleys of arrows were exchanged, both parties keeping themselves so well covered with their shields that the arrows did little harm. The Tonolai natives sent for reënforcements by runners, who brought a number of thick, heavy mats, and under cover of these they rushed the position and slaughtered every one of the enemy, after which they feasted upon their bodies. The new acquisition of heads added much to their glory.

The coast natives make long expeditions in their large canoes for the purpose of attacking distant villages and securing heads. They generally conceal their canoes by day in some creek or sheltered bay near the scene of the proposed raid, and some of the crew remain to guard the canoes while others make detours through the bush and murder and secure the head of any man, woman, or child whom they can surprise.

Among these head-hunters it is considered braver to take the head of a woman than a man, and still braver to take the head of a child. Men are in the habit of going long distances in the bush for the purpose of hunting and fishing, therefore it is comparatively easy for a practiced assassin to lie in wait and shoot a man with an arrow or run him through with a spear while he is passing through some thick underbrush. True it is that women work upon the plantations, but these are close to the houses, and there are almost always a number of women together and ready to shout for help if an enemy appears; therefore the murder of a woman is supposed to involve greater risk than that of a man. Children, on the other hand, are always supposed to be in sight of the houses and

under the eyes of the older folk, therefore the murder of a child is supposed to involve the greatest risk of all.

**Firefly
Spirits.**

The Solomon Islands are beautiful by day, but they possess an indescribable charm by night, and the fireflies which flit like fairy lamps among the trees diffuse such a brilliant light, faintly tinged with delicate green, that the natives call them pito pito (stars). They believe that these beautiful fireflies are the spirits of their departed friends, who assume this form in order to revisit the scenes of their earthly existence. Yet death constantly lurks amid all these beautiful and apparently peaceful scenes, and no one knows what bush may conceal a treacherous and blood-thirsty savage with an up-raised stone hatchet or a poisoned arrow to his bow.

Bougainville is said to contain gold and other valuable minerals, but owing to the bloodthirsty and treacherous nature of the natives it would require a large, well-armed company to prospect for them. That the natives did not attack us while we were at anchor was due solely to the fact that we never allowed more than a small number to come aboard at one time, and took care to let them see that we kept an armed watch at all hours of the day and night. Kalikona supplied us with live pigs, fish, yams, taro, bananas, etc., for which we paid him with various articles of trade.

**A Strange
Method of
Poisoning.**

I believe I have not spoken of one particular method of poisoning quite common among these apparently unsophisticated savages, which is as follows: The seas surrounding these beautiful islands contain many varieties of fish, some of which are deadly poisonous. When the natives wish to poison a white man, or, perhaps a whole crew, it is a common custom for them first to bring to their intended victims several gifts of fish which are perfectly harmless and good to eat; and, having thus allayed suspicion, they

will next bring a gift of the poisonous varieties, which are almost sure to cause death. They are far more likely to practice this deception upon white men than natives, because the latter are more familiar with the ruse than the former. Knowing this, we always trusted to our own natives to judge of and prepare the fish that were brought to us, and we never knew them to make a mistake.

After leaving Tonolai Harbor, we sailed along the eastern coast of Bougainville, which presents a grand and attractive appearance from every point of view. The mountains in the interior rise from 4,000 to 10,000 feet in height, and the volcano of Bagana, which is located near the center of the island, was in a state of active eruption, and was visible at night at a distance of over fifty miles. We made a short call at the village of Numa Numa, which is located upon the north-eastern coast of the island, in latitude $5^{\circ} 50'$ S. and longitude $155^{\circ} 09'$ E. Here we secured a number of curios of various kinds, particularly a fine collection of stone axes, after which we continued our course to the eastern coast of Buka, the most northern island in the group. While coasting along Buka several large canoes came out to trade with us, and, finding that we wanted only curios, they brought out whole canoe loads of them. Each canoe contained so many powerfully built warriors, however, that we never permitted more than one canoe to approach at a time.

We were about five miles north of East Point, when the wind gradually died away, and I was alarmed to discover that the current was slowly but surely drifting us towards shore. At the same time a whole fleet of large canoes loaded with warriors rapidly collected from different quarters, and, although they made no open demonstration of hostility, it was evident that they realized our helplessness and were as deeply interested in the outcome as ourselves, for they are notorious pirates. They knew that unless a breeze providentially came

to our rescue the heavy swell would inevitably set our ship on the reef, after which they would have us at their mercy.

Accordingly, as there was not the slightest indication of wind, we got the steam launch overboard for the purpose of towing off shore, when we were further alarmed to learn from the man who was running the launch that the engine would not work, and that it would require fully half an hour to fix it. He was well paid to keep the launch in perfect condition, and his neglect to do so was likely to cause the loss of the ship and most likely all our lives as well; for even if we escaped from the wreck in the boats, the canoes could readily overwhelm us by force of numbers.

The natives, who knew nothing about the use of a steam launch, evidently concluded that we were about to abandon the ship and escape in the small boats, so disposed their canoes in such a way as to prevent our boats

We
Break
Down.

from escaping to sea. At last the launch was in working order and the natives set up a wild yelling of rage and disappointment as it began to tow the vessel steadily off shore, but we had not proceeded over a mile when the engine again broke down. The natives were now much excited, and becoming bolder every minute, as they saw that we might escape them after all by slipping out to sea, while on the other hand, it is scarcely necessary to say that all our crew were standing by with loaded rifles ready for instant use. In about fifteen minutes the launch began towing again, and this seemed to set the natives perfectly frantic. With more yelling and gesticulations than we had ever seen before, they formed in a circle all around, and came on us with a rush. They kept the bow of each canoe pointing straight toward the ship, and the actual warriors covered themselves carefully with their long shields. One-half our crew were stationed aft and the other half forward, and instead of firing at random among them,

each one of us concentrated fire upon two or three of the canoes at a time. The moment after we fired the first volley we saw several shields thrown into the air, and the warriors who had held them went plunging over the side, or fell back helpless among their companions. The natives replied with yells of defiance and a volley of arrows, some of which hit us, while others fell far wide of the mark. Knowing that it was their lives or ours that weighed in the balance, we fired into them as rapidly as we could reload; but even this failed to stop their onrush, notwithstanding that numbers of them were already killed and several of their canoes were completely wrecked by our bullets.

A
Last
Resort.

We now adopted a plan which I never knew to fail against South Sea Islanders, and the only reason we had not resorted to it before was because we did not think it would be necessary.

While the rest of the crew continued firing, three of us brought up a lot of large rockets and began discharging them at the advancing canoes. The first one struck against a shield in one of the nearest canoes and instantly exploded, scattering a shower of blazing sparks all over the crew and setting fire to something inflammable, which immediately burst into flame. The effect was magical. The savages, who were not afraid to face our firearms, were so amazed at this sudden shower of fire which descended upon them that with a yell of terror they all plunged overboard, leaving their canoe to burn. This maneuver was so successful that we continued discharging rockets among the canoes, which were now so close that we could scarcely miss hitting them. The shower of fire from the rockets, together with the rain of bullets from our rifles, effectually stopped their advance, and they paddled rapidly away amid a babel of yells and curses, such as few people have ever imagined.

We towed the ship twenty miles off shore, then took the

launch on board, and, although the deadly calm lasted to the next morning, we found the current did not affect us here as it did further inshore. Several large canoes were seen hovering around us during the night, but a few shots fired in their direction warned them effectually to keep at a respectful distance. At daylight we were surprised to see a still larger fleet of war canoes drawn up inshore, as if preparing to renew the attack upon us, but before they were ready to do so, we caught a steady breeze which carried us rapidly over the sea to the north.

CHAPTER XXIX

DUK-DUK AND OTHER CRUEL SUPERSTITIONS IN NEW BRITAIN

After rounding Cape North (the northernmost point of Buka), we stood to the westward and anchored in Montagu Bay, on the south coast of New Britain. The natives here belong to the same Papuan race as the Solomon Islanders, but they are not so stalwart and powerful as the natives of Buka and Bougainville. They were anxious to trade, and salt was one of the articles which they particularly desired. The party obtained, without any difficulty, a fine collection of stone axes, war-clubs, spears and slings, but these natives did not seem to use bows and arrows, as nearly all other tribes of the great Papuan race do. Many of the war spears had a piece of human leg bone fitted upon the butt-end like the ferrule upon a cane. This shows that the spear had killed the victim whose bone was used in decorating it. Such a spear is supposed to endow the man who owns it with all the additional strength and courage of his victim; consequently, it is the most highly prized of all weapons, and commands a far higher price than one which is not decorated with this gruesome emblem of death.

**Man-killing
Slings.**

Although they do not use the bow and arrow, the sling is quite as formidable in their hands. The average length of the sling is about eight feet, though this varies slightly, and the native places the stone in it with his toes, which he uses almost as dexterously as he does his fingers. The action of raising such a long sling from the ground in order to obtain the proper

swing round the head is a very difficult feat for any one who is not accustomed to it, though the native accomplishes it very easily and gracefully. They use these slings both in war and in hunting, and their aim is deadly up to about two hundred yards, while at a distance of one hundred yards they can bring down a tiny bird from the branch of a tree. The sling in their hands may be quite as effective as the bow and arrow in open ground, but it is quite evident that it could not be used in thick bush where a bow can be used, because there would not be room to swing it. We saw them use their slings in canoe fighting, though it would seem almost impossible for a man to use one of these weapons while standing on such an unsteady foundation.

The Australian blacks are unquestionably the best stone-throwers in the world so far as hand-throwing goes, and any one of them could pick up and throw several stones in quick succession with unerring aim while the New Britain native was throwing a single stone with his sling. But the former have no knowledge of the sling, and in a pitched battle between them the latter would slaughter the black fellows because they can throw stones about twice as far and with an equally accurate aim. They defend themselves with shields, and, since they became acquainted with white traders, one of their favorite weapons consists of the head of an ordinary hatchet fitted upon a native handle three feet long. At short range they can throw spears with deadly accuracy for a distance of twenty-five yards or more.

We paid several visits to the large village of Ruaka, which is situated on the east side of Montagu Bay, and also the villages of Pilimaso and Malano, which are located to the eastward of Ruaka, in the order named. The houses are rather long but low, and each one has a small, low door in either end. Instead of rising to a point in the center, as is the case with many South Sea Island houses, the roof is an even

height from one end to the other and is rounded in such a way that it looks a good deal like the bottom of an upturned canoe.

The beds consist of shelves made of bamboo ranged around the walls like bunks in a ship's forecastle, and the rafters are hung with human skulls, together with the skulls of large fish or the lower jaws of pigs, besides stone axes, shields, and spears, the butt ends of which are decorated with human bones.

The natives themselves wear enormous headdresses made of parrots' feathers, and they paint their bodies in the most grotesque and gorgeous manner in every color of the rainbow.

**Dewarra
or Native
Money.**

One of the greatest curiosities which we obtained here was a collection of dewarra, or native money, composed of a great number of small cowrie shells threaded upon strips of

rattan. Of course, this dewarra possesses no intrinsic value in itself, but the shells are tiny and are found only in very deep water; consequently, it is valued on account of the difficulty, first of collecting the shells, and next of boring and stringing them in the proper fashion. When first made each piece of dewarra is about thirty feet long, and as an inch of dewarra contains about twelve shells, each complete strip of money would contain about 4,320 of these shells. A piece of dewarra six feet long is the recognized standard of value, and seven fathoms is considered a fair price for a full-grown pig or a human being. The dewarra seems to increase in value towards the western end of the island, and the natives thereabouts often cut it into pieces not over an inch in length.

The children make a false dewarra of common shells and play with it among themselves, but it is absolutely worthless as a medium of exchange. Nevertheless these unsophisticated savages commonly endeavor to sell this false dewarra to

strangers, and we only learned of the deception after purchasing a quantity of the worthless stuff.

A
Death
Feast. Every native is supposed to give a feast after his or her death, and one day we went to see the funeral of an old man who had just been killed. Upon our arrival we found the assembled mourners gorging themselves upon roasted lizards, pork, fish, shrimps, shell-fish, yams, taro, etc., while the body of the deceased was placed in a sitting posture with its back against a tree. The deceased was most fantastically painted in all colors of the rainbow and a coil of dewarra was placed in each of his hands, while a large quantity of it was hung around his neck.

The eldest son of the deceased cut the dewarra into pieces and threw one of these pieces to each of the assembled mourners. Some of the bits were quite large, while others were very small; but the size seemed to make no difference and every one was equally well satisfied, no matter whether he received a large or a small piece. The son then threw a large piece into the grave to pay the evil spirits to permit the soul of his father to pass into paradise, after which the body was placed in the grave in a sitting posture. Some of the relatives then threw into the open grave a stone axe, a shield, a war club, a sling, and two spears ornamented with human bone. For some fantastic reason the spears were broken before being thrown in, after which they filled the grave and dispersed. These were the only savages I had ever seen who showed no indication of mourning or lamenting for the deceased; for as a rule savages indulge in the most frantic demonstrations of grief over their departed relatives.

I have asked a number of savages of what use it was to bury *broken* weapons with a dead man; for broken weapons are useless and, if they believe he has to use them at all, they ought to be whole, I invariably argued. Their reply was that

the dead man himself is broken at death, though his spirit still continues to exist, and the spirits or souls of the weapons continue to exist just the same, no matter whether the weapons themselves are broken or not. A live man can use only material weapons, while a dead man can use only the spirits of the weapons; consequently, the spirit of the deceased uses the spiritual weapons as he used the material ones while alive.

**Wives are
Bought
with
Dewarra.**

Dewarra is used in purchasing a wife the same as in purchasing any other commodity, and, though the parents of the bride invariably fix the price at a high figure, they do not expect their son-in-law to pay it in full.

When the bridegroom concludes that he has paid enough he builds a small house in the bush and he and his bride, to all intents and purposes, elope to it. The father of the bride and a party of his friends then start out to hunt for the son-in-law, vowing to kill him on sight, though they have no intention of doing so; but they burn the hut in which the couple have been living, and this ends the nuptial ceremonies. But before the elopement takes place the father is supposed to give his prospective son-in-law a hint that he is satisfied, or otherwise they would try to murder him in earnest. It is curious how this idea of stealing a bride prevails in so many parts of the world. The natives of New Britain resemble the Australian blacks in that they have no actual hereditary chiefs, and a man's standing in the community is reckoned according to the amount of dewarra which he possesses, very much as it is among ourselves.

The old men of the different tribes have a most ingenious method of living in luxury by working upon the superstitious natures of their ignorant dupes. This particular method of thieving, called Duk-duk, is supposed to be a tribute which is paid to the evil spirits whom they worship. These evil spirits are supposed to have their home at the bottom of

the sea, and the old men of the tribe who have been duly initiated are the only ones who have the power to call them from the deep. These evil spirits, who are really none other than the old men in disguise, are supposed to appear in bodily form and at sunrise, at certain fixed times, such as the day of the month when the new moon first becomes visible.

The old men always announce the date of arrival of the evil spirits a month in advance in order that everybody may be sure to provide a liberal tribute of food and dewarra to appease their wrath. And the people exert the utmost effort to comply with these demands, because they know that the penalty will be very severe if they fail to do so. The women either disappear in the bush the day before the arrival of the evil spirits or else remain hidden in the houses until after the Duk-duk has taken his departure. All the male inhabitants of the district assemble upon the beach before dawn on the morning of the Duk-duk's arrival, but it is instant death for a woman to look upon anything which has to do with the Duk-duk performances.

We had delayed our departure several days on purpose to witness this unlikely ceremony, and at first the natives declared most positively that they could not permit us to see it, because, forsooth, the spirits would be terribly offended and curse them with sickness, failure of crops, and various other dire afflictions. Of course, this was merely a ruse on the part of these wily savages to induce us to give them a bribe, and when we did this the old men, who are believed to be in constant communication with the spirits, suddenly discovered that the spirits had withdrawn their objections and were perfectly willing to allow us to be present. We landed on the Duk-duk beach a little before daylight and found the assembled natives jabbering and rushing about in great excitement, while the sound of singing and the boom of native

**Duk-duk
Horrors.**

drums could be heard from the seaward. The moment the sun rose we saw five canoes lashed together with a platform built over them paddling towards the beach, while two most extraordinary looking figures were dancing very rapidly on the platform. Upon nearing the beach the two dancers began uttering sharp, shrill cries very much like the yelping of a small puppy, while some of the other passengers continued singing and beating the drums.

**Calculated
to Freeze
the Blood.**

The fantastic costume of the old men who personate evil spirits is intended to represent a huge cassowary with a most hideous and grotesque caricature of the human face. The

part which covers the body is made of the leaves of the dragon tree (the ti tree of the Polynesian Islands), and this part does bear a strong resemblance to the body of a cassowary. The neck and head-pieces consist of a cone about five feet long, made of very fine wickerwork and covered all over with some kind of gum on which a hideous representation of the human face is painted. Openings are left for the eyes, mouth, and nostrils, but the hands and arms are completely concealed under the costume, which extends to the knees.

The natives fell back as the Duk-duks landed, for we were assured that if any one touched one of them, even accidentally, the Duk-duk would kill him on the spot. After landing, the Duk-duks danced around each other in imitation of the clumsy movements of the cassowary, and also imitating the cry of that huge bird. They are very careful to utter no cry but this during their whole stay, for their voices might betray them if they spoke in a natural tone, and this would spoil their horrible game. Some old men had built a hut for the Duk-duks in a part of the bush where it was most carefully concealed, and here they took their meals; but they spent the rest of the day running about through the village and terrifying the

natives. In the evening every man and boy brought his tribute of food and dewarra. Each one advanced and deposited his offering in turn until a vast pile of rubbish was collected, while the old villains stood by in grim silence and narrowly watched the offerings which each one presented. Occasionally the old Duk-duks would start jumping and yelping, which at once brought matters to a standstill and created great excitement until the one who had just deposited his offering ran off and brought more; and we were informed that this was an intimation that the amount of tribute was not sufficient.

Other old men then carried all the food and dewarra into the bush, ostensibly for the gods but really for themselves, and no one dared to spy upon them. The Duk-duk is not satisfied with simply robbing the deluded people, but also loves to indulge his savage propensities to torture them as well.

More Horrors. As soon as all the food and dewarra had been carried away, the young men ranged themselves in rows of six or seven and held their hands as high above their heads as they could possibly reach. One Duk-duk then appeared from the bush carrying a bundle of stout canes about six feet long, while another carried a heavy club of hard wood. Throwing down his bundle of canes the first Duk-duk selected one of them and with both hands dealt one of the young men a terrific blow with all his strength. The blow was a brutal one, for the supple cane twisted around the young man like a snake and drew blood all around his body, yet he bore it without showing the slightest sign of pain. The same young man then stooped down until his head was about two feet from the ground, when another Duk-duk dealt him a blow with his heavy club on the lower end of the spine; and, incredible as it may be, every young man present was obliged to go through this ordeal over twenty times during the ceremony.

And this is not the worst of it, for they must go through the same ordeal every night for a fortnight, when the Duk-duks take their departure as mysteriously as they came, though they are very careful to let no one see them go. It might be supposed that the old men who personate Duk-duks would be missed during the performance, and this might lead to suspicion, but they guard against this in a very simple way. One old man will act the part of a Duk-duk for half a day or even a whole day, as the case may be; he will then slip into his house in the bushes and remove the Duk-duk dress, which another old man immediately puts on, while the first one will quietly mingle with the crowd and present his tribute along with the others.

The Duk-duks commonly visit every native village once every two months, and a young man's Duk-duk initiation lasts about twenty years; hence it will be seen that every young man undergoes an amount of flogging which would seem sufficient to kill him. It may be asked why the young men submit to this torture? The answer is very simple. They believe that they are doing it as a religious duty for the benefit of the community in which they reside. All heathens believe their gods to be ferocious and malignant monsters whose chief delight is to afflict humanity; and the heathen idea of worship is to ward off the malignity of these wicked gods by doing something unspeakably cruel to his fellow man in order to please his deities.

The young men of New Britain firmly believe these Duk-duks to be some of the devil-gods whom they worship, and that, being gods, they love to torture their worshipers. They believe that these gods would wreak the most terrible vengeance upon the whole community if they did not supply them with all the food and dewarra they require and permit them to torture them as they do. In addition to all this, the Duk-duks claim and exercise the right to murder any one, and

no one dares to question their right in this or in anything else they desire. The young men are made to believe that the terrible floggings which they undergo will serve to prepare them in some way for having the mysteries of the Duk-duk explained to them when they grow to be old men.

After the Duk-duks depart everything which they have touched is carefully burned. We afterwards learned that the reason they do not like to have white men witness the ceremony is because they are afraid they will expose the fraud of it all and thus spoil the game which they carry on under the cloak of worshiping the gods. No one can appreciate the blessings of Christianity until he has seen something of the horrors and cruelties of heathenism.

Belief in Witchcraft. Like all savages, the natives of these islands are firm believers in witchcraft. They believe that any one is able to bewitch another and bring the most awful consequences upon him if the person who wishes to work the spell can only obtain a fragment of something which his victim has used, such as an ornament or a scrap of clothing. It is curious how this particular form of superstition seems to prevail pretty nearly all over the world. I have heard ignorant white people declare that one person could bewitch another if he could but obtain a lock of his hair.

The favorite method of causing the death of an enemy by witchcraft is to make a wooden likeness of the victim and either bury it at once or apparently torture it first and bury it afterwards. In the former case the victim will be sure to die. In the latter he will suffer the identical tortures which are inflicted upon his likeness and die in the bargain.

White people may laugh at such superstitions as these and declare that they can do no harm; but if a native believes that some one has cast this evil spell upon him, he quietly resigns all hope and dies. The only alternative they use is to

work a counter-spell of a still greater potency; but this is such a costly, tedious and uncertain process that it is liable to bankrupt the man who tries to do it. This counter-spell must be worked against the enemy who cast the first spell, and no one but the sorcerer of the tribe is able to discover who this is; for if worked against the wrong person it is liable to come back upon the head of the one who works it like curses that come home to roost. The sorcerer is extravagantly paid to work the counter spell, but if he afterwards discovers (as he generally does) that he has worked it against the wrong person, he must then be paid to protect his client from the consequences; and in this way he carries on the game as long as the client has anything left with which to pay him. It is particularly worthy of note that all mistakes in regard to discovering the real enemy are invariably owing to wrong information which the client brought to the sorcerer or to some mistake which he made in carrying out his part of the programme. It is never known to be the fault of the sorcerer.

Often Hags
Are Clubbed
and
Eaten.

The sorcerers also derive much profit from casting spells, and certain old women of the tribes make an equally comfortable living by acting the part of professional poisoners. Occasionally these murderous hags get clubbed

and eaten for plying their vocation; but this is regarded as a mere incident and nobody minds it. If a man hires one of them to poison an enemy, he is liable to club her to death if she fails to carry out the contract, and the friends of the victim are equally liable to club and eat her if she succeeds in doing so and they discover her identity; hence it may be seen that the grim profession of spell-casting and poison-giving have their drawbacks. What with continual head-hunting raids, sorcerers, poisoners, Duk-duks, and secret assassins, the natives of these beautiful islands lead a rather strenuous existence and are not likely to suffer from ennui.

The native dances are very tame affairs and consist of monotonous movements with the hands and feet, though the

**Dancing
Masks of
Human
Skulls.** male dancers wear most diabolical looking masks, made of human skulls. Each dancer is supposed to have killed the victims whose skulls he has made into a dancing mask, and he wears them at all public functions as the

American Indians wore the scalps of their victims. The natives chew betel nut and bleach their hair by plastering it with a heavy coat of lime, as previously described in the cases of the Tongans and Samoans.

The natives throughout New Britain have a very treacherous look and, although we had been ashore several times, we always took care to guard against being taken by surprise. Before leaving we made a trip in the launch up a wide stream which empties into the east side of Montagu Bay, directly to the west of Ruaka village, which is located at its mouth. We towed the boat containing our water casks, and after ascending the stream some distance we came to a small mountain stream which flowed into the main one and proceeded to fill our casks. We had nearly completed filling them when one of the men called attention to two natives standing motionless as statues and watching us from among the trees, at a distance of about fifty yards. We held up a couple of pieces of red cloth, which has such an irresistible attraction for these people that they will do almost anything to obtain it; and after talking excitedly among themselves for a few moments, they both ran forward and offered their spears and shields in exchange for the cloth. Wishing to make friends with them, we bestowed the cloth upon them for nothing and told them through the interpreter that they might retain their weapons.

They stood looking at us in perfect silence for some time, then silently took their departure; and a few moments later the surrounding hills suddenly resounded with the native as-

sembly cry, "Kuo! kuo! ku! ku! kuo!" We had filled our casks by this time and immediately got under way. Upon reaching the main stream we saw about a dozen natives standing on the bank opposite the mouth of the smaller stream from which we had just emerged.

**We Are
Taken by
Surprise.**

We promptly held up some more red cloth, but instead of coming to receive it, they answered us with yells of defiance and a shower of stones and spears. Knowing the treacherous character of the natives, we had provided each boat with an awning made of two thicknesses of heavy canvas and so arranged that it could be swung to either side to ward off missiles. These awnings stopped the stones readily enough, but the points of the spears cut through them, though their force was perceptibly broken. We did not wish to kill any of them if it could be avoided, but it was necessary to do something to repel their attack, so we fired at their legs, whereupon several of them bounded into the air with loud cries of pain and astonishment; then as suddenly as they had come the whole lot of them darted into the bush.

We soon discovered that our troubles had only begun, for the next moment, although we were beyond the reach of the spears, the stones began to fall around us like hail, and hundreds of voices could be heard yelling, "Kuo! kuo! ku! kuo! ku!" At the same time, the natives themselves were invisible and we could do little more than fire at random at the places where we believed them to be concealed amid the dense foliage along the bank of the stream. Fortunately for us they were all on one side of the stream, so our position was less precarious than it otherwise would have been.

Some one proposed to stop the launch and cease firing in order to give them the impression that we had broken down and were at their mercy, and thus induce them to quit their hiding places for the purpose of making a general attack upon

us. This proposition was rejected because we were able to make good our retreat in any case and, while the savages undoubtedly merited severe treatment at our hands, it was not desired to kill them if we could avoid doing so. Nevertheless, they kept up an irritating bombardment with stones until we were within a short distance of Ruaka village, when they drew off. We saw the natives of Ruaka running about on the beach evidently greatly excited; and a little later in the day some of them came on board and told us through the interpreter that the natives who had made the attack belonged to a certain bush tribe which was their deadly enemy.

It is perfectly true that these natives are treacherous and bloodthirsty and frequently murder white men in the most brutal manner for no apparent cause, but there is another side to this story. White people coolly appropriate these islands and settle upon the lands of the natives without asking their consent, and there is no record of the outrages which unscrupulous white men commit upon them. A white person would quite naturally try to seek revenge upon the person who commits the injustice, but this is incomprehensible to the mind of the savage. If one white person injures them, they will attempt to avenge the wrong upon the first white person who happens to be in their power, although the latter may have had absolutely nothing to do with the affair.

At the same time the savages are whimsical and uncertain as children, and frequently make murderous attacks without any provocation whatsoever, and the whole subject is so involved that none but the Creator himself could decide the rights and wrongs of it.

CHAPTER XXX

SPORTS AND FAITH IN NEW GUINEA

The next day after the attack with stones we sailed from Montagu Bay and, rounding the southeast end of New Guinea, anchored in Port Romilly, on the south coast of the island,

in latitude $7^{\circ} 42' S.$ and longitude $144^{\circ} 49' E.$

We Haul Up Anchor. We spent several days at Kaimari village, which is located near our anchorage on Kaimari creek. Baimuru village is nearby, on Aia creek; Kaa village on a small creek to the westward; Evarra village on the Wame River; and Tumu village a few miles above the junction of the Aird River delta.

For defense the natives here use oblong shields, some of which are made of wood and others of rattan. Some of the natives wore armlets made of the jawbones of enemies whom they had killed and helped to eat, while others strutted about with the bones of enemies dangling from their woolly hair or about their necks, and the bows of all their war canoes were adorned with human skulls.

The head-hunters use a peculiar kind of weapon resembling a sharp-pointed spear with a loop of rattan about eighteen inches wide projecting from the end. Stealing noiselessly up behind a man who is passing through the bush or an enemy who is in retreat, the head-hunter throws the loop over his victim's head and gives it a powerful jerk backwards. This action jerks the neck of the man back upon the sharp point of the spear, which penetrates at the base of the brain or in the spine, inflicting a mortal wound.

When I lived in the Tonga Islands I heard of some frightful cases of torturing prisoners of war in the olden time, but none of the South Sea Islanders ever torture their prisoners as the American Indians did, though they may kill them with a club and afterwards cook and eat them. The natives of New Guinea, on the other hand, not only torture their prisoners in the most fiendish manner, but also cook them alive, because they claim this makes their flesh taste better.

In the center of each village we found a sort of platform made of carved logs, with a center pole carved and painted in various patterns, and with an ornamental fringe of fiber near the top. These logs, like others we had seen, were ornamented with long strings of human skulls and jawbones, together with those of pigs and crocodiles, and we found all the rafters of the houses hung with the same gruesome tokens of murder and feasting. Each warrior has a mark tattooed on his breast or back for every enemy he has slain, and the mark is varied to indicate the rank of the enemy.

The skulls of the slain are always offered to the evil spirits when hung up, and a warrior is sacred after shedding blood till the next new moon. They are very skillful in warding off spears with their shields, and place great value upon shields which bear the scars of contact with spears and war clubs.

Their war dances were always held in the evenings, and in them their movements were extremely swift and graceful.

**More
Dramatic
War-
dancing.**

They swung their shields rapidly up, down, left, and right, to ward off imaginary blows, then charged or retreated rapidly before an oncoming attack. Sometimes they formed in

a sort of open order and discharged rapid volleys of arrows while they sheltered themselves behind trees and bushes or danced about to avoid the arrows of their

enemies. Near the end of the dance they began to give way as if defeated, though they still continued shooting back at the enemy to cover their retreat. Suddenly they all dropped their bows and, forming shoulder to shoulder, gave a final war whoop and made a furious charge upon the imaginary enemy with spears, shields, and war clubs, evidently with the intention of taking them by surprise. This dance usually terminates in this manner.

One of their favorite methods of fishing is with the bow and arrow. They plant a long, stout post firmly in the sand, and near the top of it is a heavy cross-bar, upon which they stand. Each man has his head covered with a piece of native cloth to protect it from the intense heat of the sun, and they stand almost as motionless as statues, their bows and arrows ready for instant use. The moment a fish approaches the surface one of the fishermen transfixes it with an arrow, or, if he should happen to miss (which is a very rare occurrence), one of the others is almost certain to catch it before it has time to escape.

We found that each village contained an erabo (temple), the rafters of which were hung with human skulls, while the skulls of pigs, crocodiles, and cassowaries were arranged in rows along the floor. A great many masks, charms, and fetishes of various kinds are placed on shelves around the walls or hung on pegs which are driven into the posts which support the roof.

Externally an erabo bears considerable resemblance architecturally to a giraffe, for the open end is very high and rises to a point resembling the neck of a giraffe, while the roof slopes sharply downward to the other end, which is not over seven feet in height. The smaller or lower end of the erabo is considered the holy place, and is invariably shut off with a screen from the main portion of the temple. This holy place

Fishing
with
Bow and
Arrow.

is likely to contain about a score of hideous-looking gods made of wickerwork and called kanibu.

The skulls which are placed in the erabo are the remains of victims, human or otherwise, which have first been offered to the kanibu and afterwards eaten. The kanibu or evil spirits are supposed to feast upon the soul or immaterial portion of everything which is offered to them, and the object of placing the skulls in the temple is to remind them that they are expected to extend their favors to the worshipers who furnished them with so many feasts. They judge the devil-gods, whom they worship, by themselves; and as they consider human flesh superior to every other kind of food they consider human sacrifice the most acceptable of all sacrifices to their gods.

An
Old-Home
Festival.

Like all the other islanders in the Pacific, these tribes celebrate a kind of harvest-home festival in the month of May, and even tribes which have been at war together meet in

peace and fraternize for the time being. They cut down trees from fifty to seventy feet long and, after chopping off the smaller branches, proceed to plant the trunks firmly in the ground along both sides of the principal street of the village in which the festival is to be held. The trunks and larger branches are then so thickly hung with bananas, cocoanuts, and other food that the wood of the tree cannot be seen. For a week before the great day of the feast they dance every night without intermission from sunset to sunrise.

In honor of this occasion the natives paint not only the face but the whole body, in addition to which they all wear very fine head-dresses made of the white feathers of the cockatoo and the magnificent plumes of the bird of paradise. They are also extremely fond of decorating their woolly pates with the lovely orchids which are more plentiful in this locality than in any other portion of the world.

The principal feast day is celebrated with much dancing, shouting, singing, and drum-beating, and food is distributed liberally to the multitude. It is the custom then to finish up the affair with a social fight in which many people are killed.

**Magnificent
War
Canoes.**

A war canoe consists of two very long canoes lashed together with long poles, and a platform built upon the poles between them. Forty men act as paddlers, while nearly as many warriors stand on the platform armed with extremely powerful bows and arrows. Such a canoe presents a very picturesque appearance, for the members of the crew wear gaudy feather head-dresses and they, as well as the canoes, are gorgeously painted in rich colors.

In spite of the great power of their bows and their consummate skill in using them, a battle is not so very dangerous, because they defend themselves so skillfully with their shields that most of the arrows are broken or wasted. They always endeavor to avoid exposing their broadside to the enemy, and each side watches for an opportunity to dash alongside the other at an unguarded moment, when the fighting becomes hand-to-hand, and spears, clubs, and tomahawks are used with disastrous effect.

The young people wear a little clothing, but the adults wear practically none, though they cover themselves with a good many ornaments, made chiefly of tortoise shell. They wear head-dresses and necklaces made of shells laboriously ground down and strung upon cords of human hair or strips of fine rattan. Their huge earrings are very elaborately carved from tortoise shell, and they wear shell ornaments, sometimes as much as three-quarters of an inch in diameter, through the septum of the nose, and large shell armlets, elaborately carved.

In war they wear the broad belts previously described, but some of the young swells wear bands or belts made of the bark of the paper mulberry, dyed in the most brilliant

colors. These belts they wear drawn so very tight that the wonder is they are not cut in two. On ordinary occasions they paint their faces black, white, red, and yellow; but, at times of mourning for their dead, they paint themselves black all over, and wear queer collars made of very fine network. Like civilized people they have different degrees of mourning. We saw, for example, some natives hobbling about enveloped in a kind of fine wickerwork dress, which extended from the neck to the knees, and drawn so tight around the body that they could scarcely walk in it. At first we mistook this for a sort of armor, but upon inquiry learned that this tightly drawn wickerwork suit represents the very deepest degree of mourning for a very near relative or friend.

They believe that the god Kanitu created two men and two women out of the ground, and these four became the progenitors of the whole human race. The people of the earth

More Incredible Beliefs. became very wicked and neglected the worship of the gods as they increased in numbers. Finally, they all ceased offering sacrifices to the gods altogether, with the single exception of a priest named Lohero. Accordingly the gods ordered Lohero to sacrifice a man to them, and afterwards to place one of the bones of the victim in a small stream. Lohero did this and immediately the water rose and flooded all the lowland. The people fled to the mountains, but the waters rose so high that they drowned all but a very few who had taken refuge upon the very highest peaks. These few survivors remained upon the lofty peaks until the waters subsided, when they descended to the lowlands and repeopled the earth.

The natives of this part of the coast carry on an extensive commerce with those further east by means of their lakatois, or large trading canoes. A lakatoi is several large canoes securely lashed together and decked over. They load

them with sago and other provisions and sail for the east during the northwest monsoons. At Port Moresby and other eastern points they trade their provisions for crockery ware, armlets, head-dresses, necklaces, tomahawks, knives, beads, fishhooks, red cloth, etc., and, as soon as the regular southeast trade winds set in, they sail for home, thus having a fair wind each way. At all the points which we visited in New Guinea we found the most popular articles of trade to be salt, tobacco, red cloth, tomahawks, knives, and fishhooks.

We
Establish
Friendly
Relations.

We made a run up the Kapaina River, which flows into the head of Port Romilly, and about ten miles from its mouth we entered the Wame River, which we ascended to the village of Evarra.

A few gifts established friendly relations with the natives and they insisted upon our remaining with them all night. While they were crowding around us and examining our clothing with the greatest curiosity, we heard a pig squealing as if in mortal agony. On looking into the matter we found that they had lashed the poor animal to a stout pole supported upon a wooden framework and lighted a fire under it for the purpose of cooking it alive! We protested, through the interpreter, against this fiendish cruelty, and insisted that the pig must be killed or we would shoot it, whereupon two of the natives speared it. They seemed greatly surprised at this, and informed us, also through the interpreter, that sometimes they drown pigs and sometimes club them to death; but they insisted that the flesh tasted far better when cooked alive, and they wished to cook it in this way on the present occasion out of respect for us.

The frogs kept up a lively chorus all night, and myriads of beautiful fireflies flashed like stars among the tall forest trees which surrounded us. The dismal falsetto howls of the native dogs, which are evidently of the same race as the Australian dingoes, reminded us to some extent of the

howling of the Siberian dogs, though the cry of the latter is infinitely less strident.

Another
Strenuous
Night.

It was some time after midnight that we heard a great commotion going on in the village, and supposing that enemies were making an attack, we seized our firearms and rushed out of the house in which we had been

sleeping. The dogs were howling, the natives were shouting, and a pig was squealing in a way that was positively deafening. Upon investigation we found that a crocodile had seized a large pig that was quietly sleeping by its owner's door and was making off with it to the river. The natives rushed to the rescue with torches, spears, and war clubs, but in spite of all their efforts the crocodile made good its retreat to the river and carried the pig along with it. The natives assured us that crocodiles often enter hamlets at night and boldly carry off pigs, dogs, and even people; consequently they generally have a strong fence or hedge between the houses and the river in order to guard against the raids of these reptiles.

We found the surrounding country well watered; the streams abounding in wild ducks, curlews, plovers, sandpipers, and kingfishers, while flocks of beautiful creamy-white pigeons fly about among the tall forest trees, and many quiet pools which we passed were covered with fragrant water lilies of a beautiful blue shade with a vivid yellow center. Others were pure white, or yellow, or light blue with white centers. We found also many very large, sweet-scented *crinum* lilies growing along the banks, and in one place we came upon a vine covered with huge clusters of large flowers of the most vivid scarlet I have ever seen.

The steamy heat was fairly sweltering, and, while I am certain the climate would be most unhealthy for a white man, these very conditions seem to be unusually favorable to the blacks and also to the growth of orchids. I have never seen

so many nor such a variety of these flowers in any other place. We employed the natives to make a very large collection of these orchids for us, but for some reason they never look so well in hothouse or garden as they do in their natural wild surroundings.

We saw a number of graves, each one of which had planted alongside the body a stake on which were hung the utensils which the deceased used during life. The stake by a man's grave, for example, was hung with spears, war clubs, bows, arrows, etc., while that on the grave of a woman was hung with her skirt, bonnet, cooking utensils, etc. These articles are always broken or "killed," as they believe that the soul of the deceased uses the souls of the articles in the future life. Some years afterwards I saw the same custom followed among the Eskimos in Alaska.

While we were looking at one of the graves a couple of native dogs started up an iguana, but instead of trying to escape the fierce creature stood them both off by the vigorous use of its sharp teeth and the cutting blows of its long tail. One of the natives rushed at it with a club, but it darted away, and another shot it dead with an arrow as it was running up the trunk of a large tree.

Walking through the bush we heard a peculiar booming call, which at once attracted the attention of the natives, who promptly concealed themselves behind trees and bushes, while one of them answered the call in the same tone of voice. Shortly after a fine pair of jungle fowl came into view and the natives shot both of them with their arrows. These stately birds were of delicate slate color and the male weighed eight pounds, the female a little less.

The native dogs started a family of young wild pigs and were pursuing them when a full-grown boar dashed out of the bush and stood off the whole pack in gallant style. It

More
Jungle
Game.

was evident that nothing would have suited him better than to have the pack rush upon him, for he wheeled from side to side and champed his tusks as if inviting them to come on, but he looked so formidable that they took care to keep out of his reach. Two of the natives shot a couple of huge arrows into him, and although the wounds which they inflicted were probably mortal he scattered the dogs right and left and charged like a thunderbolt upon those who had wounded him. His charge scattered the natives as it did the dogs, and they ran up the nearest trees like squirrels, and then assailed him with their arrows. He fell as though exhausted, and the dogs made a rush to finish him, but quick as a flash he was on his feet and ripped three of them with his terrible tusks before they could escape. But this was his final effort, for a moment later he dropped dead.

The natives place great value upon the tusks of these boars, and the larger they are the more highly they are prized. Sometimes a boar tooth is worn through the septum of the nose, but the general custom is to lash a couple of them together and hold them in the mouth during battle. In this case the points of the teeth project from the side of the warriors' mouths very much as they projected from the mouth of the boar; and they believe that this imparts something of the strength and ferocity of the boar to the warrior who thus wears his tusks.

**Striped
Pigs.**

The young pigs on this island are colored black and brown in alternate longitudinal stripes, extending the whole length of the body, but upon reaching maturity these longitudinal stripes assume a gray or speckled color, and sometimes are even jet black.

The natives not only hunt these pigs with bows and arrows, but also catch them in very strong nets made of the inner bark of the aerial roots of the pandanus. While the

pigs are struggling in the net the hunters spear them to death. A small present of tobacco induced them to allow us to examine the holy place, or innermost sanctuary

An
Innermost
Sanctuary.

of the temple, in which their gods are kept behind a heavy woven curtain. These gods numbered about twenty and consisted of wickerwork images representing sharks, crocodiles, and hideous nondescript monsters which bore no resemblance to any known living creature.

They explained that whenever a cannibal feast is held they always convey the body (or bodies) with great ceremony to the holy place behind the curtain and present it to the gods; and the gods always take out a bite to show that they accept the sacrifice, after which the bodies are eaten by the feasters.

Each of the images behind the mysterious curtain is quite large enough to hold a priest inside of it; hence it is not difficult to understand how it is that the gods take a bite out of each offering.

CHAPTER XXXI

AUSTRALIA AGAIN

We sailed from Port Romilly and, passing through Torres Strait, crossed the mouth of the Gulf of Carpentaria and anchored in the mouth of the Liverpool River, on the north coast of Australia, in latitude 12° S. and longitude 134°

We
Explore
Dangerous
Streams
and
Rivers.

$14'$ E. Here we found a well-sheltered anchorage, safe from all winds, under the south side of Entrance Island, in nine fathoms, muddy bottom. Next day after our arrival a revenue cutter visited us to find out whether we were engaged in fishing for either pearls

or trepang, in which case we would be obliged to pay the regular license. Finding that we were only collecting curios they warned us to beware of treachery on the part of the local blacks, who had recently made several unprovoked attacks upon Malay praus and European pearl-vessels.

The river affords ideal hiding places for the natives, for both banks are heavily timbered and the whole district abounds in game. On the western bank a densely wooded range, rising to a height of 150 feet, approaches close to the belt of mangrove which lines the water's edge, while the eastern bank is low and is also heavily timbered. For the first twelve miles or so we found both banks so thickly overgrown with mangrove that it was almost impossible for any one except perhaps an experienced black fellow to effect a landing; but higher up the ground is clearer of timber, with open grassy plains here and there along the banks that are lined with fan palms, cabbage palms, eucalyptus, and paper-bark trees.

The river is lively with crocodiles and wild ducks. Kingfishers and ibis gather here in great numbers, and beautiful white cockatoos are so plentiful as to literally cover the trees at sundown. At first we saw nothing of the natives, though we knew they were watching us, for we discovered smoke ascending from several signal fires. Knowing themselves to be guilty of many murders of white men, they supposed we knew it, too, and believed that we were laying some kind of a trap for them; so they kept pretty far out of our way.

They showed their treacherous nature in the instance of a small Malay vessel which was anchored a few weeks previous to this in the same place where we now were. It is commonly supposed that the Australian blacks never make an attack at night because they are afraid of the terrible Bunyip which prowls about in the bush at night and devours every black that he can catch away from his fire—for the Bunyip will not come within sight of a fire. The blacks do not like to leave their fires at night, nevertheless they have frequently been known to murder white settlers and burn their houses during the hours of darkness. This was the case with the small vessel to which I have referred; for the blacks swam quietly out to her while the whole crew was fast asleep and murdered all but two men who managed to escape, one of whom was the captain. The next season the brother of the murdered Malay captain anchored in the same place and made friends with the blacks by giving them liberal gifts of tobacco. Finally he induced a large number of them to come to Entrance Island, which is three-quarters of a mile long and sixty-five feet high, and there opened upon them with the two-pound guns with which his ships were equipped. A few of the blacks managed to get into the water and tried to escape by swimming, but the Malays were in their canoes ready for them, and killed them off to a man with the aid of poisoned arrows and spears.

We had come to the Liverpool River for the purpose of obtaining Australian curios, particularly boomerangs; and, finding that none of the blacks came on board, or bothered about us, we ascended the stream to where the Taylor and Tomkinson Rivers flow into it from the east, about a mile and a half above Bat Island. We went about ten miles up the Tomkinson River, which is much larger than the Taylor River, and is very crooked besides, though it has an average width of about eighty yards and an average depth of five fathoms.

As yet we had seen nothing of the natives hereabouts, though it was evident that they were watching us closely, for we could hear their long-drawn "coo-ee" reverberating now and again through the bush.

We were running close to shore while rounding a bend of the river, when suddenly a spear came whizzing through the air and struck the bow of our launch with such force that the point passed clean through the planking. The very next instant a dozen or more armed savages appeared upon the bank brandishing spears and yelling defiance as mysteriously as though they had risen out of the earth. Instead of firing at them, we held up some pieces of tobacco and motioned to them to come and get it. After conferring among themselves they beckoned us to come ashore; but by this time there were so many warriors in sight and so many convenient hiding places from which they could hurl spears without exposing themselves to our fire that we preferred not to accept of their insistent hospitality.

Again
We Are
Invited
Ashore.

The injury to the launch could be easily repaired, and we had no desire to kill any of them unnecessarily. But when we held up our rifles to show that we were armed, instantly every savage disappeared. It was as

though the earth had swallowed them up. Their dexterity in hiding is marvelous. They can completely conceal them-

selves in grass or behind small bushes where one would think a cat could scarcely find cover.

About a mile farther on we came to a place clear of trees, though the ground was covered with long thick grass, and here we halted. As usual a number of blacks loomed up in the distance, and one came running towards us hailing us in broken English. He explained that he had been engaged in pearl-fishing and could talk "old fellow English" like a white man.

For some unaccountable reason they apply the name "old fellow" to almost everything, and are continually begging for old fellow tobacco, old fellow knife, old fellow tomahawk, etc. They also beg for old fellow coat and old fellow hat, though they would not wear these things after obtaining them. Nothing would induce them to wear clothing under any circumstances, except when they enter a town on a begging expedition, when they are obliged to wear some manner of drapery for fear of being arrested.

Our guest was wildly delighted when one of our men presented him with tobacco and a clay pipe; and when we asked him why the other blacks were afraid to come and trade with us he waved his hand contemptuously in the direction from which he had come, and exclaimed, "Him fellow all same fools." Like all South Sea Islanders he was anxious to obtain "whikky" (whiskey), but we always persistently refused to furnish them with liquor or firearms on any pretext whatsoever.

Our friend explained that his name was Burrooloola, and, being told that we wished to trade for boomerangs and other native implements, he disappeared and soon returned with a whole armful of boomerangs, for which we paid him liberally. Many more native islanders had drawn near by this time, and meanwhile were growing as friendly as they had previously been suspicious. We secured a good collection of implements,

shields, nulla-nullas, wummeras, stone axes, etc., besides a number of unique mosquito nets very neatly made of finely plaited grass.

It seemed to me very strange that these blacks had never learned to use bows and arrows; for the Malays who visit the coast use bows and arrows for hunting as well as in their frequent fights with the blacks, and these weapons are so vastly superior to spears that one would suppose the blacks would see the advantage and adopt them.

Having established friendly relations with the blacks, we returned to our ship; and after that they visited us every day bringing weapons and curios to exchange. We were constantly on a sharp lookout for treachery, however.

A
"Big Fellow
Fight."

Two days after our arrival, Burroloola invited us to A Big Fellow Fight to be held at a large camp of blacks several miles up the Tomkinson River, and he took pains to assure us that

the star attraction of the night would be a most unusually brilliant and terrific "big fellow fight." It was scarcely necessary to tell us this, for I believe the Australian blacks would not consider any red letter night worthy the name if it did not include a knock-down fight or two, which they regard as the choicest of pleasures.

We said yes, we would come, and reached the camp late in the afternoon. As is customary on such occasions we found the warring parties camped together and apparently fraternizing in the most friendly manner without the slightest sign of hostility. The participants in the fight were painted red and white and decorated with much white down off the eagle-hawk, carried in thin wavy lines from the shoulders to the knees and pasted on the face with iguana fat, which sticks like mucilage.

About an hour before sundown the peacefulness of the scene was changed in a twinkling. Both parties drew up in

battle array and began abusing each other in the way that precedes a fight, while the women stood in the rear and shrieked like fiends, by way of urging them on. It would be impossible to say just when the fight began, but spears and boomerangs began suddenly to fly through the air at such a rapid rate that it was little less than marvelous how any of the combatants escaped instant death from them. And their yells of defiance and war cry were deafening.

The women and children kept the warriors supplied with spears, stones and boomerangs, and when these missiles were exhausted or broken they rushed in and attacked each other like maniacs, with their shields and waddies, apparently becoming more and more enraged every moment, until at last they were fighting with such demoniacal fury that it seemed as though the general shrieking pandemonium could end in nothing less than the annihilation of every one concerned in it. But these people defend themselves with such marvelous skill that no one was killed, though many were bleeding from wounds which would surely have killed any ordinary white man.

Every detail of the fight was conducted according to strict rules and regulations, and it must be said to their credit that they always fight fairly. The battle stopped at sunset, and when it was ended every trace of enmity apparently ended with it, for both parties began instantly to prepare for the dance which was to follow.

Burroloola informed us that the combatants had been hunting together and it was their custom to celebrate the occasion with a social fight and a dance before separating. After the fight is over each war party takes its turn in dancing for the amusement of the other until daylight, when they part on good and friendly terms. When we left for our ship, the two parties who had lately been, to all intents and purposes, trying to slaughter one another, were dancing together in the most

amicable way. Even after we lost sight of them altogether the yelling of the dancers, the dismal howls of the dingos, and the wailing chant of the women could be heard resounding with weird effect through the midnight silences of the lonely river.

**The Old
Enemies
Again.**

The river is beautifully bordered with tropical flowers and shrubs and on that night the moonlight imparted an indescribable charm to its deep beauty; but the moonlight also revealed to us innumerable small, dark objects

floating upon the surface, each of which represented a silent but deadly crocodile in quest of prey. At frequent intervals wild ducks, swans, pelicans, spoonbills, and other aquatic birds rose from the water at our approach and flew away with cries of alarm. We could not help wondering how they managed to escape the crocodiles, which swarm so thickly in every portion of the river. In spite of the ever present crocodiles, however, the river contains plenty of excellent fish and the natives have several interesting ways of catching them, one of the most peculiar of which is this :

They find a hollow log, and hitch a rope made of currajong bark around the larger end, and sink the log to the bottom of the river, where they allow it to remain for a couple of days or more. Crabs, eels, and fish of various kinds take refuge inside the log, probably bent on avoiding the crocodiles. A fisherman then draws the larger end of the sunken log to the surface and hauls it ashore by means of a rope while another man dives down and covers the small end with a pad of currajong bark to prevent the escape of the catch. One day two natives hauled up a large log in this way near to where we were anchored, and among its other contents was a poisonous sea snake marked with alternate brown and yellow bands. It is doubtful if these venomous creatures can see when out of the water, for it twisted about and struck wildly in every direction until one of the blacks killed it.

**Witchcraft
Again.**

These blacks, like all savage races, are believers in witchcraft, and the medicine men or sorcerers of the tribe make an easy living by trading upon their superstition. When a man manufactures a new weapon of any kind whatever, he pays a sorcerer to sing over it, and endow it with power. So the sorcerer invents an incantation over it in some language which is not understood; or possibly he invents the language to suit the occasion, and guarantees the weapon to be charmed or bewitched, finally assuring the owner that it is more deadly and effective than it would otherwise have been. The sorcerer also does an extensive trade in charms of various kinds, particularly pointing bones and pointing sticks. The latter are made of wood but the former are made of the femur or fibula of dead men, sharpened to a needle point at one end. The sure witchcraft way to destroy an enemy is to attach a pointed bone or stick to the point of a spear, then slip quietly into the darkness and point it at the enemy while he is seated at his fire, entirely unconscious of what is going on behind his back.

**Another
Variation of
Transmigra-
tion.**

The reader may argue that such childish nonsense can not possibly injure any one; but it does produce death in the same way as previously described in the case of the Maoris.

A hint is dropped in such a way that it is sure to reach the ears of the victim to the effect that he has been "pointed at," and upon hearing this he at once gives up all hope and dies according to the programme, rather than disappoint his enemy.

They all believe in a future state, though they entertain different ideas in regard to it. In common with many other blacks, they believe that after death the soul of a black fellow ascends above the sky through the strange black spot which is always so strikingly conspicuous beside the Southern Cross. The soul then travels all the way across the sky until it reaches

the opposite side, when it is reborn into this world again. Since they became acquainted with white people, many of them believe the whites to be reincarnated blacks who have passed through these celestial regions.

The tribes are divided into different clans, each member of which is usually named after some plant or animal, though there are also such totem names as wind, sun, water, cloud, etc. The blacks firmly believe that every individual is a direct descendant of the animal, plant, or other object after which their totem is named; hence they believe that there is intimate association between the individual and his or her totem.

**The
Kobong
or Totem.**

The deep-rooted theory of animal descent forms the basis of their religious beliefs, and the object of the ceremonies associated with the totems is to secure the increase of the animal or plant which gives its name to the clan.

The totem, which some Australian tribes call the *kobong*, is not only the badge or emblem of the clan, but is also a family signal, an expression of religion, an intimate bond of union, and a regulator of the marriage laws and other social institutions. Thus a man must not marry a woman belonging to the same totem as himself, and if he were to eat the plant or animal which his *kobong* represents, it would be sure to kill him.

The blacks believe that the obligation of mutual help is binding upon the totem as well as upon those who owe allegiance to it, and if a man takes care of his totem, he expects the totem to return the compliment by taking care of him. Should the totem be a dangerous animal or a poisonous snake, it must not injure any of its clansmen; and the ceremony of initiating the youths of the clan consists in teaching them the mysteries of the totem to which they belong. Every youth must pass through certain ceremonies of initiation, many of which are of a most revolting nature, before he can be ad-

mitted to the secrets of the tribe and be regarded as a fully developed member of it.

Every totem has its own ceremonies, and at certain times a long series of ceremonies connected with all the totems and extending over a period of three months is performed at a joint meeting of all the clans composing the tribe. The men of each totem wear the regalia pertaining to their particular totem during these ceremonies. One very common form of regalia (which must represent a very large totem) consists of down pasted upon the face and body with blood or iguana fat. The curious structures which some of the ardent tribesmen wear upon their heads are very carefully preserved, and their loss is regarded as the greatest calamity that can befall a tribe. These headgears are intimately associated with the totems, and women and uninitiated youths are never permitted to see them under penalty of very severe punishment or even death. When not in use they are kept hidden away in secret storehouses and only brought out on occasions of ceremony.

CHAPTER XXXII

WAYS AND WISDOM OF THE SAVAGES

Singularly enough, all the Australian tribes believe in a kind of Golden Age, when war and fighting were not known and universal peace and happiness prevailed. They have many differing traditions in regard to the way in which man fell from this blissful condition which existed in long-past ages; but they believe in a coming millennium when the Edenic conditions will be restored and peace, prosperity, and perfect harmony will forever prevail.

They use a light hunting spear five or six feet long composed of a light reed pointed with hard wood, bone, or obsidian.

The wummera or throwing stick used by these tribes is very neatly made of myall or of the mangrove, both of which are almost as tough as whalebone. With the aid of the wummera a hunter can hurl one of these light

**Spears
as Slim
as a
Pencil.**
spears over two hundred yards. These spears are sometimes used for fighting; but their regular throwing war spear is at least eight feet long and five-eighths of an inch in diameter at the thickest part (about half a foot from the point), while the butt end is scarcely thicker than a common lead pencil. The head and shaft are all one piece of hard wood, and the point is sometimes plain but generally fitted with one or more barbs of wood, bone, or obsidian. The butt end has a slight hollow to fit on the hook on the end of the wummera, and to prevent it from splitting it is wrapped with fine kangaroo sinews smoothed over with something known as black boy gum.

They also use a heavier kind of spear as a pike for hand to hand combat, but this is from nine to ten feet long and a little over an inch in diameter. Both the head and shaft are made of one piece of wood and the head is generally armed with three rows of barbs, extending about eight inches from the point, and all carved out of the solid wood.

Besides the ordinary boomerang, they use a peculiar kind of boomerang with a horn or beak at one end, and Burroloola explained that this is used only for throwing at birds, because the horn makes it more effective when hurled among a flock of flying game.

In addition to the ordinary straight waddy, they use a waddy shaped like a one-pointed pick or a capital L, and the sharp pointed head is useful in striking downward over the top of a shield or around the side of it.

I knew of a case in Queensland in which a white trooper who was a famous swordsman tried to arrest a black man for murder. The trooper was armed with a cavalry sabre and the black fellow with one of these L-shaped waddies. I do not remember whether he had a shield or not. The trooper tried his best to cut down the black fellow with his sword. The savage not only parried every blow successfully, but severely wounded both the trooper and his horse without receiving a scratch himself. Finally the black man struck the point of his waddy clear through the nose of the white man's horse, causing the terrified animal to rear and throw his rider. The black at this instant bounded away like a deer and made good his escape before the trooper could regain his seat or his feet.

Fishing
by
Torches.

around them.

One of the very picturesque sights in these parts is the natives fishing with torches at night on the river; and one of the most surprising features of the fishing is their utter indifference to the crocodiles swarming

Two blacks always fish together in one small

bark canoe, which seems so frail that a white man would never trust himself in it.

This tribe, like all other Australians, are given to cutting frightful scars in their flesh, and some men, and women too, are completely covered with such huge scars that the wonder still remains how they ever managed to survive the operation. The patterns in which these scars are cut vary according to the taste of the individual and according to the district to which he belongs and the women do not usually wear so many scars as the men.

During the rainy season, they commonly sleep in huts built something like low hay stacks. They first stick a number of light poles like fishing rods into the ground in a circle, then lash the upper ends together in the center, after which they weave lighter rods in and out among them like basket work. They then thatch this crude inclosure carefully with long coarse grass. There is never any chimney or windows either to these huts, and the door is usually so low that it can only be entered on hands and knees.

**A
Clever
Decoy.** Besides killing water fowl with spears and boomerangs, one of their favorite methods is to swim underneath a flock and drag them down by the legs; the length of time a black fellow can remain under water is astonishing.

In some parts of the river they have stakes planted and horizontal poles laid across them about a foot above the surface of the water. After gorging themselves with fish, the birds light upon the horizontal poles and begin to doze. Without a sound, one or two black fellows concealed among the bushes on the bank, will slip into the water and swim under it to the perch upon which the birds are dozing; each wary boy dexterously seizes a bird in either hand, dragging them beneath the surface, where they are quickly drowned.

It was especially amusing to watch them catching pelicans

as they calmly swam upon the river. These birds, be it remembered, are strong and bite savagely when caught, but as a matter of course a black fellow pays no attention to such a trifle as that, for he drags them down and breaks their necks before they have time to bite. They always break the neck of the bird at once and they do this so quietly and skillfully that we often saw a black fellow secure a number of birds out of a flock before the rest took alarm and flew away.

Two or three blacks generally hunt together when they are going for birds on the wing with boomerangs. One man first launches his boomerang at the birds, and as they try to dodge, the second and third men hurl their boomerangs with unerring aim among the flock, and in this way they kill birds as readily as a white man can with a shot gun.

They are particularly fond of roast snakes and eat the poisonous as well as the non-poisonous varieties. One day we were shooting birds along the bank of the river when one of the party came upon a very handsome and deadly poisonous snake, which at once showed fight instead of trying to retreat as they usually do. It was such a handsome thing that we were anxious to secure it without injury in order to preserve the skin; so Burroloola caught it with a noose of bark on the end of a stick and held it under water until it drowned. The snake was only twenty inches long and its back was a rich dark brown, covered with bright yellow spots, and the belly was a brilliant yellow. Its head was black, like the head of the tiger snake, and it had a strikingly beautiful collar of vivid scarlet around its neck. After we had skinned it, Burroloola cooked the remainder upon the embers of a fire and ate it. Venomous snakes (which are akin to the cobras of India) are rather common along this river.

One of the blacks started a snake which was five feet eight inches long and was covered with alternate bands of black and dark olive, with a yellow belly. Wishing to show his skill

with the shield, he stood within two feet of it and poked it with the point of his spear. The venomous creature struck repeatedly at him, but he dexterously caught every stroke on his narrow shield till at last the snake lay on the ground exhausted. He then severed the head from the body with a blow of his stone tomahawk and the blacks cooked and ate it.

These people also eat a species of lizard which attains a length of seven or eight feet. They teach their dogs to hunt for it in the bush; but the lizards are so fierce that the dogs do not care to attack them without the assistance of their masters. I have seen one of these lizards not only stand off two hunting dogs, but chase after them. They are very quick and agile and not only bite savagely with their long, needle-like teeth, but also deliver cutting blows with their whip-like tails. As a rule the dogs serve only to detain the lizard until their masters come to their assistance and despatch it.

**Lizards
and
Poisonous
Snakes.**

One day we came upon one of these lizards devouring a poisonous snake, which appeared to have been very recently killed; and Burro-loola declared most positively that they kill and eat all kinds of snakes and that the snake poison has no effect upon them. These lizards also kill and eat such animals as opossums, wombats, and bandicoots, and we often heard one of these animals screaming in agony during the night when a lizard had caught it. I heard, not only from the blacks, but also from white bushmen in various parts of Australia, that snake poison has no effect upon these lizards, and it appears to be a fact. It must also be remembered that Australia has a larger proportion of poisonous snakes than any other country in the world, for it is said to have sixty-two varieties and forty-three of these are venomous.

The poison of a rattlesnake is said to have no effect upon a pig, and it seems also to be the same in the case of these

Australian lizards, although scientists who have studied the subject declare that the venom of the Australian tiger snake is the most deadly of all known snake poisons.

Finding that we wished to obtain specimens of different kinds of reptiles to add to our collection, the natives smoked a number of snakes out of decaying logs and old stumps. One of the first to come out of a very large log was a very fine tiger snake. One of the natives secured it in a small net and carried it on the end of his spear to the river, where he drowned it in spite of its struggles. On turning over some decaying logs by means of long poles, we found not only snakes but whole colonies of scorpions and centipedes. The centipedes, which were of a rich bronze color, were over a foot long and could jump several feet. One of our party had a narrow escape from one of these venomous creatures which sprang directly at his face, and he barely managed to jump backward in time to avoid it. I believe they are one of the chief causes of the chronic warfare which exists between the Australian savages. They undoubtedly cause the death of many a black man, especially during the hours of darkness. But the tribal sorcerer, who has a keen eye to business, always attributes these deaths to witchcraft and the relatives of the deceased must pay him to discover the enemy who caused it.

Like all the rest of the Australian blacks, they believe in the terrible Bunyip, which prowls about in the bush at night and devours people who get out of sight of a fire. They claim that they sometimes see the tracks of the

**The
Fearful
Bunyip.**

Bunyip in the bush; but this mysterious monster has the peculiar habit of turning his feet other ways about in order to deceive people in regard to the direction in which he is traveling. Thus he will sometimes travel with his toes in front in the orthodox way, then reverse his feet and travel with his heels in front, so that no one but the medicine man of the

tribe can tell which way he is really going. Whenever they camp at night, they stretch themselves around their fires and everybody joins in a low, droning, yet musical chant for the purpose of driving away any evil spirits that may be prowling around, or the terrifying Bunyip; then they feel more or less secure so long as they keep within sight of their protecting fires.

It is a curious sight to see them breaking firewood for their camp fires, for they always break it upon their heads, instead of across their knees as a white man does. The skulls of these blacks are so excessively strong that I have seen them bear with equanimity a succession of terrific blows any one of which I believe would have killed an ordinary white man on the spot.

**Strange
Methods
of
Dueling.**

It is common for two men or two women of the same tribe to settle a quarrel by fighting an improvised duel in the presence of their friends, and it must be said to their credit that they fight fairly. The women sometimes

fight by scooping up hot ashes or embers upon pieces of bark and throwing them upon each other, but as a rule they fight their duels in much the same way as the men do. The two who are going to fight meet at the appointed place along with a number of their friends, and the one who has issued the challenge stoops down and resting both hands upon his knees offers his head to his opponent. The latter grasps his heavy waddy in both hands and, raising it high in the air, brings it down with all his might upon the skull of his antagonist, which has no protection of any kind except the thick covering of tangled hair.

The challenged man next bends down in the same way while the other delivers a terrific blow with his waddy upon his skull; and this exchange of blows is kept up until one of them falls to the ground stunned or killed, and the other is declared the victor.

The tribes communicate with each other through the medium of intertribal messengers who wear a special decoration to show their calling; and these messengers are always treated as honored guests and never molested in any way, even though the tribes through which they pass are at deadly feud, as they generally are. Each messenger carries one or two message sticks marked with dots and notches which vary in arrangement according to the nature of the message which he carries. In other words, certain arbitrary arrangements of dots and notches are understood to stand for certain fixed meanings among all the tribes, and the messenger fills out the message verbally.

Smoke Signals. They have also a very complete code of smoke signals which can be seen a long distance in the clear Australian atmosphere, but they have always shown great reluctance to explain to white men their code of smoke signals.

If one man requires assistance from the other members of his tribe, he lights a small fire and places a handful of green grass or leaves upon it in order to make it send up a thin column of smoke. He then extinguishes it suddenly by throwing sand or earth upon it and, after waiting awhile, if he gets no response he repeats the same signal until the assistance arrives or some one answers it in some way, showing that his signal has been seen and assistance is on the way. By means of these smoke signals, they convey messages over immense distances in an incredibly short time.

About three miles south of the Tomkinson River, the Liverpool River makes a sudden bend toward the northwest for a distance of about three miles. It then makes a very sharp turn to the south. Burroloola conducted us to a place where we found excellent fresh water on the western side of the river, directly opposite the sharp turn where the river runs in a southerly direction. While we were filling our water casks, a

buffalo cow and her calf came out of the bush and plunged into the river for a bath as buffaloes often do.

A
Mother
Loses Her
Young
One.

We were watching them swim about and enjoy themselves, when all at once the hideous head of a crocodile rose above the surface of the water and the calf disappeared with a stifled cry of terror. The cow quickly

gained the bank, where she ran up and down bellowing piteously for her calf, but catching sight of us, she bounded into the bush and disappeared.

Perhaps few people are aware that herds of wild buffaloes are found all over Northern Australia and even extending into the north of Queensland. Of course they are not indigenous to the country, but are the offspring of some that were imported from the Malay Peninsula and were left behind when the soldiers abandoned the settlements on the northern coast. They seem to prefer the coarsest and rankest kind of herbage, and at the time of our visit (March, the end of the rainy season) the coarse, wiry grass, which they feed upon, was higher than our heads.

This northern territory is a sportsman's paradise, but it is of little use to attempt to hunt the wild cattle during the summer or rainy season (December to March), partly on account of the heavy rains which frequently flood the low lands, and partly on account of the height of the grass. Even with the aid of a horse it would be most difficult to penetrate the rank grass, and the hunter would be likely to find himself face to face with a savage buffalo bull before he suspected his presence. These solitary bulls are extremely fierce as well as cunning, and the blacks are chary of following their trails through the long grass, though they have no objection to attacking them on open ground, where they have room to dodge. The blacks are so nimble that it is practically impossible for a wild bull to catch one of them in the open.

While the crew filled the water casks we went some distance up the river in the launch and were amazed at the abundance of birds. We passed acres of wild geese and wild ducks, together with countless thousands of white cockatoos, ibis, and jabirus. The ducks and geese flew away at our approach, but the cockatoos flew about us and screeched at an appalling rate. The blacks who accompanied us made good use of their boomerangs and brought down such quantities of birds that we could have loaded the launch with them.

They called our attention to the fact that they used different kinds of boomerangs for different purposes. Their war boomerangs are made of very hard, heavy wood which would instantly sink in water and be lost; hence on the water they use the hooked boomerangs, made of a lighter kind of wood, which floats on the water and is easily recovered.

A little further on, we saw numbers of Torres Strait pigeons, doves, turkeys, parrots, spoonbills, quail, jungle fowl, and many beautiful small birds of which we did not know the name. In one place where the grass was low we came upon a flock of native companions which were amusing themselves as usual by dancing, what looked to us like minuets and quadrilles, and bowing to each other in the most artistic and graceful manner. No one could help admiring these graceful birds, and an old bushman would consider it little short of murder to kill one of them. They are easily domesticated, and not only make affectionate pets, but are particularly useful in killing poisonous snakes and protecting domestic fowls from the attacks of crows and eagle-hawks, which are very destructive to all kinds of poultry in the bush.

On rounding a sharp bend in the river, about two miles south of our landing place, we came upon a very fine barramunda sunning itself upon a log. One of our blacks instantly

launched his spear in its direction, but it caught sight of us and plunged into the water in time to avoid the missile, which grazed the log on which it had been reclining and stuck fast in the bank beyond.

The jungle scenery along the river is most entrancing and includes towering gum trees, banyans, flowering vines, and handsome ferns growing in greatest luxuriance down to the water's edge.

We also found a sort of thorn which the bushmen call the "wait awhile," or "bush lawyer," which is very troublesome and exasperating, for it is armed with sharp, hooked thorns which easily tear even the strongest clothing.

Burroloola told us that he and some companions were once on a hunting expedition and camped at night quite a long distance from the river; but during the night a crocodile crept out of the bush so silently that it seized one of the dogs before these animals were aware of its presence, although the native dogs are uncommonly alert. The cries of the dog quickly aroused the camp and Burroloola and some of his companions instantly assailed the crocodile with blazing sticks from the fire, while some of the others attacked it with their spears. One man ran up and endeavored to spear it, but the reptile, with a blow of its tail, broke both of the man's legs. It released the dog and, seizing the wounded man in its jaws, bounded away with him into the bush before his companions had time to haul him out of its reach. The other savages were afraid to pursue it in the darkness for fear of evil spirits.

Seeing a couple of kangaroos drinking on the edge of the river, we shot them for the blacks who accompanied us; and as they could not carry them in their frail bark canoes, we ran in shore and took them aboard the launch. One of the native dogs ran into the bush and was left behind, but when we reached the middle of the stream he appeared upon the bank and started to swim towards the launch. He had pro-

ceeded only a few yards when a crocodile seized him; but instead of sinking at once as these reptiles usually do when they seize a victim, he gave his head an upward twitch and deliberately threw the dog high in the air, then seized him as he came down and instantly plunged beneath the surface.

"More Pork," "More Pork." The nights on the river were indescribably beautiful, for the extraordinary brilliancy of the moonlight rendered every object almost as light as day and the strange sounds which

came from the depths of the surrounding forest added a touch of weird melancholy to the lonely scene. Usually a small brown owl kept up a hoarse, dismal croak sounding exactly like "more pork, more pork," while the loud croaking of the bull frog mingled with the long-drawn howls of the prowling dingos and the occasional shriek of some night bird, made night strangely lonely. At earliest dawn, these weird sounds give place to the wild guffaws of the laughing jackass and the delightful music of magpies, whose tones resemble a combination of the flute and organ exquisitely modulated.

Our parting from our black friends was as cordial as our reception had been hostile, and we next anchored in Port Essington, in latitude $11^{\circ} 15'$ S. and longitude $132^{\circ} 10'$ E.

CHAPTER XXXIII

BUFFALO HUNTING IN NORTH AUSTRALIA

This fine harbor, nineteen miles long and seven miles wide at the mouth, is almost land-locked. But the land on either side of the entrance is so low that it is difficult to make it out and it is necessary to beware of Orontes Reef, which lies off the entrance. Our chief object in calling was to lay in a supply of fresh beef from the wild cattle which are plentiful here. They are descended from some English cattle which the old settlers left behind when they abandoned the place.

As usual, we first made friends with the blacks by means of some presents of sugar and other supplies, and they readily undertook to conduct us to a place where we would find cattle. Some of them came in the boat and the launch with us while others followed in their bark canoes; we took our own dogs along. Running up a small creek which flows into Knocker Bay on the southwest side of the harbor, we landed and struck out toward the west.

The scenery resembled that of a beautiful park, for the ground rose with a gentle slope from the beach and was covered with short green grass and fine trees. We saw immense flocks of pigeons and a number of natives. After trailing about a mile, we suddenly caught sight of a herd of some twenty-five wild horses quietly grazing and apparently unconscious of danger. Having no desire to hunt them, we crept close and sat down to watch them. They were in splendid condition and appeared to be a very fine lot of animals; their whole appearance seemed to indicate that the district

was well adapted for stock raising. All at once one of them caught sight of the dogs and uttered a loud snort, whereupon the whole herd ran together snorting with terror and gazed at us for a moment, then bounded away with the speed of greyhounds.

A little further on we heard cattle lowing, though we could not see them. Following the sound, we came in sight of a small herd feeding, while a magnificent bull stood with his head high in the air, evidently keeping watch over the others. Two of the blacks, who had been in the pearl fishing business, could talk a little broken English, and before leaving the vessel we had supplied them with a couple of pieces of bright red calico. The grass was not nearly so high as along the Liverpool River, and the blacks who were with us requested permission to stalk the bull and attack him with their spears, while two of them remained with us and held the dogs.

They certainly gave a splendid exhibition of stalking, for the moment the bull turned away his head, they ran forward without a sound, but when they saw that he was about to look in their direction, they disappeared completely. Finally his suspicions were excited and he stood staring fixedly in their direction, when all at once we saw a piece of red calico slowly waving upon the end of a spear, though the man who held it was not visible. Without a moment's hesitation the bull's head went down, his tail went up, and he charged like a deer upon the scrap of red. The next instant the blacks sprang from the grass with a terrific yell, meeting his headlong charge with their spears, while the two who were back with us released the dogs. Even when mortally wounded, the bull charged the blacks like lightning. They eluded his attacks with marvelous agility and the dogs, coming up at this moment, began to snap at his heels. He wheeled and delivered a sweeping stroke of his horns, which cut one dog nearly in two and sent another twenty feet into the air, killing him on

the spot. The rest of the pack beat a hasty retreat. Whenever the infuriated animal made a charge upon one of the blacks, the others danced around him and yelled like fiends to distract his attention. The noble creature was mortally wounded and bleeding from many spear thrusts before he fell.

It was surprising to see how quickly the **Shooting Wild Cattle.** blacks cut up the carcass with their rude stone knives and carried every pound of it,

skin and all, to the launch, which conveyed it to their main camp on the other side of the bay. Turning towards the north and proceeding about a mile in the direction of Kennedy Bay, we sighted another herd of cattle feeding, a bull standing on guard as usual. We approached within about three hundred yards of them, then all fired together, killing two of the cows outright and breaking one of the legs of another. The remainder of the herd disappeared in an instant and even the cow with the broken leg ran like a deer till the dogs brought her to bay, when we ran up and finished her. We skinned and dressed the carcasses in the usual way; but the blacks did not allow any part to go to waste, for it would be difficult to name anything in the shape of animal food which would come amiss to them.

They carried the meat to the launch for us, and after getting it on board, we salted part of it in barrels, but most of it was cut in strips and hung up in the hot sun, which quickly turned it black and dried it almost as hard as a board. In this condition it seems to be capable of keeping indefinitely, but exposure to dampness is sure to spoil it.

We visited the main camp of the blacks and found they were about to hold a corroboree in honor of a party of blacks who had just arrived on one of their periodic trading journeys from some distant tribe. Ignorant as they are, they have a well-organized system of trade, which enables the different tribes to exchange natural or manufactured products to the

mutual advantage of both. They almost always start on these trading journeys in the fall (about March) because all the rock holes, springs, and water courses are then full from the regular summer rains, and the routes along which they always travel have been fixed from time out of mind. These trading journeys occupy a long time, but the natives who take part in them are received in the most friendly manner and entertained with social fights, feasts, and corroborees everywhere they go.

The party of native traders who had just arrived from a distant tribe wore sandals made from the bark of the tea tree (entirely different from the ti tree of the Polynesian Islands) to protect their feet from stones. These trees are generally so plentiful that they can renew their sandals at almost any point on their journey. In the company was the tribal sorcerer or medicine man who wore a pair of sandals made of emu feathers matted together. This is regarded as one of their distinguishing marks, for no one except the medicine man ever wears this variety of sandal. The sorcerers or medicine men always wear them when they go to "point at" any man for the purpose of causing his death; and, although the tracks which they leave are quite plain to the sharp eyes of the blacks, yet no one dares to follow them, because they know they are the tracks of a medicine man and they fear his magical powers.

The regular corroboree ground of the tribe consisted of the usual open space in the forest, and every stick, stone or other obstruction had been very carefully removed from the surface, which was as level as a table. The dancers were painted as usual in imitation of skeletons with a mixture of ochre and stale grease; and several of them had adorned their heads with a pair of horns, which combined with the lurid glow of the fires to give them a strong resemblance to the common conception of the devil.

The wild, wailing chant of the women, which sounded

like the wailing of evil spirits, the dark background of gloomy forest, the skeleton-like figures leaping and dancing under the lurid gleam of the fires, the wild yells of the dancers, and the frantic howls of the dogs combined to form a scene which baffles the power of description. The physical endurance of the Australian blacks is phenomenal, and instead of tiring from their frantic exertions, they seemed to gain fresh vigor as the uproar proceeded. The women redoubled their howls and beat their opossum skins with might and main; the dancers yelled as though they had gone mad and leaped from side to side with such marvelous quickness that the spectators almost turned dizzy from watching them; the dogs lay back on their haunches and shrieked as though they would split themselves, while their eyes seemed almost starting from their sockets, though the sagacious brutes took excellent care to keep out of the way of the waddies and other flying missiles.

It began to look as though the dance would go on all night, but finally the leader gave a signal, the whole performance instantly stopped, and the dancers gave three terrific yells to indicate the end of the first act, after which they dispersed among the spectators to receive congratulations, while a fresh party of dancers immediately took their places.

We sailed at daylight next morning, and passing through Van Dieman Gulf and Clarence Strait, anchored in Port Darwin, latitude $12^{\circ} 28' S.$, and longitude $130^{\circ} 51' E.$ Our chief object in calling here was to pay our respects to the authorities of the district, who reside in the little town of Palmerston on the east side of Port Darwin.

The town is built upon a peninsula which separates the main portion of the harbor from Fanny Bay, and is, for a tropical climate, very healthy. It is about sixty feet above the level of the water which almost surrounds it. The nature of the ground causes the heavy summer rains to run off into the

**Relay
Dancing.**

harbor immediately after falling and thus prevents malaria; cool breezes blow almost constantly throughout the year. This constant cool sea-breeze is the only thing which renders the climate bearable for white people. The houses have no chimneys, for on account of the intense heat, all cooking is done in outer sheds. The surrounding country would be a fine hunting ground for any one who could stand the furnace-like heat, for it abounds with wild buffaloes, kangaroos, crocodiles and many kinds of wild fowl; but the mosquitoes are very troublesome in addition to the heat.

We visited the main camp of the blacks, which is about a mile from Palmerston, and attended one of their corroborees. The more I saw of the blacks, the more strongly I felt inclined to accept an opinion which I frequently heard expressed in Australia to the effect that the aborigines are really a race of black Caucasians.

Natives Object to Being Photographed. As a rule, they have a very strong objection to being photographed because they believe photography to be a species of witchcraft; but our party managed to obtain a few photographs by bribing them with sugar or pieces of tobacco. I have one of a black fellow named Yandinna, and I think most people would agree that he would pass for a European if his skin were white instead of black. White marks on his chest are a sign that he is in mourning, though white lines also indicate, when arranged in a different way, that there is a death to avenge.

In general form and feature these Australian aborigines bear a considerable resemblance to the Ainu whom I saw in Japan, though, of course, of a different color. The ornamental scars which Yandinna wears across his chest may be seen under the white lines, though they do not show very well in the photograph. I have seen the statement in print that the hair of the Australian blacks is woolly; but this is a great mis-

take. Their hair is never woolly, though it is generally curly, as may be seen in the case of Yandinna.

Perhaps the most singular characteristic of this country is the huge ant hills, extending as far as the eye can see in every direction. In some places they cover, at intervals of only a few yards, as much as a hundred square miles, some of them measuring twenty-five feet in height and eight feet in diameter. The ants construct them of red clay, with fissures extending up and down the sides from top to bottom. It is a singular fact that no one ever sees these ants at work, no matter at what time of the day or night the hills may be examined. There is a great difference between those I have just described, and the meridional ant-hills, which are only about four feet wide at the base and from three to six feet high. They taper regularly from the ground upward like a wedge, or the two sides of a small tent to a sharp ridge, and it is remarkable that this ridge always extends due north and south; hence their name.

It is well known that these ants are terribly destructive to ordinary woodwork, and it would be interesting to know how such countless myriads of them manage to live where they seem to have nothing to eat. I heard here, as well as in Queensland, that these ants will devour every known kind of Australian timber except one, the cypress pine. This timber is consequently in great demand and gangs of Chinamen are constantly engaged in cutting it.

While the town of Palmerston is healthy for its situation, there is considerable fever and ague in the surrounding country and a white man would hardly be able to work in it; hence the Chinamen, who seem to be climate and disease-proof, carry on nearly all the work of the place and are said to surpass the whites as gold miners. The land is well watered and so fertile that in some places the grass grows fifteen feet high. The Chinamen, though they seem immune to disease, are unfortu-

nately not proof against the black fellows, and while we were at anchor, the black men killed and ate three Chinese timber cutters, and then took refuge in an impenetrable swamp jungle which lies due east of the town and in which it was impossible for the constables to follow them. The news of the calamity spread consternation among the local Chinamen, who rendered the following night hideous by beating gongs to drive away the devils who were supposed to have bewitched them and caused the disaster. A fat priest named Whang Bung, who was supposed to have great influence with the powers of evil, also burned a choice assortment of ill-smelling punks and offered several roast fowls to the devils to induce them to curse the black fellows for devouring his countrymen.

The rivers and water holes abound with crocodiles, but in spite of these there are plenty of fish, and the blacks have several ingenious methods of catching them. One method consists in placing twigs and leaves of the bloodwood or eucalyptus in water holes and leaving them all night. This stupefies the fish and causes them to rise to the surface, where the blacks secure them with their spears. Sometimes they form a sort of wall of coarse grass large enough to reach across a water hole and a line of men push this wall in front of them from one end of the water hole to the other. This grassy wall extends from top to bottom of the water, and the other natives who are on watch spear the fish which it encloses.

When stalking such game as emus or kangaroos in an open place where there is no cover, the hunter carries a bush large enough to conceal him and walks slowly forward till near enough to hurl his spear or boomerang.

Port Darwin is a common meeting place for various tribes from the interior and affords excellent facilities for any one who wishes to study the aboriginal blacks, though it is not the best place for collecting curios, because the white residents collect them for museums or for their friends. I was inter-

ested to discover, in making a study of the language used by the blacks about Port Darwin, that the native word for lamenting the dead is *Keening*, which is exactly the Irish word.

Our party was anxious to secure the heads of a few buffalo bulls to add to their collection, but learned that it would be easier to secure them in Melville Island, about thirty miles north, than around Port Darwin. Buffaloes are plentiful enough all over Northern Australia and are frequently shot in the very suburbs of Port Darwin; but the surrounding country is so thickly overgrown with mangrove, bamboo, and eucalyptus that it is almost impossible to penetrate many parts of it. Moreover, these noble beasts are so tenacious of life that they can run like greyhounds after being mortally wounded, and are almost certain to escape in the thick bush unless they can be shot in an open place. In several instances a buffalo bull has been known to charge and gore a hunter to death after the animal had been shot through the heart.

We were also told that the buffaloes in the neighborhood of Port Darwin were shyer and more wary on account of having been hunted, whereas those on Melville Island had not been molested and consequently were bolder and less likely to seek cover. Accordingly, we sailed from Port Darwin and anchored off the southwest coast of Melville Island, about five miles to the westward of Cape Gambier, the southern extremity of the island. This would have been a very dangerous anchorage during the northwest winds, but the regular southeast trade winds seemed to have set in and there was every indication of fine weather.

Near the anchorage we found a creek which was said to be a favorite resort of both buffaloes and natives. Its mouth was bordered with mangrove as usual, but a little further up we found both banks lined with tall casuarina trees, the she-oak of the Australian bush and the toa of the Polynesian Is-

**Wary
Buffaloes.**

lands. The stream swarmed with water fowl of various kinds, in spite of the numerous crocodiles which slipped from the banks into the water at our approach, and a flock of black swans flew overhead with their curious melancholy cry.

A Buffalo Surprised.

Upon rounding a bend in the stream we caught sight of the head of a buffalo bull taking his morning bath. The moment he caught sight of us, he sprang out on the bank and stopped for an instant to stare at the strange intruders. The whole party of us fired together and he fell, though he did not give the peculiar groaning bellow which cattle always give when mortally wounded. The dogs sprang ashore a few yards from where he fell and began worrying his hind quarters. All at once he sprang to his feet and attacked them with such fury that they barely managed to escape the lightning-like strokes of his horns. His movements were so rapid that it was difficult to hit him, but we fired another volley, whereupon he threw his head in the air, and with a short, quick bellow, broke away and ran about seventy yards, and, with a deep groan, fell dead.

He was a magnificent animal. It is no wonder the blacks are chary of attacking these wild buffaloes, though they do not hesitate to attack the wild cattle. This one was covered with short dark brown hair, but his legs were white from the knees down, and he had an immense pair of flattened horns, which measured seven feet ten inches from tip to tip. We cut the head from the huge body with an axe, took it aboard the launch and, leaving the carcass to the crows and crocodiles, proceeded on our way. A couple of miles further up we came upon a small herd of cows and calves bathing. They instantly stampeded at our approach and disappeared in the bush. We noticed that they followed a well-beaten trail which led off at right angles to the stream, and, leaving the launch in charge of two of the crew, we followed this trail about a

mile, when we sighted two very fine bulls feeding at a distance of about two hundred yards.

We were advancing quietly toward them when G., who happened to be leading the way, suddenly jumped aside just in time to avoid a stroke from a venomous black snake which was hanging from the branch of a tree, and struck viciously at his face. The deadly reptile made no attempt to escape but swung its head back and forward hissing loudly and gazing defiantly at us, until one man cut a stout switch and, with a vigorous blow, broke its neck. These deadly serpents, which are closely akin to the famous cobra of India, are almost invariably found near water, and have a habit of climbing trees or bushes and striking at any living thing that happens to come within reach.

The snake having been dispatched, we all fired together at the bulls, mortally wounding one and breaking the leg of the other. The latter caught sight of some of the party and in spite of his wound came for us at great speed. The dogs closed in and began biting savagely at his heels, but he wheeled like a flash and attacked them so vigorously that it required their utmost agility to evade his onslaughts. The underbrush was so thick that the dogs were at a disadvantage, and in such situations they are likely to become entangled and be gored to death. On the other hand one of these buffalo bulls is so extremely powerful that ordinary brush seems to offer no impediment to his movements and he goes crashing through it after the manner of a rhinoceros. The dogs were wise enough to recognize this, and to keep at a respectful distance till the powerful beast fell with a bullet through his brain, though he was game to the last.

In the meantime the other bull had regained his feet and disappeared in the bush. We followed his trail for about two hundred yards, when all at once he came crashing through the bush and charged upon us from an entirely different di-

rection. Although we were taken greatly by surprise, he instantly received a volley which killed him on the spot. Upon examination, we found him to be so riddled with bullets that it seemed incredible that he had been able to make his last charge, but the vitality of these beasts is phenomenal.

A Shower of Spears. None of us wore much clothing, but the heat was so intense that it seemed as though we would melt, and the flies were excessively annoying.

We had just finished severing the head of the bull when the dogs began to growl angrily, and as we were wondering what excited them, half a dozen spears suddenly came whizzing through the air and fell around us. Fortunately no one was wounded. Without a moment's hesitation we fired in the direction from which the spears had come, and it was evident that some one was hit, for one of the largest black fellows I ever saw sprang in the air with a yell of pain, then bounded away with the speed of a deer. We also caught sight of a number of other blacks, running at a pace that defied pursuit, and leaping from side to side with marvelous quickness, as they always do when retreating, in order to dodge the missiles of their enemies. We did not fire again at them as we had no desire to injure them except in defence of our lives, but we lost no time in getting the heads of both the bulls to the launch.

We knew that buffaloes generally come down to the water early in the morning and near sundown, and the trail which we had been following was evidently one leading to a favorite resort. So we hid the launch under some overhanging bushes, and climbed trees on the bank of the stream concealing ourselves among the branches. We had not been here long when we caught sight of thirty or forty blacks stealing quietly along the trail toward the stream, closely examining our tracks.

They were all armed with spears, shields, waddies and

war boomerangs, and came on without making a sound. Having reached the edge of the stream, they glanced very sharply in every direction, but seeing nothing of us, seemed to conclude that we had taken our departure and began chattering excitedly among themselves. Several of them jumped into the stream and began swimming about, and one or two stepped out on the opposite side and looked carefully up and down the creek. Suddenly one of the swimmers uttered a loud yell and pointed to the launch. This produced great excitement among them and at first they seemed inclined to seek cover; but seeing only two men in the launch, they all sprang into the stream together and advanced toward it, their spears poised over their heads, and uttering yells of defiance. Not wishing to kill any of them if it could be avoided, we shouted at them from the trees, and they hastily retreated, instantly concealing themselves in the bushes on the opposite shore.

Knowing that it was useless to attempt to hunt while they were there, we descended from the trees and called to them in English (which of course they did not understand) that we wished to be friends with them. A few heads appeared, and holding up some pieces of tobacco we motioned for five of them to come across to our side and receive presents. Finally five of them ventured across and we gave them tobacco for themselves and their friends. Others came one by one until there were a dozen of them around us. Not being sure that we could trust their apparent willingness to be friendly, we boarded the launch and conversed with them by signs, but could not make them comprehend what we wanted to do with the heads of the buffaloes. We inquired if there were many of these animals in this locality, and one man who acted as spokesman swept both hands around the horizon to indicate that they were everywhere. He also patted one of the horns, then tossed his head in imitation of a bull and made a motion of ripping up his stomach and throwing something in the air

to indicate how buffaloes had tossed members of his tribe.

These men were the largest, most stalwart blacks that I ever saw in any part of Australia. Perhaps their great size can be accounted for by the abundance of food throughout all this northern region. But they all seemed inclined to be treacherous and we found that it was somewhat dangerous to trust them.

**Our Biggest
Buffalo.**

We made an agreement to meet a party of them next day, and at daylight they were on hand at the same place. They led the way

through the bush to a place where several cattle trails converged upon the water from both sides. We did not disturb the cows and calves which came to drink and bathe, because the sound of the firing would frighten the larger game, which we were anxious to secure. About half an hour after we had taken our position, a very fine buffalo bull approached the water on our side, and we were about to fire at him when one or two of the blacks pointed eagerly across the stream. At first we could see nothing in the direction they indicated; but a minute or two later we sighted the largest buffalo bull we had yet seen, advancing majestically from among the trees. His horns were of such enormous size that we decided to secure him at all hazards. The blacks quickly signified that they would cross the stream lower down and drive him over to our side, and the next moment they disappeared in the bush as silently as snakes.

The bull was in the act of drinking when all at once we heard the most blood-curdling yells, and the blacks sprang from the trees behind him, and assailed him with a shower of stones. They afterward explained that had they speared him, the pain would have irritated him to such an extent that he would have charged them and almost certainly escaped. The sudden surprise from the shower of stones and their frantic yells startled him to such an extent that he plunged into

the stream and crossed to our side, where he stood snorting and shaking his head angrily, as if meditating a charge upon his pursuers. We all fired together at a spot just back of the shoulder, and he fell like a stone; but, not wishing to trust to appearances, we ran up and gave him another volley just as he was in the act of rising to his feet.

The whole party declared that this capture was worth all the others, for his horns measured eight feet eleven inches from tip to tip. I afterward learned, however, that still larger ones had been obtained in the same locality. We cut up the carcass for the blacks, who cooked and ate the whole inside, but did not attempt to eat the rest of the flesh because it is too tough. I have tried to eat buffalo meat on more than one occasion; but, although I did succeed in cutting it after a prolonged effort, I never succeeded in chewing it, and I do not believe any one else ever did, for it is very much like sole leather.

Shortly after, we fired at a bull standing about three hundred yards distant, and wounded him severely, but in spite of his wound he ran like a deer, and the dogs immediately started in pursuit. The blacks, who can run very nearly as fast as the dogs, led the way, and we found him fighting both dogs and blacks about a mile from the place where he was wounded, although one of his legs was broken in addition to other wounds. After disposing of him, we noticed for the first time that one of the dogs was missing and were greatly puzzled to know what had become of him. A shout from one of the blacks revealed his whereabouts, and we found him lying dead with a death-adder coiled close to him and hissing viciously. After pointing to it, the black drove his spear through the venomous reptile and held it up while it writhed and bit savagely at the weapon upon which it was impaled. It was evident that the dog had run upon the serpent while in pursuit of the buffalo. We all felt sorry to lose the faithful

animal, and stood mournfully by while the blacks dug a grave and buried him.

We secured several more pairs of horns during the day, for the buffalo in this locality were not so shy as in places where they are more extensively hunted. We also earned the gratitude of the blacks by shooting a couple of young cows for them to eat, in addition to rewarding them with tobacco and sugar.

We sailed away next morning at daylight and made a stop for one day in Hoya Bay, in the south coast of Ceram, in latitude $3^{\circ} 23'$ S. and longitude $129^{\circ} 34'$ E., where we obtained a supply of maize, sago, and sweet potatoes.

CHAPTER XXXIV

DANCING BIRDS AND DANCING FISH. A FIGHT WITH A MANTA

We next anchored in McClure's Inlet, on the west coast of New Guinea, for the purpose of securing birds of paradise, which are not found anywhere else in the world except in New Guinea. The natives did not seem to be very anxious to assist in the business in spite of the presents which we made them, but finally we secured four men who accepted the terms offered. Of course we could have shot the birds with our shot guns, but this would spoil their lovely plumage and the natives went about it another way.

Birds of Paradise.

They conducted us several miles into the bush and pointed out some of the trees upon which the male birds were in the habit of dancing, but they warned us to keep under cover lest our appearance would frighten the birds. They did not seem disconcerted by the presence of the natives, who constructed a house of branches in which we could watch. Late in the afternoon a number of the birds assembled in the trees and began their curious antics. No language could convey an adequate idea of the matchless beauty of these lovely creatures. It has been truly said that they seem to be the one relic which remains in the world to recall the glories of Eden and the splendors of the Golden Age.

It seems a pity that such lovely birds were not gifted with sweeter voices, for their loud cries of "Wauk! Wauk!" are singularly out of harmony with their exquisitely beautiful appearance. They would sometimes lie flat on a branch with their heads stretched out, their wings raised vertically over their backs, and their marvelously beautiful plumes, which

rival the most gorgeous hues of the rainbow, waving in every variety of graceful motion and attitude. They are beautiful enough when seated upon the trees, but when flying through the air with their exquisite plumes flashing like jewels in the brilliant sunlight, they really seem like visitors from the realms of Paradise. The trees upon which they were dancing and leaping from branch to branch were fully three hundred feet high; and during the night the natives climbed two of them by means of vines or lianas and constructed two small huts, resembling bird cages, of bamboo and rattan at a height of two hundred feet from the ground. These they covered with twigs and leaves, and one man armed with a bow and quiver of arrows concealed himself in each hut before dawn while other men remained upon the ground.

The natives almost always use bows made of black palm or the aerial roots of the mangrove for fighting and hunting, but they prefer bows of male bamboo for hunting birds of paradise. The shaft of the arrow is a light reed, the head a piece of very hard wood, rounded like a bullet, so that it kills the bird by the force of its impact, but does not injure the feathers. When they wish to capture a bird alive, they use an arrow armed with three prongs like a small eel-spear. These prongs are made of hard wood and are barbed on the inside but the points are blunt. They shoot these arrows at the legs of the birds, and if it strikes, the weight of the arrow brings the bird to the ground.

We were surprised to find that none of the birds of paradise visited the trees the next day; but the natives assured us that though they were often absent from their favorite play trees for several days at a time, they were sure to return. We found that the bush contained other beautiful birds, notably bronze-winged pigeons, and kingfishers of a beautiful royal blue with snowy-white breast and tail, coral red beak, and two long tail feathers.

As in other tropical countries, the best time to hunt birds is in the morning and evening, for, like the Spaniards, they take a siesta in the afternoon. The cries of the parrots were incessant in the early morning, and at intervals a flock of hornbills would fly overhead with a noise resembling the stampede of a herd of cattle, but we did not hear any beautiful songsters like the Australian magpie.

**A Host
of
Armed
Warriors!**

While going along the bank of the stream we sighted a wild sow and a litter of nearly full-grown pigs, two of which we shot. Our native attendants were dressing them, when we heard the sound of approaching footsteps

and a large body of armed warriors came into view, but immediately stopped and regarded us with evident astonishment as though not quite certain what to make of us. Each warrior was armed with a huge long bow and a quiver of arrows, carried a shield upon his left arm and wore a wristlet of woven fiber upon his left wrist to protect it from the stroke of the bow-string. Our guides belonged to a place called Tabini, on the north side of the Inlet, and one of them who spoke broken English whispered that this war party belonged to a tribe of head-hunters, who were hostile to the people of Tabini. He was instructed to inform them that we were friendly and only engaged in hunting birds.

They replied, through our guides, that they had heard the shooting and come to investigate, fearing that we were enemies, since this is a country where every man's hand is against his neighbor. While we were talking a flock of hornbills flew overhead with the usual loud, rushing noise and the warriors instantly let fly a volley of arrows which brought down over half the flock. The birds were black and their outspread wings measured five feet from tip to tip. The warriors wished to secure them for their huge bills, which measure about eight inches in length. It is a common custom, as be-

fore stated, for a warrior to wear one of these huge bills on his forehead, secured to a band which goes around his head, with the point of the bill reaching as low as his chin a few inches in front of his nose.

**"Umph!
Umph!"
and He
Walked
Away.**

After a great deal of talk the warriors took their departure and we returned to our camp, where the natives cooked the pigs we had shot. Late in the afternoon the two men who had been on the lookout in the bird-cages descended to the ground and declared that none

of the birds would show up that evening, but they would most likely appear in the morning. Shortly after this a very large wild boar walked deliberately out of the bush and took a leisurely survey of our camp, gave an "umph" of contempt and turned to walk away. Several members of our party seized their guns to shoot him, but Kapuna, who had just been telling us how the natives hunted, cried out that they would kill him with their bows and arrows. So saying, he discharged an arrow which wounded the boar in the hindquarters. The savage animal wheeled with a cry of rage and made at him with the speed of a race horse. Kapuna hastily slung his bow on his left arm and ran up a large tree by means of a liana which grew on the trunk, while the boar vented his rage by tearing at the liana with his teeth. The other three natives were standing by convenient trees some distance away, and one of them began to dance and yell like a mad man. The boar seemed to take this for a challenge, for he charged upon the dancer, who saved himself as Kapuna had done, by running up a tree. While the boar was again venting his rage upon the tree, two other natives discharged a couple of large arrows which passed almost entirely through the boar from opposite sides. Either wound seemed sufficient to kill him; but in spite of this he still endeavored to continue the fight by chasing his assailants, who constantly eluded his attacks by running up the

trees. He dropped dead at last from his wounds, and the natives cooked and ate him. We found his flesh too rank for our taste. Kapuna assured us that if a hunter attacks several wild pigs at once, and takes refuge in a tree, they will besiege him and take turns in digging under the tree until they succeed in uprooting it, and bringing him down, when they will tear him to pieces.

**The
Dance
of the
Paradise
Birds.**

Shortly before dawn two of the natives again ascended to their cages in the tops of the trees, and sure enough, the paradise birds began to assemble at daylight. There were eight males and several times as many females

sitting upon the branches. Instead of beginning their dancing at once as we expected, their first care was to make their morning toilet, which each one did with the most scrupulous care. They lifted their lovely plumes and kept their extended wings gently waving as if in flight, while they turned their heads in the most graceful manner and carefully inspected every part of their plumage. Each one uttered at intervals the loud cry of "Wauk! Wauk!" while preening his feathers, which he did by passing each one separately through his bill and arranging it with the utmost care and precision; after which he took a final survey of his magnificent plumage to make sure that his toilet was satisfactory.

Having finished their toilets, they began their elaborate dancing, half jumping, half flying from branch to branch in the wildest excitement and uttering their loud cries of enjoyment as though the happy creatures fairly reveled in the pleasure of existence. The whole tree seemed filled with their lovely, waving plumes and they presented such a picture of perfect happiness that it seemed a positive sin to kill them. So intent were they upon their enjoyment that they did not notice their enemy in ambush before six of the males had been killed. The rest then took alarm and flew away.

It was two days before they returned to their haunts, and we spent the intervals between their visits in collecting orchids,

which we packed in crates made of lengths of bamboo lashed together with tough vines.

The Deadly Katipu. Having finally completed our collection, we had it taken on board the ship, and two of

the party were rearranging the orchids in one of the crates which had just come on deck when a native who was assisting them suddenly uttered a warning cry and pointed to something in the crate. Upon looking to see the cause of his excitement we discovered one of those tiny, but deadly, spiders which the Maoris call katipu ensconced in one of the orchids. Had it not been for the sharp eyes of the native some one of the party would most likely have met with a horrible death from its bite.

This spider is about the size of an ordinary pea, black in color with a very bright red spot on the center of its back. Small as it is, it probably possesses the most deadly venom of any known poisonous reptile or insect in the world. Its bite is so very small that it can scarcely be seen with the naked eye; yet it causes paralysis of the intestines and contracts them into knots; the victim suffers the most horrible agony for several days till death brings relief. This deadly insect is all the more dangerous from the fact that it does most of its promenading during the hours of darkness; and although it will try to escape if possible, it will jump a considerable distance at any one who attacks it, or if it thinks its retreat is cut off.

Dancing Mantas. The day before sailing we towed the vessel to Tabini, and while the crew were taking on water there, we sighted something that looked

like a number of shark's fins moving through the water. A closer inspection showed that the fins were moving in a circle and not in the zigzag course which a shark pursues. I knew at once that it was a school of mantas "dan-

cing," as the sailors call their strange performance. The boats being engaged in watering, we secured a native canoe and a couple of paddlers and set out for the mantas with a harpoon and a coil of line. There were eight or ten of them swimming round and round in a circle about thirty-five yards in diameter, and as they circled round each one raised the tip of its outer fin a foot or two above the surface of the water, while the fin toward the center of the circle was correspondingly depressed. These creatures bear a striking resemblance to huge bats. They are about twenty feet across the back, and as they move through the water their huge wings rise and fall precisely like the wings of a bird flying through the air. They are jet black above and pure white below; and although their every motion is the perfection of grace, their huge size, their long tails, and their bat-like form combine to give them a singularly weird and diabolical appearance.

After watching them for a few minutes, G. drove the harpoon into the back of one of them, and the next moment the two natives backed the canoe with all their might as its vast bulk shot high in the air and fell back with a resounding crash. The force with which it struck the water threw up a mountain of spray which wet us from head to foot, and nearly filled the canoe. Before we knew what we were doing the manta darted away with the canoe in tow and we found ourselves going through the water almost with the speed of an express train. The strength of one of these creatures is prodigious and the strain upon the canoe was so great that I knew it was certain to be wrecked. At first the manta ran straight out to sea, then turned and ran a while at right angles to its former course; but, finding that it could not get rid of the drag which clogged its progress, it suddenly turned and came straight for the canoe and was upon us before we could get out of its way.

"Jump for your lives!" I sang out, and just as we struck out the huge body of the manta once again shot out of the water and came down upon the canoe with crushing force. We all dived to avoid his attack, and when we came to the surface we saw nothing of the canoe but splinters and wreckage floating upon the water, but the manta and the harpoon had disappeared and that was the last we saw of either.

A canoe from the ship soon arrived and picked us up. The blood and the commotion in the water had attracted the sharks as usual and we could see several fins cutting the surface of the water around us. We were glad to make liberal compensation to the owner of the wrecked canoe as well as to the crew of the canoe which rescued us.

CHAPTER XXXV

OUR VESSEL BOARDED BY A HORDE OF DEVIL-FISH

Next morning we sailed to the westward for the Philippine Islands via the Molucca Passage between Celebes and

Gilolo. The third day out we caught a very fine tiger shark, the most beautiful and also one of the most savage of all the shark family. Its back is a handsome brownish yellow, overlaid with black or brown trans-

A
Fine
Tiger
Shark.

verse bands or round snuff-colored spots; and the arrangement of the colors is so harmonious that it presents a very attractive appearance, rather at variance with its fierce disposition. The shark hook was immediately set again, and about an hour later we imagined that we had caught another, but instead of a shark we hauled up a large fish called, among the Polynesian Islanders, "*palu*." It was seven feet long and weighed three hundred pounds. Its back was dark blue and covered with fine, closely set iridescent scales. Its sides were paler blue and the belly pure silvery white. It had a very strong tail shaped like a crescent, and both the tail and fins were tipped with bright orange. This peculiar fish is about as dangerous as any shark. Its head is composed almost entirely of solid bone; the gills and sides of the head are covered with bony plates of great strength and hardness; the jaws are set with serrated plates of bone fifteen inches long and one-third of an inch thick, and the strength of the jaws is so great that the *palu* can bite a man's hand clean off at a snap. It is extremely voracious and is often seen chasing schools of flying fish and bonito. It is ready enough to bite a baited hook in

daylight, though for some reason it never seems to bite at night. The hook (an ordinary shark hook) must be attached to a piece of strong steel chain, for the powerful jaws of the *palu* would sever a rope as readily as a pair of scissors would cut string.

**At the
Head-
quarters of
Pirates.**

We were becalmed while passing through the Celebes Sea, and the vessel began to drift toward the innumerable small islands composing the Tawi Tawi group, at the southern extremity of the Philippines. Seeing no immediate prospect of a breeze, I anchored near a small island named Ubian, about eleven miles east of Tawi Tawi. The calm lasted for three days, during which time some of our party visited the main island; but we were anxious to get away, for this group is the headquarters of the most incorrigible pirates on these seas.

On account of the heat the crew slept under an awning on the main deck. Some time after midnight of the second night I heard a sudden commotion on deck. My first thought was that the pirates had boarded us. We rushed on deck prepared to repel them, but instead of pirates we beheld a wriggling, slimy object which resembled a huge serpent, reaching over the rail and clutching the arm of one of the crew. Instantly we knew it was the arm of either a cuttle fish or an octopus, and we attacked it with knives and cutlasses. But the flesh of these hideous monsters is extremely tough and rubber-like, and while we were hacking at it two more slimy, snake-like arms suddenly shot up into the air, where they writhed and quivered for a moment as if selecting victims. One of the huge arms became entangled in the rigging, but the other descended with almost lightning-like quickness and secured a death-like grip around the neck of another one of the crew. He would have been strangled to death if we had not severed the arm which was choking him.

While this was going on, the monster drew itself up the vessel's side until its hideous head appeared above the rail.

**Besieged
by
Devil-fish.**

The huge, corpse-like eyes gleamed balefully in the uncertain light and its slimy, shapeless body shone with a diabolical phosphorescence. There was something indescribably hideous and repulsive in the huge, shapeless body with its snake-like arms quivering in the air, like the hair of Medusa; even the arms which had been cut off writhed and twisted about the deck like living serpents. Some one fired a shot into one of its eyes, and in an instant the monster released its hold and fell back with a loud splash into the water, where it lashed about in agony and disappeared in a long streak of phosphorescent light.

It took some time to dress the wounds of the men who had been attacked and we had scarcely more than got to sleep when there was a fresh commotion on deck, and the watchman sang out excitedly, "Plenty devil-fish come 'board!"

Again we rushed on deck where we saw a huge octopus lumbering about near the cabin door. Its long, sprawling legs were so bent, on account of their boneless, gelatinous nature, that its shapeless body was raised only a few inches above the deck. Before I realized the situation the creature shot out one of its arms and seized me firmly by the ankle, but the next instant some one fired a shot into its eye, and it relinquished its hold. This had occupied but a few seconds, and we were glad enough to jump back into the cabin, for the deck was soon swarming with the monsters and more were coming over the rail. I shouted to the crew to go into the forecastle and close the door, which they did. We could see the brutes crawling over the cabin skylight and hear them dragging things about the deck, but it would have been worse than useless to attack them during the night.

As soon as it was light enough to see, we opened the cabin

door and looked out. Only three of the brutes were visible on deck, but curiously enough, a number of their arms were dangling over both rails, showing that the creatures themselves were hanging alongside as they are often seen hanging to rocks. After a short consultation, we made a sudden rush on deck and tried to cut off all the arms that were hanging on the rails, before attacking the three which were on the deck. But as fast as one arm was cut off, others shot up into the air and seized hold of the rails or rigging; and the water around the ship was all in a commotion from the octopi which were swimming around us and beating the water with their arms.

In the meantime the crew (which was made up now of South Sea Islanders) rushed from the forecastle with loud yells and began a furious attack with knives and hatchets upon the three which were on deck. The tenacity of the brutes was something amazing. They fought till they were literally cut to pieces, but we soon cleared the deck of them. There were still plenty of them swimming all around us and we tried shooting them, but the bullets produced very little effect unless they happened to strike their eyes, and it was nine o'clock before the last of the loathsome brutes swam away from our side.

When we had time to look around we were amazed at the appearance of the deck, which looked very much as if pirates had boarded us. Practically everything movable had been dragged overboard. The devil-fish had not only torn the tarpaulins off the hatches, but had also torn the covers off the smaller boats, broken the machinery of the launch and dragged the oars overboard.

The more I have thought over this incident the more strongly I am inclined to think that the crew of the *Marie Celeste* may have met with a similar experience, which in their case ended with dire results.

The nearest place where we could have the launch re-

paired was Zamboanga, on the extreme southwest coast of Mindanao, in latitude $6^{\circ} 54'$ N. and longitude $122^{\circ} 3'$ E., and accordingly we proceeded there at once. The town, which is situated at the mouth of the Zamboanga River, is large and clean and has a long pier extending out to moderately deep water. Although it is only an open roadstead, it affords safe anchorage and is said to be one of the very few places in the Philippines which has never been visited by a hurricane. It commands the strait of Basilan, the regular highway for steamers plying between ports in the China Sea on the north and Australia and Celebes on the south; but at the time of our visit the excessive harbor dues and outrageous customs restrictions kept vessels away from it and killed the splendid trade which it would otherwise have enjoyed. One of the most attractive features of the town is a canal of clear, fresh water which runs down the center of the main street, each bank of the canal planted with fine shade trees.

**The
Beautiful
Town of
Zamboanga.**

The town was founded as a base of operations against the fierce Moro pirates and has the best climate in the Philippines. The temperature never varies more than a few degrees. It is beautifully situated on an extensive plain covered with cocoanut groves and innumerable rice fields, and to the east of the town lies the fortress of del Pilar whose strong stone walls proved of the greatest service during the piratical invasions of the Moros. The country surrounding Zamboanga is beautiful by day, and at night countless thousands of brilliant fireflies, which the natives call *alitap-tap*, illuminate the forest like fairy lamps in every direction.

The Moros, who are brave to the point of madness, are as superstitious as they are brave, and have one curious superstition which bears a strong resemblance to the Australian beliefs in the terrible Bunyip. They believe in the existence of a terrible spirit, named Wok-Wok, who assumes the form of an

ape and devours Moros whom he catches in the dark. Like the Australian Bunyip, he can not bear light of any kind. They also have an intense dread of the weird and melancholy cry of a night owl, which they regard with very much the same feelings as the Irish peasants regard the banshee, for they believe that its cry betokens death or misfortune to all those who hear it.

**Hideous
Superstitions.**

The "pandito," who corresponds to the medicine man of the American Indians, wields immense influence among them and lives in luxury by catering to their superstitions. He is consulted upon all matters of importance, and receives one-tenth of the plunder and slaves taken in all piratical raids, and one-tenth of all crops, fish, pearl and pearl shell. In return for this the pandito is supposed to invoke the spirits to assist those who pay him in robbing and murdering; and the people believe that if they fail to pay him, their next venture would end in disaster. The Moros are all nominal Mohammedans. Such a religion is especially congenial to the Moros, who are all natural born pirates, thieves, murderers, and slave-raiders. In fact a Moro would sell his father, mother, wife or children if he could make a good bargain by so doing, and their piracy is not quite at an end even yet.

For three hundred years their fast sailing praus ravaged all the northern islands and penetrated every inlet, when they burned towns and villages, murdered the old and helpless, and led thousands of Christian men, women and children into slavery. Like the ancient Danish pirates, they depended upon making sudden raids upon their victims, then escaping to sea before the latter could muster in sufficient force to attack them in return. Their light craft were too fast for the old-fashioned sailing men-of-war, and they always endeavored to run into shoal water where the heavier men-of-war could not approach them without running aground. They would

even watch for an opportunity to cluster around a solitary man-of-war and capture her, swarming stealthily on board and overpowering the crew by force of numbers. They neither gave nor expected quarter and every one of them fought with the fury of a demon so long as a spark of life remained.

The Spaniards were equally brave when well led, but they experienced the same difficulty in getting at their slippery enemies as our own troops did in fighting the Indians. One of the best leaders the Spaniards ever had in these islands was Colonel Juan Arolas, who led an expedition against the headquarters of the pirates in the capital of the Sultan of Sulu in 1887. The pirates were strongly entrenched in their *cottas* (forts), consisting of walls twenty-four feet thick and thirty feet high, faced with huge logs of hard wood laid horizontally, the space between being filled with earth and stones. The Colonel brought a gunboat to shell the *cotta* from seaward while he led a landing party and attacked it from the landward side.

Arolas asked if the Moro women would withdraw before the Spaniards stormed the fort; but they replied that they would accept no favors from Christians, that they could fight as well as the men and would take their share in torturing the Christian dogs after they had captured them. The Spaniards opened a furious fire upon the *cotta*, and although the Moros were cut down in great numbers, they replied with spirit by firing heavy charges of grape from the lantacas which they had mounted upon the walls. As the Spaniards advanced the Moros met them with volleys of spears which they hurl to a surprising distance and with unerring aim. In spite of the murderous fire from the pirates, the Spaniards resolutely advanced and mounted the walls at the same moment as the sailors from the gunboat cut their way in from the opposite side. The panditos rushed about yelling to their

savage followers that the gates of Paradise were open to all who died shedding Christian blood, and the Moros, who outnumbered the Spaniards six to one, fought with the fury of incarnate devils. The Moro women fought as ferociously as the men, but the Spaniards cut them down till not a Moro remained alive within the *cotta*.

After this brilliant victory the Spaniards burned the pirate town of Sulu (now Jolo; pronounced Holo), and the Sultan of Sulu, who was the head of the piratical confederacy, was obliged to remove his capital to Maybun on the south side of the island. The Spaniards were not only greatly outnumbered in this battle, but their victory was all the more creditable to them from the fact that the pirates wore armor made of crocodile hide, wire and buffalo horn. The Moros also use large round wooden shields ornamented with rays radiating like the spokes of a wheel from a painted disk in the center. They are not expert in the use of fire-arms, but are among the most desperate hand-to-hand fighters in the world. Savage as they are, they manufacture steel weapons of the very finest quality.

**Swords
and
Javelins.**

They use two kinds of swords, one straight, the other waved; the *campilan*, a two-handed sword, wide at the tip and narrow at the handle; several kinds of spears and *bolos*. In

boarding vessels they attack the crew by throwing javelins, a weapon consisting of a light wooden shaft and a sharp-pointed steel head about half an inch wide. Some of them can throw as many as four javelins at a time and make them spread out in their flight. But their favorite weapon is the *olo*, which is frequently mentioned in the accounts of the fights between our own troops and the insurrectos. The *olo* is a short, heavy sword with a blade about eighteen inches long and a handle about six inches; but it has no guard for the hand like a cavalry sabre. The blade is about three inches wide at the widest part, which is about seven inches

from the point; and from this it tapers to the point and to the hilt. The blade also tapers from a thick back to a razor-like edge, so that the weapon is equally effective for both cutting and thrusting, and the natives wield it with deadly skill. The blades of many of their weapons are very neatly inlaid with silver or gold and fitted with hard wood or ivory handles, most artistically carved and frequently ornamented with gold or silver bands. Before going into battle the fierce Moros are in the habit of poisoning their weapons with the resinous gum of two plants, called *dolit* and *hammaco*.

CHAPTER XXXVI

IN THE PHILIPPINES

One of the most curious institutions among the Moros is the custom of seeking death by running amuck; and the men who seek to end their existence in this way are called juramentados (pronounced hura-mentados) from the word juramento, meaning a solemn oath. The laws of the Sulu

**A
Murderous
Superstition.** make the bankrupt debtor the slave of his creditor, together with his wife and children; and he can free his family only by becoming a juramentado and taking the oath to die killing Christians. Having shaved off his eyebrows, he goes before a pandito, who encourages him in his pious resolve until he is brought to a frenzy of enthusiasm. The pandito sings to him an impassioned chant that holds out the most entrancing visions of the joys of Paradise and the perpetual happiness which awaits him, and the terrible pains and penalties which await him if he draws back. He reminds him that his act will free his family from slavery, and describes in such glowing colors the ravishing joys which await him, that the ignorant juramentado is excited to the fury of madness and becomes more of a wild beast than a human being. He knows that he is going to certain death, but that is but the door to Paradise and nothing can stay him. He oils his body and limbs and grasping a large *kriss* or *olo* rushes forth like a wild beast and cuts down not only Christians, but every living thing that comes in his path, no matter of what race, creed or sex.

On one occasion, one of these juramentados rushed at a

Spanish soldier, but the latter ran him through with his bayonet till the point of the bayonet projected from his back. In spite of the wound which he had received, the infuriated juramentado seized the rifle with one hand and made the most desperate efforts to kill the soldier with his bolo.

**Oppression
of the
Spaniards.**

But every story has two sides to it, and the natives had good reason for hating the Spaniards as they did. The cause lay in the cruelty, arrogance, and exactions of the friars, the oppressive taxes, the licenses and numerous fees, and other exactions on the part of the Government officials, who robbed the people until they were reduced to the verge of actual starvation in the midst of plenty. Furthermore, the natives were compelled to submit to usurious loans whenever they wished to raise money to carry on their domestic enterprise. If a native was not able to satisfy the claims against him, the government immediately confiscated all his property; and the government officials fleeced the well-to-do natives in the most outrageous manner by enforcing this power of confiscation upon the flimsiest pretext. The Spaniards introduced all the horrors of the Inquisition, and it is not to be wondered at that the natives were driven to desperation and retaliated by inflicting the same tortures upon any Spaniards who happened to fall into their hands.

Among other curios our party obtained were a number of suits of common armor, made of crocodile hide, together with several more pretentious suits which the chiefs wear, consisting of plates of buffalo horn joined together with rings or links made of steel wire. It is said that the Arabs settled the Sulu (now Jolo) Islands at the time of the Crusades and brought their religion and other customs and ideas, which survive to the present day. It is also said that the Arabs taught the natives to smelt iron ore and make the splendid steel weapons which they know so well how to use and which are said

to be equal to the far-famed Toledo blades of the Spaniards. We also obtained a fine collection of the lovely *piña* and *justi* cloth which I believe is not made in any other part of the world. The *piña* is woven from the fiber of the wild pineapple, which grows extensively in the wild state and is also cultivated, not for its fruit, but for its fiber.

**Interesting
Methods of
Weaving.**

This species (*Bromelia pinguin*) produces leaves varying from three to eight feet in length. The leaves of the older plants abound in fiber of great strength and durability, but of coarser quality than that of the younger plants. The natives manufacture the fiber of the younger plants into *piña* cloth, which is so delicate that it resembles the finest gossamer or spider web; and it comes in such beautiful designs and exquisite shades of color that it always commands a very high price. For this lovely cloth they choose only the best pineapple spikes, which they tie in the inside bundles of larger and coarser leaves, then place the bundles in a running stream, and cover them with heavy stones. They are left in the water for two or three days, after which each bundle is opened and its contents exposed to the sun and air for a short time. They then examine each piece to see if it has been sufficiently soaked to enable them to separate the threads from the woody fiber; if not, it is placed in the water again.

The threads are extremely fine and vary in color from pure white to grayish white and deep creamy yellow. Having dried the threads in the sun, they next beat them with a grooved club of hard wood. They moisten it again during this second beating to separate the threads, and after cleansing them from all flaws, they dry them once more in the sun, then spin and weave them, upon their crude hand looms, into *piña* cloth. When finished, the cloth shows the most beautiful iridescent colors, and is often beautifully embroidered. Among other uses, this *piña* cloth is made into very pretty scarfs called

pañuelos, which the wealthier Filipino women wear around their necks.

The *justi* cloth is made from the very finest quality of *abaca*, which is commonly called Manila hemp, though it is not hemp at all but a species of banana plant. The finest quality of *abaca* is called *lupis*, or *quilot*, and is of a beautiful pearly luster; but for some inscrutable reason it can not be produced in any other part of the world. The *abaca* plant (*Musa textilis*) has been introduced into India and many other places, and although the plant grows apparently as well as in the Philippines, the quality of the fiber is so inferior that the two can scarcely be compared. It grows best on volcanic soil, and in its wild state attains a height of eight or twelve feet, while in cultivation it reaches fifteen to twenty feet, with a trunk from eight to twelve inches in diameter. The stem is enclosed in layers of half round perioles, which are taken off and cut into strips two or three inches wide, after which they are drawn under a long, sharp knife to remove the woody fiber from the threads. The second quality of *abaca*, called *bandala*, is used for making the best ropes known; and even under the slip-shod native method of working an *abaca* plantation is estimated to yield thirty per cent. annually on the sum invested.

Quick
Fortunes in
Orchids.

There is probably no other place in the world that affords a more varied assortment of rare and lovely orchids than the Philippines, but many of those who have engaged in the business of collecting them have been murdered

in the interior or have died from the bites of the venomous serpents which lurk in the lonely forests. On the other hand, numbers of collectors have come to these islands, and after spending a few months in the interior have returned to civilization with baskets of strange and beautiful orchids which they have sold for a fortune.

It seems strange that so very few people know anything

about orchid-hunting, which probably offers the best opportunity of any business in the world for a man of adventurous disposition, wishing to make a fortune in a short time, and willing to engage in a risky occupation in which he can count upon making a fortune or losing his life.

We made a run in a native canoe to the head of the Masinlog (or Masingloc) River, which lies about three miles north-east of Zamboanga. We also ascended the Tumaga, the Ria-chuelo, and the Julianan Rivers, all three of which empty into the head of the Masingloc. We secured many very fine orchids, and in one place we found the bushes covered with the lovely flowers of a climbing vine, known botanically as *clitoria ternata*, or *clitoria ternatensis*. The Fijians often cultivate this vine around their houses on account of the beauty of its delicate, feathery foliage and the exquisite blue of its butterfly-shaped flowers. It produces the seeds in pods very much like the sweet pea.

As my comrade on this particular expedition was reaching among the bushes and collecting some of these seed pods, the head of a green snake darted like lightning from the foliage and fastened its deadly fangs in one of the heavy buckskin gloves which he wore. He held his hand perfectly still, then coolly seized the deadly reptile around the neck with the other hand and deliberately strangled it to death. It twisted around his arm and struggled fiercely, but he held it until every sign of life had departed, though its fangs still clung to his glove.

**Saved
by a
Glove.**

Fearing that the fangs might have penetrated the glove, I cut off the snake's head, then seized hold of it and pulled on it in such manner as to hold it as far as possible from the skin of the hand while the glove was drawn off. We found the fangs had not quite penetrated the glove, which were made very thick in the wrist and back of the hand, perhaps for this very purpose. The snake was green,

speckled with black, and upon close examination we discovered it to be one of the deadly hooded cobras which cause such terrible loss of life in India, and which are found all the way through the Malay Peninsula to the Philippines.

Shortly after this, one of the natives who accompanied us speared a small green snake which they called *dahon-palay* (rice leaf) snake, because it is short and very slender and looks so like the rice leaf that it might be mistaken for one. Small as it is, its bite causes almost instant death. We also killed another poisonous green snake which differed widely from the last. Its body was short, thick, and strong; but its neck was very slender in proportion to the size of its body, while its large triangular-shaped head was armed with a formidable pair of fangs and unusually large poison glands.

The natives are particularly afraid of a snake which they call *damonapoly*, not only on account of its unusually deadly venom, but chiefly because it is extremely quick in its movements and is always ready to fight if disturbed. It is about the size of our own rattlesnake. The natives claim that a plant which looks very much like the Seneca snake root is an antidote for its bite if applied immediately. I also heard them say that a dressing of equal parts of wet salt and indigo will cure snake bite if frequently renewed. They cure the bites of poisonous spiders, scorpions, and centipedes by covering the wound with bruised garlic, then putting on a plaster of linseed meal mixed with four or five drops of laudanum, renewing the plaster as fast as it dries.

**Snakes
as
Mouse-
catchers.**

The largest snake in these islands is the python, which the natives call *saua*. It is quite common to see snake-peddlers selling small pythons in the towns. They are kept like pets for the purpose of catching rats and mice.

They perform this duty far better than cats, for they follow the rats and mice into their holes and over the ceilings of the

rooms; but when they become full-grown, they pay little attention to such small game and prefer devouring pigs and chickens. In the forests they grow to an enormous size and live by devouring wild pigs, monkeys, deer, and sometimes even human beings. They frequently occasion serious loss among the cattle by devouring the young animals. These huge pythons have fixed abiding places, which the natives call their "houses." They are caves in the limestone rocks or hollows in very large trees, to which, after gorging themselves with food, they return to sleep.

Crocodiles are numerous and become very dangerous when once they have tasted human flesh. The fierce wild *carabaos* are found in all the large islands of the group, and hunting them is dangerous and exciting. They will charge a white man on sight, and if they once succeed in getting into close quarters, it is all up with the hunter. The very sight of a white man seems to rouse them to madness; even after being shot through the heart, they have been known to kill a hunter. But a native will hunt one of these fierce animals with no weapon but his *bole*. The native employs a tame carabao which he has trained for the purpose, and at night the tame animal feeds slowly along towards the wild one up the wind while the hunter creeps along in its shadow. When the two animals come close together the hunter watches his opportunity, then slips quietly around and despatches the wild carabao with two strokes of his *bole*. Should he miss either stroke, his failure costs him his life, for even a badly wounded carabao can run very swiftly and is sure to overtake the fleeing hunter and gore and trample him to death.

Perhaps the most interesting animal in the group is the *timarau*, which is a small buffalo, apparently found only on the island of Mindoro. The *timarau* resembles the *carabao* in color but not in habits, for it never bathes in the water or wallows in the mud as the *carabao* does. It is much smaller

than the carabao, and its short, strong, and sharply-pointed horns run almost directly backwards like those of the antelope. It sleeps during the day in the densest jungles and comes forth only at night to feed and slake its thirst at some neighboring water course.

A
Flying
Lizard.

As we were eating luncheon one day a native called our attention to a lizard perched upon a tree near by and eyeing us intently. It was about eighteen inches long, and its pink throat was palpitating rapidly, while the rest

of its body showed a variety of brilliant colors. We moved forward to examine it, but it suddenly spread its filmy pink wings and went sailing gracefully through the air to another tree. It seemed to disappear the moment it lighted upon the tree; but we looked carefully and found that it had assumed the color of the tree so perfectly that it was well nigh invisible. We saw several more, but did not attempt to shoot them and after returning to Zamboanga we bought a tame one. These little creatures are known as flying dragons, and they live upon flies, bugs, fruit, bread crumbs, etc., are easily tamed and make very affectionate pets.

After repairing the launch, we proceeded north through Mindoro Strait and anchored in Manila Bay, which is more like a lake than a bay, and is too large to afford proper protection to shipping during a typhoon. Moreover the water is so shoal near the City of Manila that all deep-draught vessels must lie at a distance and discharge by means of lighters.

The city is built upon low, level ground, no part of which is more than a few feet above tide-water; the ancient walls and drawbridges of the old town, together with the air of dreamy repose which pervades it, and the strange costumes of the pedestrian in its streets, are sufficient to impress a traveler with the idea that he has been suddenly carried back to the Middle Ages.

The walls vary in height and thickness, but in general, they are about twenty-five feet high. They are faced with stone on both sides and the interior is mostly filled in with dirt, though in some places the wall is hollow; and these hollow spaces are used as jails. On the outside of the walls is a moat which is supposed to be filled from the Pasig River; but the sluices are decayed and the moat is half full of mud, filth, and rotten vegetable matter and abounds with poisonous snakes and vermin.

The Spaniards and natives applied the name Manila only to the walled city, which lies south of the Pasig; but, since the American occupation, the name of Manila is applied to both the walled city and the business suburb of Binondo, which lies on the north side of the Pasig. We intended to engage in a carabao hunt in the interior of Luzon, but there was so much red tape about getting permission to carry firearms that we gave up the idea.

We were about to sail for Hong Kong, where we intended to sell the ship in which we had been making the voyage, but a local trader bought her for the Island trade, and after taking an affectionate farewell of my Russian friends, I sailed for Sydney, Australia.

CHAPTER XXXVII

WHERE FLASH THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

After reaching Sydney, I shipped in the old steamer *City of New York* (since wrecked), and proceeded to San Francisco, where I spent some time running in various vessels from San Francisco to Mexico, Central America, Puget Sound, and the Hawaiian Islands. I then shipped in the old Coast and Geodetic Survey steamer *Hassler*, which was engaged in surveying the coasts of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

**Glories
of the
Northern
Lights.**

Upon our arrival in these waters in early spring, we saw some intensely brilliant and beautiful displays of the Aurora Borealis. At times the whole northern sky was brilliantly illuminated with an immense arch of fire

which glowed for a moment like a girdle of burnished gold; then it seemed as though some invisible hand were rapidly waving long streamers of bright orange, green, pink, rose, yellow, and crimson between earth and heaven. The rapid gyrations and scintillations of light and the blending of brilliant colors were intensely bewildering and superbly beautiful. The whole phenomena of waving wreaths, flickering rays, curtains, fringes and arches of flashing light and motion, now high in the heavens, now falling like hangings of gold and silver lace, sparkling with myriads of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches and darting through somber green forests, combined to make a scene infinitely outrivalling the fairy palaces of the Arabian Nights.

These magnificent displays not only illumine the sky, but they light, with a thousand brilliant colors, the icy peaks and

pinnacles of the glaciers, which flash as though they were set with countless jewels of dazzling brightness. The surpassing beauty and weird, unearthly glory of these celestial displays have led to many interesting native traditions.

For example, the Eskimos believe that the souls of the dead go to a blissful region situated under the north star, where they amuse themselves with feasting and dancing. All the dancers carry torches which flame with vari-colored lights. As they wave their torches to and fro in the rapid evolutions of the dance, the light from them streams across the sky and causes the northern lights. They believe that the spirits of the departed take this method of signaling to their friends on earth and of affording them a view of the glories of the future life.

Singularly enough, the natives call *Ursa Major* Ogalok Ongaruit (Big Bear), and believe that this constellation is a powerful spirit always keeping watch while the other spirits are in the Happy Hunting Ground dance. They believe that when an infant dies its soul is liable to wander astray and miss the road to this happy land. Consequently, it is their custom to kill the favorite family dog and bury its body in the grave of the infant, because they say the dog can find its way everywhere, and the spirit of the dog will guide the spirit of the infant to the Happy Hunting Ground.

The
Silent
City.

The strange mirages which are continually coming and going in the summer sky are quite as wonderful as the northern lights are beautiful. It is common to see ships reflected in

the sky with such startling distinctness that they appear to be sailing through the clouds almost over the heads of the astonished spectators. It is common to see well-defined reflections of objects which certainly do not exist in Alaska; and none of these is more curious and interesting than the mirage of the Silent City, which not only is seen every

summer, but has been frequently photographed. The Indians were perfectly familiar with this strange phenomenon before the advent of the whites, and gave minute accounts of "*the city which was built in the sky*." But the white men did not believe the story until they had seen it for themselves.

We saw it at about five o'clock one afternoon in the early part of July. It first appeared like a heavy mist, but soon became clearer and assumed the form of a city with well-defined streets, trees, spires, and large buildings, a city such as would number 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. It is now one of the recognized summer sights of the country, but it is well known that there is no city like it in Alaska, nor within a thousand miles of that territory. Some have claimed to recognize it as a city of Russia, others as a city in England, but the fact remains that no one can tell what or where it is. It does not appear to any one like a dead city and shows every indication of being inhabited.

The Eskimos around St. Michael hold a festival of the dead every year at the end of November, or the beginning of December, and a still greater festival for the same purpose at intervals of several years. Like the Chinese, they provide food, drink, and clothes for the spirits of the departed; but whereas the Chinese place these offerings on the graves, the Eskimos bring their offerings to the *Kozre geet*, or council house, where the returning spirits are supposed to meet them. The *kozre geet* is used as the general meeting place of the village, where all the inhabitants meet to feast, dance, sing, and take council, and every man and woman belonging to the village has his or her appointed place in it.

On the occasion of a feast for the dead every man or woman who wishes to honor the memory of a dead friend sets up a lighted lamp filled with seal oil in front of the place which the deceased formerly occupied in the council house, where it burns day and night while the festival lasts

in order to light the visiting spirits to their old seats and back again to the Happy Hunting Ground. Should any man or

**A Feast
with the
Dead.**

woman fail to set up a lamp and keep it burning throughout the festival, the spirit whom he or she wishes to honor could not find its way to the place and consequently would miss the feast.

Almost all uncivilized races believe that the dead have power to punish the living, but the Eskimos believe that the living have power to punish and insult the dead. If a man or woman has been hated by the tribe during life it is common to ignore his or her spirit by lighting no lamp for it, and this is considered the severest punishment possible.

At the meetings the whole company first sings songs of welcome to the spirits of the dead, after which each person who has lighted a lamp takes a small portion of food from each dish he has brought and throws it upon the floor near the large fire in the center of the council house, and pours a little water on it. Like the Chinese and the South Sea Islanders, the Eskimos believe that the spirits of the departed partake of the spiritual essence of the food, after which they themselves are free to eat the material part. Considerable time is spent in dancing and singing in honor of their ghostly visitors, then the shaman dismisses the spirits to their own abode.

The feasts of the dead which are held at intervals of several years are conducted on a much more elaborate scale. On the eve of the festival the nearest male relatives go to the graves and summon the ghosts to the festival. This is done by hanging over each grave a small wooden model of a seal spear if the deceased was a man, or a wooden dish in the case of a woman. The model thus left on the grave is always marked with the totem to which the deceased belonged; but if the deceased was lost at sea, the model is thrown into the

sea instead of being placed on a grave. In this case each person assumes the name of the spirit which he or she desires to honor, and the underground door of the council house is opened to enable the spirits to enter without difficulty. As soon as the shaman has performed his rites and the songs of welcome have been sung, the spirits enter the hollow fireplace in the center of the floor and take possession of the bodies of their namesakes. Each person then makes an offering of food, drink, and clothing to some other person present on behalf of the spirit whom the latter is supposed to represent, and dancing and singing are kept up continuously for several days and nights. Most of the dancing is done in the council house, but they also dance at the grave of each dead relative. If the relative was drowned they dance on the ice.

There are many inconsistencies in the beliefs of uncivilized races. For instance, although the Eskimos believe that the souls of the departed live in a region of bliss where they are continually feasting upon the finest kind of whales and seals, they also believe that they suffer great destitution if there is no one to make offerings to them. The Eskimos are afraid to die without leaving some one who will sacrifice to their spirit, and if they have no children of their own, they invariably adopt one or more for fear their spirits might be forgotten or neglected at the festivals of the dead.

Nearly all uncivilized people are terribly afraid of visits from the spirits of the dead, but the Eskimos welcome them. The conditions of life which surround them and the forces of nature which they see exhibited in the volcanoes, the aurora borealis, the mirage, etc., all tend to fill their unenlightened minds with vague superstitions regarding the strange forces which they can not comprehend; and the shamans, who claim the exclusive ability to interpret the occult, encourage this superstition for their own benefit. Many people who have never come in contact with these shamans imagine that even

the ignorant Eskimos ought to be able to see through their ridiculous chicanery. The stories commonly related of the shamans would lead one to suppose that their tricks are too silly to deceive even a child. But the truth is that the shamans, like the fakirs of India, maintain their sway over their followers by performing the most amazing tricks which no one has yet been able to explain though many white people assert that they have seen them.

**Amazing
Tricks.**

At Point Hope, we met a shaman who talked fairly good English, which he had learned from the whalers. He told the officers that he would like to have the crew tie him hand and foot in any way they liked and he would

instantly throw off the ropes without untying them. Accordingly, two of the crew tied him from head to foot with new ropes in such a way as none but sailors could do; and he was so securely bound that it seemed impossible for him to move, much less free himself. While they were engaged in tying him, two of his attendants beat their drums and chanted in the usual monotonous way, while he himself crooned in a low tone. He then asked the officers if they were satisfied with the way in which he was tied; on being assured that they were, one of his attendants covered him with a deer skin garment reaching to the knees. The moment the garment was drawn over him he sprang to his feet, threw it off, and pointed with a triumphant smile to the ropes lying on the ground, but still securely knotted. We examined the ropes carefully and found they were not cut or injured in any way; every knot was tied as securely as it was in the first place, and how he managed to remove them thus instantaneously was a mystery we could not attempt to solve.

I afterwards learned of other well authenticated cases of marvelous legerdemain worked by these men. The shaman acts as peacemaker of the tribe, and at the potlatches

and feasts of the dead he often drags men who are deadly enemies together, clasps their hands, performs an incantation over them, and insists that they must thenceforth forego their enmity and become brothers.

Legends
of
Creation.

Some of the natives of Alaska believe in a supreme being named Teki Ankaose. He lives on the summit of a mountain amid a garden of azure flowers. Although Kanook, the Creator, is the oldest and most powerful of all the gods, they believe that he leaves the general management of things to Teki Ankaose. They also believe there was a time when there were no sun, moon, stars, animals, plants, lakes, or rivers, because a gigantic demi-god had confined all these things in a vast box, but Kanook overcame the wicked demi-god and released them from their confinement.

Kanook often assumes various forms and comes to the relief of men who are in distress or trouble. Some believe that all who die fighting are at once admitted to heaven and have for their slaves all those whom they have overcome in fight. Some cremate the dead, and believe that all whose bodies have not been cremated will never be allowed to draw near the fire at which the souls of those who have been cremated warm themselves in the spirit world.

The Thlinkets believe that their shamans can assume the form of any beast or bird, in which form they can kill any one by a single glance. We can scarce wonder at these untutored natives cherishing such a belief, when we find white people of our own day who profess to be Christians solemnly declaring that witches can assume the forms of hares for the purpose of injuring their neighbors. These beliefs are now giving way before the splendid work of the missionaries, but the chief difficulty is that the natives, like the ancient Hebrews, try to combine the worship of the true God with that of demons in order to stand well on both sides.

The following is the Lord's Prayer in the Thlinket language:

"Ais waau wet wwetu tikeu; ikukastii itsagi bae; faa at-quakut ikustigi ibee; atquakut attuitugati bee ikachtekin linkitani zu tlekw. Katuachawat waan zuikwulkinichat akech waan itat; tamil waan chanikchak aagi zu uaan akut tugati ajat; ilil waan zulkikagatii taat anachut waan akalleelchwetach. Tu."

The long word "akalleelchwetach" means "from the evil spirit."

Like all ignorant people, the Eskimos believe in witchcraft; they have unbounded faith in the power of shamans to control the elements, to reward friends, to kill or punish enemies, and to give them success in hunting or fishing. In their private quarrels they have more confidence in curses than in fighting. The sure death and destruction hoodoo is worked as follows:

**Hoodooing
the
Neighbors.**

When the members of one family wish to hoodoo those of another they first pay the shaman to curse them. Then, having kindled a fire where the enemy can see it, the whole

family dance and jump around the fire while they shake their fists and howl out the most frightful curses. This is absolutely guaranteed to settle the account of any enemy unless the latter can pay the shaman to work a counter-hoodoo of still greater power, in which case the double curse is sure to fall upon the heads of the original aggressors.

When a Mahlemoot boy reaches the age of maturity, he chooses some bird, beast, or fish to be his patron and wears a piece of its skin or a bone as a charm. In return the spirit of this particular bird, beast or fish looks after him and protects him in all danger. Their whole religious system consists of a belief in spirits who are mostly malignant in character and the various methods of appeasing their malignity. These spirits are divided into three different classes, the Upper

Ones, or the spirits of the air; the Lower Ones, or spirits of the land; the Water Ones, or spirits of the sea.

The moment a child is born, the Creator appoints a guardian spirit, who not only protects and guides it all through life but also endeavors, after its death, to bring its spirit to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The yek does everything in his power to protect and guide his protégé, and only abandons his charge in the case of his becoming very wicked.

Their ideas of right and wrong, however, differ very widely from the ethics of the Christian religion. Every act of life, every fish or animal which they hunt, and every phenomenon of nature requires a separate religious observance of its own to placate the particular spirit who presides over it.

Right living is supposed to consist in a strict observance of these religious observances (observances which often lead to deeds of the most unnatural cruelty), and last, though by no means least, in paying the shaman.

**Weeping
Dances
for the
Dead.**

One of the most important religious observances of the Thlinkets is the Weeping Dance for the Dead, which is held about the end of August or early in September. This dance

differs in many particulars from the Eskimo festival of the dead. We were invited to one of these dances near Sitka, and found that large quantities of food, clothing, weapons, baskets, fish nets, and everything which was thought to be useful to the dead, had been collected.

The natives had planted a number of young trees about fifteen feet high in a large circle close to the graveyard and had stripped off the leaves. All the lighter articles which they had to offer were hung upon these trees while the heavier articles were piled on the ground at the foot; and just before dark they lighted a huge fire of logs in the center of the circle of trees. The men and women who brought the offerings seated themselves in a circle around the fire inside the circle of trees, and

as the fire blazed up the shaman began to beat his drum and chant; for they believe that even the shaman himself could not summon the spirits unless he chanted and danced to the sound of a drum or rattle.

It is curious how this idea of providing for the wants of the dead prevails among so many different people from the Chinese to some of the South Sea Islanders. The Chinese burn imitation paper money and other useless articles for the benefit of the departed; the Eskimos offer small quantities of the food which they bring and eat all the rest of it themselves; but everything which the Thlinkets offer to the dead must be brand new and of the finest quality. Moreover, all these valuable articles (including fine furs), which have cost them a very large amount of labor to provide, must be burned in the fire and not the slightest article must be saved or used for any other purpose.

The endurance displayed by the dancers was phenomenal. Instead of tiring they seemed to gain fresh vigor as, hour by hour, the dance progressed. Their movements became gradually more violent, their chanting grew wilder and louder until the whole ceremony was demoniacal. When completely exhausted at last, several lay down, just outside the circle of dancers but inside the circle of trees, and slept. After hours of this hideous revelry some of the dancers began to take down the articles from the trees and cast them into the fire. In doing this they called out the name of the departed friend for whom the article was intended. The most valuable articles were kept to the last, but everything was, according to the strict rules of the ceremony, burned before the first sign of dawn appeared in the east. The sleepers roused themselves after short respites and resumed their respective places among the dancers, while others dropped out and took their places for a nap, and in this way the performance was kept up all night.

In the Shumagin Islands (south of the Alaskan Peninsula) explorers have found numerous burial caves containing various objects, such as carved and painted masks differing very little from those of the ancient Toltecs. The dead bodies were mostly placed in a crouched position with their heads resting upon their knees, as in the case of

Where
There
Are No
Graves.

the Peruvian mummies; but some were stretched upon beds of moss and their weapons and various utensils were buried along with the bodies. It is impossible for the natives to dig graves for their dead, as we do, because the subsoil never thaws out, and the different tribes have different ways of disposing of them. A few cremate their dead, but as a rule the bodies are wrapped in reindeer or seal skins and either placed upon an elevated scaffold out of reach of wild animals or on the ground and covered with driftwood. All the weapons or implements of the deceased are placed upon the grave or hung over it; and the figures and emblems which adorn it tell the story of the departed in a way which is as plain to the natives as the words on a tombstone are to us.

The underground houses in which these people live have the outward appearance of a circular mound of earth rising a couple of feet above the surface. They are covered with grass and have a small opening at the top for the escape of smoke. The entrance is through a small door and narrow hallway to the main room, which varies from twelve to twenty feet in diameter and has no light or ventilation except what comes through the smoke hole, and that is frequently closed with a curtain made from the intestines of seals. In summer, these underground houses become too damp to live in; the natives then move into tents made of walrus hide.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

ALASKA AND THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

Alaska is a land of sudden transitions from Arctic desolation and twilight gloom to golden sunshine and fairy-like loveliness. No other country except possibly Siberia equals it for brilliancy of light, variety of color, and perfume of flowers which cover the ground in summer time. I have often lain on the soft, dry moss, when the thermometer registered 75° to 80°, gazing alternately at the sun shining from a cloudless sky and at miles of park-like meadows literally covered with the most gorgeous display of wild roses, iris, gentians, asters, sweet peas, blue bells, violets, columbines, and crocus, watered by mountain streams and backed by the brilliant gold and filmy blue of the distant mountains looming grandly through the yellow haze of the summer air. The whole scene was so surpassingly beautiful that it was like a dream of Paradise.

The Alaskan Paradise. Besides the flowers, there is an endless profusion of wild strawberries, red currants, huckleberries, gooseberries, black currants, red raspberries, salmon berries, fox berries, wintergreen berries, and others of which I could not learn the names.

The natives and the bears consume immense quantities of these berries. The south and southeastern portions of the country are heavily timbered, and I saw logs ten feet in diameter at the saw mill in Sitka. Undoubtedly the finest timber in the country is the yellow cedar, which the Russians call *dushnik* (scent wood) on account of its agreeable fragrance. It is a very fine close-grained wood which takes an excellent polish and grows to such a size that the Haida Indians use it

for their dugout canoes, which are sometimes seventy-five feet long, eight to ten feet beam, and capable of carrying a hundred people.

During the war between the Russians and the Aleutian Islanders, the Russians used this yellow cedar in building a number of small vessels which they call *skitiki* (sewed vessels), because they had no iron and were obliged to sew the timber together with seal skin thongs. There is no timber on the Aleutian Islands, the Aleutians had no bows, though it seems strange that they never learned to make bows of whale bone as some of the Eskimos do, and they were in the habit of killing whales. It is interesting to study how these poor, ignorant savages made the most of the scanty means at their disposal for opposing the firearms of the Russians, although they had no weapons except slings, spears, and throwing sticks. They constructed huge shields or screens of seal or walrus hide and stuffed them with dried grass or seaweed which they pounded in very hard, so that each shield looked like a huge mattress. Lashing their canoes two together, they placed one of these huge shields across the bow and some of the men held it upright in such a way that it protected the occupants of both canoes as they paddled towards the Russian vessels. Sure enough these shields stopped the bullets from the Russian muskets, and the Aleutians replied with volleys of stones from their slings. When they got near enough to the Russian vessels they assailed them with volleys of hand grenades made of dried grass and sulphur, which they obtained from the volcanoes. Each grenade was bound together with a small seal skin thong, and immediately before being used it was dipped in seal oil and lighted, then thrown with a thong. The choking fumes from the burning sulphur rendered it difficult to get rid of them as they fell on the decks, and they came in such numbers that the Aleutians succeeded in burning several of the Russian vessels.

The chief consideration which induced the Russians to conquer the Aleutian Islands was a desire to obtain the valuable skins of the sea-otters which were then

**Conflicts
With the
Russians.**

very plentiful, but are now almost exterminated in many portions of this long chain of islands. It is a lamentable fact that the native Aleuts have been very largely exterminated along with the sea-otters, and this circumstance is commonly attributed to the brutality and inhumanity of the Russians.

It is true that the leaders or commanders were Russians, but most if not all of their followers were really Tartars, who had no more regard for a human life than they had for the life of a dog, and who delighted in committing every kind of atrocity and outrage upon any one who happened to be in their power. The Tartar conqueror, Attila, boasted that he shed so much human blood wherever he went that "the grass never grew on any place where his horse trod;" the Tartars have always spread ruin, death, and destruction in every portion of the world where they have held sway, and the Aleutian Islands are no exception to the invariable rule.

Aleutian hunters frequently shoot the otters with rifles, but even yet the most common method is to spear them from *bidarkas* (canoes made of a wooden framework, covered with untanned sea-lion skin). Sometimes two hunters hunt in a single *bidarka*, but as a rule a small fleet of canoes hunt the sea-otter together. When they sight an otter, they endeavor to approach as near as possible without disturbing it, but the wary animal soon detects their approach and instantly dives beneath the surface. The *bidarka* which happens to be nearest to it paddles up to the spot where it disappeared while the others range themselves in a circle around it. If the otter were allowed to come to the surface and fully inflate its lungs, it could easily swim a mile under water before coming up again, and thus escape the circle of canoes which surrounds it. But

the moment it appears upon the surface the hunters set up a wild yell and paddle towards it, and the terrified animal immediately dives again before it has time to fill its lungs; consequently, it is obliged to come to the surface in a very short time and in this way it soon becomes helpless and falls an easy victim. Every hunter who is within range of the animal throws his spear at it every time it appears upon the surface, and its skin becomes the property of the hunter whose spear first strikes it.

These valuable sea-otters have been hunted to such an extent that they have become very scarce and most of the natives have taken to hunting foxes instead. There are different methods of trapping wolves and foxes, but in the timbered portions of Alaska the method most commonly used is as follows:

The hunter takes a long cord made of twisted whale sinews (which by the way are enormously strong), and passes it several times around two young trees growing a few feet apart. Taking a stout club about two feet or a little more in length, he inserts the small end of the club between the strands of the cord and turns it round and round till the strands are

very tightly twisted. He then secures the striking end of the club to the ground by means of a trigger, and places a bait on the ground in the exact spot where the head of the club will strike when the trigger is released.

A
Strange
Fox Trap.

A cord connects the bait with the trigger, and the moment a fox or wolf seizes the bait the cord pulls the trigger and the head of the club comes down on him with the force of a sledge hammer. In this way many fox skins are secured.

A fine specimen of the black fox skin easily brings more than \$1,000, and a prime one has brought as much as \$1,200, while the skin of a silver gray will bring from \$125 up, accord-

ing to quality. Very few people know anything about the business of raising foxes for their fur; and many might be

**Fox Raising
as a
Business.**

surprised to learn that at the present time no less than thirty-five of the smaller islands off the Alaskan coast are used for breeding foxes. The government does not sell these islands, but rents each one for \$1.00 per year, and the time will soon come when they will all be utilized for the purpose of raising elk and cattle as well as foxes for the market. The long chain of Aleutian and other Alaskan Islands undoubtedly affords the best facilities of any place in the world for this purpose. The Aleutians consist of a rolling country with moderate hills between the mountains and the sea. Hot springs are numerous and most of the soil is very fertile and produces fine crops of carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbages and potatoes, as well as a most luxuriant growth of grass suitable for cattle and wild berries.

The climate is moist and equable, with an average annual temperature of 36° to 40° , and has been found to be very healthy. Fine springs of water are found at the foot of the mountains, and either flow into the sea or form ponds which fairly swarm with wild geese, ducks, sea gulls, and other fowl.

On St. George Island, the foxes are fed only during the severest weather of the winter, but during the summer they live entirely upon the millions of sea birds which swarm in all these islands. The foxes are extremely expert in catching these birds in the long grass, and prefer their flesh to any other kind of food. The young foxes are born in May and a litter generally consists of from five to eight. The killing season is from November to January, when the fur is at its finest, and the foxes to be killed are secured in the feeding sheds instead of in traps to avoid injury to the fur. An island offers immense advantages in raising foxes because the surrounding water prevents their escape, provided there is no other island

within at least a mile of it. If there is land within this distance the foxes will readily swim to it.

The south coast of Alaska has hundreds of small islands admirably suited to this purpose. Moreover, the climate of this district produces the finest fur known, for it is not so coarse as that produced in colder climates. The warm current from Japan strikes the southeastern coast of Alaska and warms it to such an extent that it enjoys a milder climate than New York. Contrary to the opinions of those who have never visited Alaska, the southeastern parts of the country are never very cold, but the temperature is low the whole year round, though it seldom reaches the freezing point. The cold rains and almost constant fogs which prevail cause the fur-bearing animals to grow the finest kind of fur for their own protection, and the absence of bright sunlight makes their fur darker.

The foxes are nearly omnivorous, but their chief food consists of fish, berries, sea weed, and sea-birds. The surrounding seas swarm with fish of various kinds and the foxes catch salmon for themselves during the run in summer, while there is not the slightest difficulty in laying in a supply of fish to feed them during the winter. The fish for winter use is sometimes smoked, but generally kept in fish oil, and some raisers give each fox a daily allowance of six to eight ounces of fish and corn meal. It is necessary to feed them in little cabins erected for the purpose in order to protect the food from the crows, ravens, and eagles which abound upon the islands.

The running expenses of a fox farm are very small and every fox raised is likely to yield a skin worth over a hundred dollars. As a sample of the profits of fox-raising, one man leased Hound Island (near Sitka), which contains about 800 acres at high tide and 900 acres at low tide, and stocked it with twenty pairs of blue foxes in the fall of 1905. In the following spring there were 110 young foxes on the island, and they increased so rapidly that in the spring of 1909, he estimated

that there were from 1,000 to 1,400 all told; and the skin of a blue fox is worth not less than \$30.00.

Curiously enough, all the natives of Alaska are perfectly familiar with the appearance and habits of the mammoth or mastodon, which the Eskimos call *kelig' abuk*; and they can draw pictures of it which look exactly like those which we see in books. In fact some of the miners who have penetrated far into the country go so far as to express their belief that living mastodons may still exist in the unknown interior. Quite recently dispatches from Alaska stated that the natives were greatly excited because they had seen one alive.

It is a common, but very erroneous idea that the Eskimos are short, fat, dull, and stupid. I have seen hundreds of them, and have never seen one that could properly be called fat. The average height of the men is five feet six or seven inches, though I have seen numbers of them (especially towards the north) who were fully six feet, and they are all immensely strong. I have never seen a white person who could beat one of them in driving a bargain.

The first time I saw the natives of Cook's Inlet, I felt certain that they were a colony of Japanese; it would take an expert to detect any difference except, perhaps, they average somewhat larger in stature than the average Japs.

**Gruesome
Fare.**

I believe that Alaska is the only country in the world of which it can be truthfully said that the houses are underground and the cellars are upstairs.

The winter stores of dried fish are kept in a small store house made of logs and erected upon stout posts eight or nine feet high, to keep it beyond the reach of dogs or wolves. The fish are simply split open and dried in the sun, but no salt is used in their preparation, first because the natives have no salt, but also because they can not endure the taste of it when any one gives it to them. The smell which emanates from these stores of half-cured

fish is so overpowering that few white people care to approach them, but the natives devour the half-putrid fish with the greatest gusto. It might be supposed that such food would kill all who partook of it; but the natives enjoy excellent health and the strength of their appetites may be judged from the fact that each adult native consumes an average of ten pounds of fish every day in addition to large quantities of seal, bear, deer, wild sheep, seal and beluga oil, berries and roots of various kinds.

They are very fond of athletic sports, especially running and wrestling, and it is useless for any but an exceptionally strong or active white man to attempt to compete with them, for they can run almost like greyhounds, and their strength is so great that one of them can throw a white man with the most contemptuous ease. In spite of their filthy habits it is a great mistake to suppose that they habitually eat their food raw, though they do so occasionally, for they cook it after a fashion.

One day some of us were in an *igalu* (underground house), and the women of the family were roasting fish over the fire in the center of the floor, while about half a dozen dogs were fighting savagely on the roof. The rest of the family sat around watching the cooking with hungry eyes, as though they could not wait long enough for the fish to roast before beginning to gorge themselves. All at once the whole pack of wolfish dogs, locked in a death grip, came tumbling through the smoke hole, and landed fairly on top of one of the women. The dogs, the fish and the cook all rolled in the fire together. The woman was quickly dragged to one side, and the dogs wasted no time in getting out of the fire, and next in getting out of the *igalu*, followed by the imprecations of the family and all the portable articles they could lay their hands upon.

Sulphur is used in producing fire, and the natives who re-

side in the neighborhood of the volcanoes carry on a very extensive trade in this useful article with those who live at a distance; but they say that those who cannot obtain sulphur produce fire by rubbing two sticks together. In order to produce fire with sulphur, the natives first spread a layer of very dry moss upon a large flinty stone with a fairly smooth surface, then dust it over with powdered sulphur. One of them takes a large stone of flint or quartz in his hand and strikes the moss and sulphur with all his might. He does not strike straight downward, but at a slight angle, so that the stone in his hand partly scrapes along the surface of the larger stone beneath, and the force of the concussion lights the preparation.

**Plenty
of Heat
Indoors.**

The underground houses are heated partly by means of fire made of driftwood which the ocean currents wash upon the beach, but principally by means of stone lamps. Each lamp

consists of a large stone laboriously hollowed out in the center, then filled with fish, seal or whale oil, and supplied with wicks made of twisted moss. Some lamps have a large piece of blubber suspended over them so that the flame melts the blubber and causes it to drip on the wick and this keeps it burning. In this way they keep their houses almost as hot as ovens, and the members of the family usually move about nearly naked. But the sudden and violent transition from the hot, stifling atmosphere of the hut, to the intense cold of the outer air, tends to shorten their lives, for they have no very old people among them. It is also a curious fact that they almost invariably catch severe colds when they come to San Francisco, as many of them do in the whaling vessels.

In spite of their cheerless surroundings, they eat, drink, dance, sing, and lead happy lives, where it is safe to say any other people in the world would quickly perish from cold and hunger.

The summer climate of Southern Alaska is not bad, but I did not like the climate further north, and in some portions of the country the mosquitoes are such a horrible pest that they render life a burden. Preferring voyages to other lands I left the service when we returned to San Francisco.

CHAPTER XXXIX

WITH THE HAWAIIANS AGAIN

After my Alaskan voyage I ran for some time between San Francisco, China and Japan, and afterwards between San

Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands, justly called the "Paradise of the Pacific." The chief port of call in the Hawaiian Islands is the City of Honolulu, where perpetual summer reigns and the fragrance of beautiful

The Great Pali Pass.
flowers fills the air the whole year round. About Honolulu there are many interesting sights and scenes, including the magnificent view from the top of the Punch Bowl, an extinct volcano, immediately back of the city. But the chief object of beauty and grandeur is the famous Pali, a narrow mountain, whose precipitous sides rise to a height of 1,500 feet. The Pali affords a magnificent view of both sides of the Island, and Hawaiians are fond of calling it a gateway between Paradise and Fairy Land. The pass is overgrown with *hau*, *algaroba*, *ohia*, and other trees, which impart an air of gloom and mystery to this far famed mountain pass around which many romantic legends cling.

The Pali is not only an object of beauty and grandeur, but it is also historic ground, for here Kamehameha, the Hawaiian Napoleon, who conquered all the Islands and united them into one kingdom, gained his great victory over the King of Oahu. The latter allowed himself and his army to be driven from Honolulu up the beautiful Nuuanu Valley into this narrow pass, where they were hemmed in like rats in a trap. Kamehameha's well-trained warriors then charged them with

spears and war clubs and drove most of them over the beetling precipice, where they fell shattered and mangled upon the rocks below. The natives, who are naturally superstitious, believe that the voices of the dead warriors who were driven over the Pali can still be heard in the roar of the wind that blows forever through this mountain pass.

They also believe that the Pali was once the home of the gigantic moo (lizard), which plays exactly the same part in the Hawaiian account of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man, as the serpent does in the Biblical account. The Kahunas (priests, doctors and sorcerers) are believed to receive communications from the moo, and they believe that the latter had his home somewhere among the mountains, though they did not know the exact locality till the following incident.

The Terrible Moo.

They relate how one day a native and his son went up to the Pali to cut some of the trees which grow there, but the moment they struck one of the trees with their stone axes,

the tree began to writhe and twist in such a strange and astonishing manner that the father and son stood paralyzed with fear and astonishment. They were still more astonished to notice that all the other trees in sight were writhing and twisting in the same amazing way and the wind began to blow with such terrific force that both were blown off their feet. At once it dawned upon them that they had invaded the sacred dwelling place of the terrible moo, and both instantly fled for their lives and never stopped running till they reached Honolulu.

But the Pali is not the only place where the voices of the spirits of the dead can be heard in the wailing wind. The weird and mysterious sounds which are heard in the night winds upon Puu Ohia are of such an extraordinary nature that they cannot fail to produce a feeling of awe, if not a positive fear in the mind of any one who hears them. Puu

Ohia, which the white residents call Mt. Tantalus, is 2,013 feet high, situated half way between Honolulu and Pali on the east side of Nuuanu Valley. Singularly enough these strange sounds can be heard only at night, and their extraordinary sweetness and melancholy cannot fail to thrill and mystify even the most staid unbeliever. Sometimes these strange screams of death are loud and boisterous, like the wild revels of Valhalla, and again they soften to a low musical wail.

**Ghostly
Echoes.**

Some of our party started to sing while standing on one of the cliffs; immediately the song was taken up and carried from cliff to cliff, vanishing into the distance in one direction and returning in another until it made a complete round of the mountain tops. The singers stopped, but the mountain crags continued singing in all directions with such a wild and melancholy cadence that it was impossible to shake off the impression that human spirits were all about us, and we ceased to wonder that the natives attribute this ghostly music to the souls of the dead. The real cause of this strange phenomenon is believed to be the roar of the ocean, breaking upon the reefs on the weather side of the Island, and the softer cadence of calmer surf within the reefs, alternating with the roar of the trade winds among the rugged crags of the mountains.

Another curiosity of a somewhat similar nature is found in the "Barking Sands" which cover the beach at a place called Mana, a little north of Konole Point on the southwest coast of Kauai Island. The beach is covered with low sand dunes which emit a sound resembling the barking of a dog when any one walks over them. The natives make a business of selling small bags of this sand to tourists, and it is said to retain the same peculiar quality no matter where it may be taken. I afterwards noticed the same peculiarity in the sands on the beach near San Blas, on the coast of Mexico.

Although the missionaries have converted nearly all the Hawaiians to at least a nominal acceptance of Christianity, many of them still retain a strong affection for their old heathenism, and are still under the sway of the *kahunas*. In olden times, these dignitaries reigned supreme, and no one thought of undertaking any enterprise without consulting one of them. The *kahuna*, who was supposed to represent the god, always promised a degree of success in proportion to the value of the fee which he received; and if the promised success failed to materialize, it was always owing to some mistake on the part of the client in following the directions of the *kahuna*. The *kahunas* of the present day are considered inferior to those of ancient days, but their power over the people is still greater than is commonly supposed.

The following incident, which occurred in Hawaii only about a year ago, is a fair sample of their exercise of power.

The
Bible
Externally
Adminis-
tered.

A regular physician undertook to treat a native who was sick and would doubtless have restored him to health, but the native and his wife had far greater confidence in the incantations of the local *kahuna* than in the medicine of the white doctor. Accordingly, the

wife of the sick man brought the *kahuna*, who first examined the fee which he was to receive and next proceeded to examine the patient whom he was expected to cure. After a critical examination, he declared that a devil had entered into the sick man, though this information seems rather superfluous in view of the fact that a *kahuna* always pronounces the same diagnosis, no matter what the complaint may be.

They all admit that the Christian religion is more powerful than their heathenism, but they like to stand well on both sides and in this case, therefore, the *kahuna* concluded to compromise matters by using a family Bible in conjunction with his heathen rites. Accordingly the wife of the patient borrowed a

large family Bible; and, while the kahuna howled and yelled at the evil spirit, commanding it to leave his patient, he endeavored to enforce his commands by beating the sick man on the head with the heavy Bible on the ground that evil spirits were afraid of the Good Book, and that this was the best way to impress them with a due respect for its weight. When the kahuna wearied of this exercise, the patient's wife came to the rescue and continued the treatment by beating her husband vigorously on the head with the Bible, till, between them, they beat out his brains and killed him. The kahuna then declared that the devil had been driven out of the sick man, and departed with his fee; but the authorities arrested him and held him in \$500 bonds for manslaughter on the ground that the Bible was not intended for external use as a war-club.

**Praying
Enemies
to Death.**

The kahunas are principally divided into two classes, doctors and sorcerers. The natives believe that the kahunas can control the messenger-gods and when a kahuna is engaged to perform ana-ana (praying any person to death), he calls upon his familiar spirit to go to the spirit of the victim within his reach. The kahuna then catches the spirit, and the victim thus deprived of his spirit is sure to pine away and die in a short time. The goddess who assists the sorcerers in luring spirits to destruction is Hiiaka i ka poli o Pele, the sister of Pele, the goddess of fires and volcanoes. They believe that any one may cause the death of another by scraping the wood of a very poisonous tree, called Kalaipahoa, and blowing the dust which they scrape off towards the enemy whom they wish to destroy, while they repeat the incantation, "E, Kalaipahoa, ee oe e pep-ehi ia Mea!" (O Kalai-pa-hó-a, go and destroy), naming the enemy whose death is desired. Kalaipahoa is supposed to be a hideous and very malignant goddess who is always ready to assist in murder or any other kind of villainy if a sacrifice is offered to her;

but the incantation is far more effective if a kahuna pronounces it.

Each family is believed to have a family deity, the spirit of a deceased ancestor, who resides in some beast, bird or sacred stone whose sacredness cannot be violated without fatal results.

The kahuna is supposed to exercise control over the family deity and the latter makes its will known to the family which it protects through the kahuna. Every kind of disease is believed to be the result of a devil entering the sick person, and in olden times human sacrifices were offered to the evil spirits when a chief was very ill. After the prayer and sacrifice, the kahuna goes to sleep in order to receive a message from the spirits through dreams or visions, and a pig, fowl, or fish is baked for the deity of the family of the sick person. The patient is then placed in a small hut and wet leaves are thrown upon red-hot stones for the purpose of giving him a steam bath, after which he is dipped in the sea. If he does not recover after this treatment, it is proof that some one is praying him to death and has sent an evil spirit to destroy him.

Sometimes a sorcerer preserves the bones of a deceased person and thus holds control over his spirit. In such a case he generally appeals to this spirit which he holds in subjection to assist him in catching the spirit of any one whom he wishes to destroy; but it is absolutely necessary for the kahuna to repeat an incantation to this spirit at every meal which he eats or else the spirit will destroy him.

The kahunas perform their ceremonies at night in a secluded place over a fire of wood on hot stones between which the sacrifice is baking; and after the spirits have devoured the soul of the sacrifice the kahunas eat the material part. It is necessary that something belonging to the victim, such as a lock of hair, a piece of finger nail, or even a small piece of his clothing, should be burned in the fire while the kahunas are

chanting their imprecations. When a native learns that he is being *anaana-ed*, he either succumbs and dies of terror or else employs one or more kahunas to counter *anaana* the enemy who is praying him to death.

**The White
Man's
Coming
Prophesied.**

However any one may attempt to explain it, it is a fact that the kahunas prophesied the coming of the *Haole* (White men); and this prophecy was embodied in the chant of Kualii, which was composed and chanted at public gatherings centuries before the first white men appeared in the Hawaiian Islands. It is commonly believed that Captain Cook was killed in a quarrel which accidentally arose between him and the natives, but intelligent Kanakas have told me that the kahunas planned the murder of Captain Cook shortly after his first arrival in the Islands. They told the people that it was necessary to kill Cook or his countrymen would dominate the Islands and introduce the worship of a God of invincible power who would destroy or dethrone the Kanaka gods, and the Kanaka people would perish with them.

This is the chief reason why so many of the natives endeavor to combine the worship of the true God with that of their heathen deities; for while they freely admit that the Christian God is immeasurably superior to the latter, they are afraid to abandon their worship of their own gods altogether for fear the gods might destroy or injure them.

When they saw Captain Cook, they called him Akua vaha ula-ula (Akua, God; vaha, mouth; ula-ula, red;—the god with the red mouth), because he came ashore smoking, and they had never before seen a man with fire in his mouth.

It is remarkable that the Hawaiians always believed in a Hikapolo'a (Trinity), composed of Kane, the originator; Ku, the architect and builder; and Lono, the executor and director of the elements. The highest angel whom the Hikapolo'a

created was Kanalo'a (Lucifer), who incited a rebellion in heaven and was cast out in consequence.

Kanaloa then entered Paliuli and demanded that the man Kumu-honua should worship him and submit to his leadership, as one-third of the angels had done; but Kumu-honua refused to do so, because both angels and men were the creations of the Hikapoloa, and worship was due only to the latter. Kanaloa then assumed the form of a Moo (lizard or serpent) and tempted the woman to transgress the will of Kane by eating the tabued breadfruit which grew on the bank of the river of life.

Where a
God
Sleeps.

Kanaloa made a practice of going about the world in the form of a Moo and tempting mankind to offend the gods and thus lead to their own ruin. He often visited the Hawaiian Islands and one of his favorite sleeping places was in the crater of an extinct volcano called Leahi, which is situated three and a half miles southeast of the City of Honolulu.

Many centuries before the coming of the haole (white people) a large war canoe from one of the other islands was sailing along the southern coast of Oahu one dark night when the crew sighted the strangest light they had ever seen shining from the top of Leahi. The strange light shone with such a variety of the most beautiful rainbow colors that at first the crew were frightened and supposed that one of the gods must have come down; but finally they furled their sails and part of the crew ascended the mountain to investigate.

Upon reaching the top of the hill, they found the dreaded Moo fast asleep and holding in his mouth such a magnificent diamond that it dazzled their eyes to look upon it. Knowing that the Moo would devour them if he happened to wake, they crept very cautiously forward and stole the diamond, then hastily returned to their canoe and sailed away with all speed.

The Moo was terribly enraged when he awoke and found his diamond gone; and the sacred Oo bird, whose yellow feathers were used in making the royal mantles, told the Moo that he had seen the crew of the war canoe ascending the mountain, and also the direction in which they had sailed away. The Moo immediately swam away to search for the canoe which had robbed him of his diamond, and has never been known to visit the islands since. In commemoration of this legend, the white residents have named the extinct crater of Leahi, on which the incident took place, Diamond Head.

A God
Robbed
of His
Jewels.

One of the most peculiar features of heathen legends is that they frequently represent, as in the case just cited, a mortal as deceiving or getting the better of a god. We find numbers of similar cases in the ancient Greek and Roman mythology.

It might surprise some people to know that public sacrifices were offered to Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, as late as 1882. A broad stream of lava from Mauna Loa had destroyed everything in its course for a distance of twenty-five miles and had reached a point within a mile or two of Hilo Bay. It moved slowly but steadily, and everything indicated that it would certainly destroy the town and harbor of Hilo, for there was absolutely nothing to check its steady advance.

The
Lava
Stayed.

Ruth, a surviving sister of the fourth and fifth Kamehamehas, had a rude altar erected in front of the approaching lava, then offered a number of sacrifices to Pele and prayed to Pele to stop the flow of the lava and save Hilo. She then told the people that they need not be afraid because Pele would certainly stop the flow of the lava and save the town. Sure enough the stream of fire at once ceased to move, and to-day its glistening front stands like a wall

around Hilo. Whatever the cause may have been, the fact remains that this incident had a very injurious effect upon the work of the missionaries, for the natives were convinced that it was an exhibition of the terrible power of Pele.

On the other hand, I have heard numbers of white residents declare that Ruth was so atrociously ugly that her witch-like appearance frightened even the lava, so that it stopped in disgust rather than come near her.

A Boy
and a
Shark.

The Hawaiians are so perfectly at home in the water that they will readily dive and attack a shark in his own element with a knife or spear. On one occasion we were throwing nickels into the water for some native boys

who were diving and catching them before they reached the bottom, stowing them in their mouths as they caught them. A shark, which had been attracted to the spot, suddenly attacked one of the boys who was separated from his companions. The boy treated the matter as a joke, coolly waiting till the shark came close to him and turned over on his side (not on his back as it is commonly supposed), as they are obliged to do in order to bite, and snapped savagely at the boy. The moment he did so, the boy dived and quickly reappeared several yards away.

He repeated the same tactics several times, to the evident perplexity of the shark, when a native man who had been watching the pair seized a sharp knife and sprang into the water. We saw him come up under the shark, and the next moment the latter shot clear into the air like a porpoise and lashed out furiously with his tail, while the blood streamed in torrents from a frightful wound in his stomach. The shark quickly turned and attacked the native with the ferocity of a tiger, but the Kanaka again dived and coming up under him cut his stomach completely open.

Nevertheless, a shark takes an awful amount of killing, and

the savage brute continued the attack till the native stabbed him in what would be the back of his neck, if he had a neck, upon which he turned belly up and floated helplessly away. The one shark which the natives really fear is called niuhi, which is not only very large but also so savage that it will readily attack a boat and endeavor to wreck it by springing out of the water and throwing its whole weight upon the boat.

The natives are not only very fond of the fish which they take from the sea, but they also raise great numbers of large gold fish in the taro patches for food. They claim that these fine gold fish not only furnish an excellent article of diet, but also devour the larvae of mosquitoes; scientific research has proved this opinion to be correct.

There are plenty of wild goats, pigs, and cattle on the large island of Hawaii, and any one who desires excitement in hunting can find it in the mountains, for the wild bulls and boars are very savage. It is said that these animals never take a drink for nine months of the year, for they live on the upper altitudes of the mountains where there are no streams or pools, except during the three rainy months. They live upon a kind of jointed, juicy grass which the natives call maniua which supplies both food and drink.

The Hawaiians formerly celebrated an annual festival, called Nakahiki, which lasted from October to January. Every one from chiefs to slaves attended, and the most popular of all the sports indulged in was moko, or fist-fighting. Each moko moko (fist-fighter) had his hands securely wrapped with cords made of cocoanut fiber; and the object of each was not only to strike his opponent in the face, but also to ward off his blows by meeting fist with fist and not with the forearm as Caucasian fighters do. This method of covering the hands with hard cord bears a striking resemblance to the cestus of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and, like the latter, the Ha-

waiian pugilists fought till one of them was killed or completely disabled.

Difficult
"Bowling."

I have seen the same kind of fighting in Tonga and Samoa. Another popular sport which bears a striking resemblance to that of the ancient Greeks and Romans is throwing the disks, called Ulu Maika. Each ula maika consists of a polished stone disk six inches wide and about an inch and a half thick, slightly convex on the sides. The length of the throw was not the only test, for sticks are set up at the end of the track and the disk must pass between them in order to score a victory. The polished stone rushes along the smooth track while the thrower remains immovable, and the excited spectators endeavor to keep pace with the swiftly moving disk and shout their cries of approval. Some of the old tracks are over 1,200 feet long, and the skill of the natives in this difficult form of disk throwing is very remarkable.

It is also worthy of note that the victor was always crowned with a wreath in token of victory, as was the custom of ancient Greeks. The Hawaiian helmets were also shaped exactly like those of the Greeks and these various circumstances, together with many others which might be mentioned have led some ethnologists to endeavor to trace the origin of the Hawaiians to the ancient Greeks.

I believe Hawaii is the only place I have ever seen where the native salutations have superseded those of the whites. The white people almost invariably salute each other with "Aloha" (Love to you, or my love to you). If a number of people are to be saluted collectively, the proper form is "Aloha oe" (My love to you all).

CHAPTER XL

AMONG THE PEOPLE OF TRUK

After running to the Hawaiian Islands, I next served for some time as mate of a steamer called the *Whitelaw*, which was chartered to carry supplies to a party of government employees who were building a lighthouse near Crescent City, California. Later I was engaged to take a schooner, the *O. S. Fowler*, from San Francisco to the Caroline Islands and bring back from the islands a bark, the *Helen W. Almy*.

**With the
Missionaries.**

Passing south of the Hawaiian Islands, I first called at Ebon Atoll, the most southern of the Marshall Islands, after which I proceeded to Kusai and called upon Dr. Pease and the other missionaries. Leaving Kusai, I proceeded to Pingelap, which is nearly half way between Kusai and Ponapi and in a direct line between them. From Pingelap, I sailed to Ponapi, where I found the captain of the *Helen W. Almy*, who had brought her from San Francisco and had arrived a few days before me. Both vessels anchored in Mutok Harbor on the south side of Ponapi, and from the harbor I had to go thirty miles in a boat to report to the Spanish Governor, Don Luis Cadarsa, who resided in the northwest side of the island.

Having a head wind, I was obliged to stop all night at the house of the native who acted as pilot. Like all Ponapian houses, it was thatched with cocoanut leaves, while the walls were formed of two thicknesses of reeds lashed together with cord made of cocoanut husk. This style of architecture allows plenty of ventilation; but it rained hard during the night and

the rain beat through the walls in a way that was rather uncomfortable to me, though the natives did not mind it.

The Governor could not talk a word of English, consequently his daughter acted as interpreter, and also asked me a great many questions in regard to the United States. She explained that her father had been a captain in the Spanish navy and would like to talk to me about shipping if we could only understand each other.

On my return trip I slept at the missionary station at Oua and found the missionaries anxious to know what was going on in the rest of the world. They were the Rev. Mr. Doan, Mrs. Cole, and Miss Palmer, all accomplishing a noble work in civilizing and Christianizing these wild natives, who are continually at war with the Spaniards.

After reaching Ponapi, I took command of the *Almy*. I found that she had been anchored near a coral reef in thirty-nine fathoms of water and had fouled her anchor.

Unsafe Anchorage. One night it began to blow very hard and she dragged her anchor and touched the reef. I hired a number of natives in addition to the crew, and after working all night succeeded in hauling her to the opposite side of the harbor and anchoring her in a safe place.

I sailed from Metalanim Harbor, on the east coast of Ponapi, on February 13th, and encountered fresh northeast trade winds; consequently, I proceeded north till I caught the northwest winds, crossed the 180th meridian in latitude $34^{\circ} 40' N.$, and reached San Francisco in forty-five days.

I next took command of the schooner *Equator*, of San Francisco, which was engaged in carrying supplies to the American missionaries in various islands. On one occasion, I took a cargo of provisions from Butaritari, Gilbert Islands, to the missionaries in the islands of Kusaie and Truk (pronounced Trook).

I arrived off the harbor of Coquille, on the west side of Kusaie, just at sunset, and was obliged to haul off for the night, for it must be understood that there is no twilight in these latitudes and darkness falls immediately after the sun disappears. The entrance to the harbor is barely 240 yards wide, and as it is necessary to beat in, it will readily be seen that it requires daylight to do so. I afterwards learned that a hurricane had desolated the island shortly before and had reduced both natives and missionaries to the verge of starvation. Not knowing that I had a cargo of provisions for them, they supposed the *Equator* to be some casual trading vessel, and that I was about to sail away and leave them. Next morning I was back at the entrance at daylight and learned that two of the missionaries, named Dr. Channon and Miss Hoppin, had come out in a native canoe the evening before and followed us for several miles in the hope of buying some provisions.

After leaving Kusaie, where I had shipped some native sailors, I proceeded westward to Truk and was becalmed for two days within sight of the lagoon. Toward sunset of the third day, it came on to blow a strong gale and I determined to enter, although I would be obliged to do so in the dark, and I had never seen the place before. I had a crew of Gilbert Islanders, who are never, by any means, so reliable as white men, consequently I ordered the second mate to take the wheel and the mate to work the deck while I kept a lookout for the entrance from the masthead. Before the sun set I got a good view of the entrance through the barrier reef which surrounds the whole group, and noticed that strong tide rips extended clear across it.

We were quickly enveloped in darkness after the sun set, and the only thing which I could see from aloft was the snow white breakers on both sides of the entrance. As soon as we

The
Sudden
Dark.

got fairly into the lagoon I lost sight of the breakers, but I knew we were safely inside, because the sea immediately moderated, though we were still exposed to the full force of the gale. After proceeding about four miles inside the entrance, I sighted Gregoire Island and anchored a little to the west of it.

As soon as daylight appeared I hove up the anchor and proceeded to the mission station, which was less than two miles from the place where I anchored.

Truk consists of ten lofty basaltic islands and numerous low coral islands enclosed in a barrier reef about forty miles in diameter. The highest islands vary from ten to fifteen miles in circumference and from one hundred to about fourteen hundred feet high; and good anchorage may be found almost everywhere in the lagoon.

Fashions in Truk. The natives of the group number about 10,000 and are continually at war, chiefly head-hunting. The men wear long hair and paint their

cheeks, chin, and the upper part of the forehead a bright orange, with a paint made from the root of the wild turmeric, while the nose and central part of the face are painted a bright blue. They wear a single garment about six feet long and two feet wide, woven of banana fiber. In the center of the garment is a slit about fourteen or fifteen inches long, through which the wearer passes his head and lets one end hang down behind and the other in front.

One Sunday morning, I counted over a dozen large war-canoes returning from a night head-hunting raid which had evidently been successful, for the crews were singing and yelling like fiends. The missionaries truly take their lives in their hands when they go among these fierce savages, and the change which they produce in their habits and modes of living is nothing short of marvelous.

By the way, the missionaries have some curious experi-

ences in dealing with savage races, especially in translating the Bible into their various languages, for it must be remembered that the latter have no equivalent for many of our common English words. Two missionaries, for instance, translated the New Testament into the language of Truk and got along fairly well until they came to the food of John the Baptist. The New Testament says that his food consisted of locusts and wild honey, but the natives have no knowledge of either of these things. However, the islands abound with swarms of cockroaches as large as ordinary mice, and the natives frequently saw the missionaries using molasses; hence, with many misgivings, the missionaries translated the words to read in the Truk language that his food consisted of "cockroaches and molasses."

I attended a service in the missionary chapel and noticed that the Christian natives do not paint their faces, and each one gives a cocoanut as his or her contribution to the collection. The men are very fond of wearing a great variety of ornaments in their ears, and are particularly pleased with anything which they can obtain from a white person for this purpose. It sounds incredible, but close to the missionary sta-

**A Clock
for an
Earring.**

tion I saw a native man wearing the entire works of a good sized clock in one of his ears, which was stretched to such an extent that the lobe of his ear came below his shoulder.

They are very expert in the use of the sling, which they employ (when not in use for fighting) in tying up their long hair. One of their favorite weapons is a heavy two-handed club called a moira, both edges of which are deeply serrated like the teeth of a very large saw. Like all islanders, they are expert in throwing the spear, which they grasp with all the fingers of the hand. One day, a chief handed me some sharp spears and motioned to me to throw them at him from a distance of three or four yards. I did so and he

parried every one of them by striking them aside with his bare arms without receiving a scratch. I never saw them use shields.

The old hymn, Rock of Ages, has been translated as follows, into the language of Truk :

I

Trawn Amonau, Trown Sele,
 I pue fai to op la rem;
 En siuili ai ninni,
 Pual uou nganai ai tipij
 O pue alla letip ai,
 Amatru ai mueu leilai.

II

I soto nganai angang,
 Pukin feri lamalam;
 Allimi la letip ai,
 Jetiti om umaumat;
 En etrek me a uōn* om,
 En etrek Trawn Amanau.

III

Semen pisek I ua to,
 En etrek I ken luku;
 Falung eleng etrek ngan,
 Ngang me uoingau angiau,
 Ngang me tipij, ualingau
 En etrek selani iei.

*Pronounced oo'-un.

IV

Lupuan ai nom fanufan,
Lupuan ai epue me la,
Lupuan ai fai ta uawn lang,
Utueli om ling at,
Trawn Amanau, Trawn Sele,
I pue fai la op la rem.

The natives of Truk worship the rainbow and believe that the god of the sea sits upon this beautiful phenomenon of the skies. Whenever they go on a canoe voyage, they give themselves into the care of the rainbow god and always wear various charms to propitiate him. These charms consist of bones, beads, plaited cords, pieces of wood, and best of all, anything which they can obtain from a white man. Before starting on a voyage, they hold these charms in front of their eyes and mutter prayers to the rainbow god for a successful voyage.

The Two Heavens. They have many other gods beside the rainbow god and they believe that there are two heavens, but it does not occur to them to even matters by making a plural of Hades. The first heaven is the heaven of the clouds; the second, the higher heaven beyond the clouds, where only the powerful spirits of good dwell. The first, or heaven of the clouds, is the home of the Anua, or souls of men who watch all that is going on in the world and keep the higher spirits of the second heaven well posted on current South Sea Island events. Each tribe, each family, and sometimes each individual have their own Anua, who is supposed to look after their welfare, and in return for this protection each worshiper is expected to see that his guardian spirit never goes hungry for cocoanuts, oil, fish or taro. The method of offering these things

consists in throwing them up toward the sky and leaving them to decay wherever they happen to fall; for it would be considered sacrilege for any one to touch them after they have been offered to the spirits.

In the second heaven is a great Anua, who is supreme over all the other Anuas, and who sits upon a magnificent throne in a private part of the heavenly region and receives reports of everything that goes on in the world. It is worthy of note that this supreme Anua is only good, while the lower Anuas are often very malignant. When the supreme Anua receives an account of good behavior on the part of the tribes of earth, he may show his appreciation by ordering a needed shower, by sending more fish, or by persuading a trading schooner to drop into the lagoon with a good cargo of calico, pilot bread, beads, long knives, and liquor. He also rewards any subordinate Anua who brings good news, but never likes to punish any one.

Contrary to the customs of most savages, only the Truk women are sorcerers and these are supposed to cause deaths and all kinds of mischief by the aid of their familiar spirits. These witches are supposed to invoke the aid of their particular Anuas (who are really the deified spirits of their ancestors) to cause the death of an enemy. In answer to the invocations of the witches, evil spirits enter into human beings and cause all the ailments that flesh is heir to. The devil is believed to find visible form in cripples and the old witches who lead the devil dances and cause all the social scandals in the islands.

The soil of the Gilbert Islands is poor, while that of Truk is very rich, and, having no return cargo, I loaded the vessel with enough Truk soil to form a small garden in Butaritari. I bought a quantity of taro to help feed the crew and before using each piece, cut off the head and planted all the heads in the ballast in the hold. The weather being fine, I kept the

main hatch off, and when I reached Butaritari, I had a fine crop of taro growing in the hold.

Christian Islanders. It seems strange that the Gilbert Islanders are such large, strong men, for the islands which they inhabit are nothing but low coral

atolls; the soil is poor, and the islands are so over-populated that the inhabitants are obliged to utilize their scanty resources to the very utmost in order to secure enough to eat. Most of them are now Christians, but before their conversion they were among the fiercest warriors and pirates to be found in the whole Pacific.

They have formidable swords and spears, very skillfully edged with sharks' teeth, and they formerly used armor made of cords of cocoanut husk. Their old religion consisted of the worship of certain gods and the spirits of their deceased ancestors. The latter were supposed to visit their descendants for the purpose of looking after their welfare, and on such occasions they were supposed to occupy certain sacred stones, one of which was set up in front of every dwelling. These stones were anointed with oil and worshiped with prayer and offerings, and also used for the purpose of divinations.

CHAPTER XLI

IN THE SOUTH SEAS AGAIN—WITH QUEER MATES

After returning to San Francisco, I went by way of Panama to New York to see my mother and sister, whom I had not seen since I sailed for Australia.

**A
Queer
Partnership.** While in the east I made the acquaintance of a country doctor and a curious adventurer known as "Baldy S.," both of whom expressed a strong desire to go into the South Sea Is-

land trade with me, and I was foolish enough to enter into an agreement with them, but even before reaching San Francisco I saw clearly that neither of my partners had the least business knowledge or ability, and that any business which they managed was sure to end in failure, but I did not like to desert them after coming so far.

S., who according to his accounts had been at different times State Senator, a factory hand, railroad engineer, laborer, tramp, etc., was over sixty years old, rather corpulent and had remarkably short legs. His fat, puffy face was deeply wrinkled, while his pale blue watery eyes had that peculiar stare which seems to indicate an unbalanced mind. He was an inveterate smoker, was rather erratic in some ways, not the least of which was a desire for drawing public attention upon himself.

On a chartered schooner, the *Golden Fleece*, we sailed from San Francisco, passed between Oahu and Molokai (Hawaiian Islands), and encountered a strong kona, a storm peculiar to the Hawaiians. A few days later we crossed the 180th meridian in latitude 15° 45' N. We sailed so close to the southern

shore of Taka, one of the Marshall Islands, that we conversed with the natives on the beach in passing; passed north of Wottho Island (latitude $10^{\circ} 5'$ N., longitude $166^{\circ} 4'$ E.). The weather was overcast

A
Perilous
Calm. and squally while passing through the Marshalls, but after this we had fine weather till we sighted Ponapi at one p. m. on December

7th. At 11 p. m. I hove to ten miles northeast of Ponapi and a few minutes later the wind suddenly died completely out. I soon found that the vessel was drifting towards the barrier reef which surrounds the island, and ordered the crew into the boat to tow her against the current; but they could not hold her, and escape appeared impossible.

Having sailed over the same ground several times before, I happened to know of a spot where there was anchorage if we could only reach it. Accordingly, I ordered the boat to haul her at right angles to the course she was drifting and after considerable effort managed to reach the place, where we anchored in thirty-nine fathoms. We hung on all night with our stern about two hundred yards from the surf, and, S., who had previously roundly denounced the Christian religion, declared that he had prayed for the first time in fifteen years.

During the night a whole fleet of native canoes assembled inside the barrier reef for the purpose of attacking and plundering the vessel as soon as she drifted on the reef, but, happily, their expectations were not realized. At daylight, we could see part of the wreck of the English yacht *Nyanza* in which an English lord was making a voyage round the world, when she was wrecked on the same reef; on the other side lay the wreck of a Norwegian bark, while a little further south was the wreck of the American brig *Champion*. We could not help pondering what fate had befallen the crews of these unfortunate vessels.

At eight a. m., a light breeze sprang up from east by north, blowing directly toward the reef, and I took the wheel while all hands hove away on the anchor.

**Almost
on the
Reefs.**

The foresail and mainsail were set and I ordered the mate to see that everything was clear for setting the head sails, and he declared that everything was clear. As soon as the anchor was aweigh, I sung out to him to set the head sails, and he and one of the men tried to do so, but found that he had forgotten to let go the downhauls, and the sails could not go up. Of course this caused some delay at the most critical time and allowed the vessel to drift nearer the reef.

As soon as I could get her under way, I headed her S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., but coral bottoms are always very rough, the coral rising in some places like walls, and she had not gone over a hundred yards when the anchor got foul of a coral reef and brought her up in the wind. By good management we cleared the anchor once and got her round on the opposite tack, but the same thing happened four or five times in succession, and I saw that I must lose either the anchor or the vessel. Accordingly I unshackled the last thirty fathoms of the chain and slipped it and the anchor.

We then ran three miles parallel with the reef, and so close to it that the vessel was continually rising and falling on the swell of the breakers. The wind was very light, and if it had failed for a minute nothing could have saved the vessel. We then reached a point where the barrier reef trended south by

**Natives
Waiting
for Our
Wreck.**

east, and the vessel began to draw slowly away from it. At one p. m. we rounded Port Aaru and were out of danger.

While we were getting under way, the natives were constantly gathering in their canoes inside the barrier reef (which is three and a half miles from the main island), and I have no doubt they cursed us heartily when

they saw our escape. They are as friendly and ready to trade when the vessel is prepared to beat off an attack as they are to plunder the vessel and attack the crew when the vessel is disabled. We had good reason to be thankful for our escape, for very few vessels ever escape destruction under similar circumstances.

I anchored in Kiti (dog) Harbor, on the southwest coast of Ponapi and next day called upon the Spanish Governor, who insisted that I should have called upon him before anchoring. I remained all night in Santiago, where every five minutes during the night, the sentries passed the word, "quieta" (quiet), equivalent to our "all's well," their voices ringing sharply on the night air. The natives were at war with the Spaniards and sentries were kept posted at all hours of the day and night to guard against a sudden surprise. After watering from the Kapennepelop River at the head of the harbor, I sailed from Kiti, beat through the passage between Ponapi and Andema, and anchored in Santiago harbor.

**A
Strange
Assignment.** Before leaving San Francisco, I had received a power of attorney to look for and seize the schooner *O. S. Fowler* (which I formerly commanded) wherever I found her.

The Spanish authorities had seized a pirate schooner, which was then held under guard in Santiago, and it was reported that she was the *O. S. Fowler*, which I had brought from San Francisco. I showed my papers to the Spanish admiral, and he sent a subordinate with me to examine the seized schooner; but I saw at once that she was not the vessel I was after. The right name was the *Ninorahiti*, of Tahiti; but this name had been clumsily erased from the stern and the name *Poi* painted over it.

Two French brothers named DeGrave had taken passage in her at Avarua, in the Marquesas Islands, but at sea they shot the captain, poisoned all the rest of the crew except the

cook, then sailed away with the vessel. They put into Ponapi and offered her for sale at a suspiciously low figure, but the cook betrayed them and they were seized. The *Ninorahiti* was held in Santiago, but the DeGrave brothers were put in irons and sent on the Spanish man-of-war *San Quentin* to Manila, to be tried for murder and piracy. The *Ninorahiti* being under the French flag, the DeGraves were turned over to the French authorities and, being found guilty, were sentenced to life imprisonment on Devil's Island off the coast of French Guiana.

The admiral also gave me written authority to proceed to Metalanim Harbor and take whatever property I claimed for the company I represented.

In Search
of Lumboi.

Next morning, I left in the boat to find Lumboi, one of the head chiefs of the Metalanim tribe, who had sailed with me as pilot on the *O. S. Fowler* and *Helen W. Almy*. I reached Metalanim Harbor at dark, but could not find

Lumboi's place among a multitude of small islands; consequently, I hailed him several times, and at last a sentinel posted among the trees sung out, "Ichcoa?" (Who is there?) I answered, and a moment later, Lumboi called me by name and brought a number of his men to haul the boat up on the beach. He took me to a very large house filled with warriors of the tribe, who were eating their supper of yams, which they cut with knives twenty inches long. They invited me to join them, giving me some very fine bananas, which I thoroughly enjoyed. They were a villainous-looking lot, and, having recently defeated the Spaniards in two battles, many of them bore marks of the encounters in the shape of missing limbs and ghastly wounds.

At one a. m., Lumboi called some of his men to haul the boat into deep water, as the tide was rising, and we started for the company's old store, where Lumboi's family lived. We reached the place at three a. m.; as soon as I stepped ashore

a number of dogs rushed out of the bush and made a general attack upon me, and it was not until I had laid one out that they decided to leave me alone.

I slept on a native mat laid on the floor, with a piece of cocoanut tree for a pillow; and at dawn the whole place resounded with cries of rage from the dogs and pigs, who were engaged in a regular pitched battle under the house. The awful din which they made seemed to indicate that several deaths were imminent, but some of the natives rushed out and put a stop to the uproar with their clubs. I have noticed in various islands here that while the dogs and pigs seem to treat each other with contemptuous indifference during the rest of the twenty-four hours, dawn, for some inscrutable reason, appears to be their favorite time for settling all outstanding grievances in a free-for-all fight. The natives shot a number of wild pigeons and prepared a stew of yams and pigeons for breakfast.

Lumboi showed me an old geography which he had taken from a vessel recently wrecked on the coast, and the first page I opened showed pictures of Poughkeepsie and Lake Mohonk. It awoke in me many dear memories, our family having lived in the outskirts of Poughkeepsie before I went to sea.

I gave Lumboi the order to deliver to me the remainder of whatever the captain of the *O. S. Fowler* had left in his possession. He showed me some cheap trade stuff, but refused to give it up till the company paid him a claim of \$237.00, which he said the captain owed him for services rendered; at his dictation, I wrote a letter of explanation to the company.

As I started to return, the natives stood on the beach and each one extended his right hand and clasped his right wrist with his left hand (their greatest mark of respect, showing that the recipient is a "two-handed" chief), while he called out "Kacha lilia, main" (main is pronounced exactly like the

English word mine, and is never applied to any one except a person with a title).

On our return we were passing through a rather dangerous boat passage in the barrier reef when we were caught in a squall and the jib halliards carried away. A Kanaka named Ka Lani went to the masthead to reeve a new one, when another Kanaka, who was steering, let the boat come broadside on to the wind and she heeled over till she began to fill. I sung out to Ka Lani to jump overboard, which he did, and I put the boat about to pick him up. He came up in front of the bow and, as he saw the boat rushing at his head, dived under like a porpoise and boarded her over the stern.

After leaving Ponapi, we proceeded to the Truk Group and anchored off Annapau on Uela Island, where I called upon my old friends the missionaries. We next went to Utat Island, where I found a former shipmate who had been keeping a trading station for "King" O'Keefe, but the natives were at war as usual and had threatened to kill him, so I took him on board. The natives gathered in large numbers and threatened to attack us, but changed their minds when they found us well prepared to receive them.

We next went to Ranolu Island, where the natives were at war on account of some one "working the spirits" (causing death by witchcraft). We then anchored between Fairup and Fala-pongas; but I found that trading had been ruined for any white man, for the Japanese had got into the business and were selling goods so cheap that no white man could possibly compete with them.

Passing out of the Truk lagoon through a fine, wide passage at the southwestern extremity of the reef we proceeded to Pulo Suk Island (in latitude $6^{\circ} 40'$ N. longitude $149^{\circ} 16'$ E.), and there being no anchorage, we were obliged to stand off and on while trading. Here I met with a slight accident, when during the night the fore gaff carried away during a squall,

and part of it struck me on the head and knocked me down, but fortunately I was not seriously hurt.

We visited Lamotrek Island and while passing through an opening in the reef, a squall came on and the rain was so heavy that we could not see the reef. We anchored till the squall was over, when we proceeded to an anchorage by moonlight.

**Waving
Rain
Away.**

Next we visited the Oleai Group, where we experienced a very severe electric storm. The Oleai natives were engaged in drying copra, and whenever a rain squall came on, two men

would start out in a canoe and one would paddle the canoe about while the other waved his arms from side to side above his head and chanted to the spirits to drive away the rain. Although the inhabitants of these islands have never seen a missionary, they believe in a future state and a Supreme Being, whom they call Aliulap. At a native funeral one day the natives asked us, through an interpreter, if we could tell them what became of them after death, which showed that they were trying to solve the problem in their own way.

CHAPTER XLII

PELEW ISLANDS, ALASKA—AND HOME

I now saw clearly that our voyage was bound to end in failure, for neither S. nor the doctor had the least idea of business. I grew heartily tired of my contract, but must, of course, finish the voyage. We next went to the Pelew Islands, where both of my companions began to associate freely with the natives, and where finally each of them married a native wife, S. choosing the twelve-year-old daughter of the native King Abbathul. I was left to manage the business alone in addition to looking after the vessel.

While here, I went in the boat to see some valuable timber which a Japanese trader wished to sell. The first part of our route lay through a multitude of small islands, most of which rise to a high conical hill in the center, and all are clothed with bamboo, cocoanut and other trees, besides beautiful flowering shrubs. Around the bases of these islands are innumerable sea-caves lined with purple and yellow coral, and the islands are very beautiful.

In the
Chief's
Palace.

We stopped the first night at Oretoi village and next day reached Gabroon, where the Jap resided. Having accepted the timber, I returned to the vessel and taking our own boat

with the second mate and four sailors started back to Gabroon. We stopped at Arrarai and prepared to pass the night on the beach, but Addalool, the head chief of the place, came down with a number of men carrying torches and insisted that we should pass the night at his abalu

(palace) according to the Pelew custom, which requires the head chief to receive and entertain all visitors.

Addalool called me his brother and, according to the South Sea Island custom, we exchanged names, so that Addalool became the latest addition to the considerable list of South Sea Island names which I have received at various times. Addalool's attendants prepared a substantial meal of roast pork and wild birds together with boiled taro and a drink made of hot water and a sort of native molasses. After this they treated us to a war dance, which was much less frenzied than those seen south of the line.

Next morning Addalool accompanied me to the boat and his brother-in-law Kasilo, who had been a sailor, accompanied me to Gabroon as interpreter. I hired a large number of natives to get the timber to the vessel on bamboo rafts and agreed with their chief Araklai to pay them when it was done. In the meantime, the Jap's wife wanted me to show her how to

make bread in American style from flour,
which her husband had bought aboard the ves-
sel. I would willingly have done so, but was
obliged to confess that I did not know much
about making bread. A Malay belonging to
the boat's crew claimed to have been a cook in the Mexican
navy and to understand how to make bread, but declared he
could not make it without yeast or baking powder. I told
him to do the best he could, and he succeeded in manufac-
turing a sort of cake almost as black as himself and nearly as
hard as a brick. The head Jap eyed the cake askance and ut-
tered a long prayer before attempting to eat it. They did not
ask for any more "American bread."

Meantime the second mate and the remainder of the boat's crew had manufactured a variety of musical instruments out of bamboo and were giving a miscellaneous entertainment in the cook-house. They were not particular about a program,

but most of them sang whatever occurred to them in all the various languages which they knew. Those who could not sing endeavored to compensate for the deficiency by vigorous acrobatic dancing and prolonged howls, which were highly approved by the native audience, who expressed the unanimous opinion that the "American style" of dancing was decidedly more lively and varied than that of Pelew. If the "American bread" was a failure, the musical and terpsichorean entertainment was voted a howling success by the local society.

Next day I went with the Jap and several natives to see a very pretty lake far up among the mountains, and, while there, the Jap asked me to show him how to build a mill dam in order to utilize the outlet of the lake to run a sawmill. While we were busy at this the natives killed a number of birds by blowing small arrows through bamboo tubes which they called bo'-az.

I have previously spoken of two stone images which are unquestionably several thousand years old, and which I firmly believe to be the work of the ancient Phoenicians. A party was negotiating with me with a view to fitting out a schooner from San Francisco to secure these images, but the negotiations fell through. The images were close to Gabroon, on the east coast of Babelthuap, the largest of the Pelew Islands. They stand rather near together on level ground, within two or three hundred yards of the water's edge.

The Pelew natives swim like ducks and will work in water up to their shoulders in loading the vessel, but, strange to say, are afraid of wetting their hair; the moment it starts to rain they will all rush under cover. A chief

A Bucket
for a
Hat.

named Sanpal, who was next in power to Araklai, secured an iron bucket in trade aboard the vessel, and a few days later I met him ashore during a heavy rain squall, dressed in little else but the bucket, which he wore inverted upon his

head with the handle lashed fast under his chin. He said he supposed it was meant for a "Katheranaballeth algo" (white-man's hat).

I had endless trouble with the natives in getting the timber, for they are as uncertain as children. When the work was half done, they demanded that I should pay some of them or the others would not work. I paid them, whereupon the others refused to work unless I paid them nearly twice what I had agreed to do, and would send away Kasilo, whose tribe was at war with them.

After endless wrangling, I managed to get all the rafts ready and paid them what I had first agreed. They threatened to attack us, and I afterwards learned that Araklai encouraged them to do so, but we were well armed and I started away with all the rafts in tow of the two boats and a large canoe which Addalool sent from Arrarai to assist us. After going ten miles, seventeen of the rafts broke adrift. I anchored them and, leaving the canoe to look after them, took the other seven rafts on to Arrarai. Addalool sent his men to bring the other seventeen to the vessel, and I stopped at his house that night and left next morning for the vessel. At eleven p. m., we reached the passage between Koror and Bau-beltaub, but the wind was very light and I found that the tide was sweeping us out to sea. I tried to reach the weather shore to anchor for the night, but could not make it with both sails and oars and was obliged to anchor on the lee shore. It rained and blew hard during the night, but we slept in the boats under tarpaulins, and at daylight I found that two rafts had broken adrift and been carried out to sea. The other twenty-two I got safely to the vessel.

I was disgusted to find that, while I was risking my life to obtain a cargo for the vessel, S. and the doctor had given away nearly all of the remaining cargo to the natives instead of trying to assist me. On the north side of Koror Harbor,

in the side of a high island, I saw a large cave, the floor of which was completely covered to a depth of several feet with the finest kind of guano. This is far superior to guano which is exposed to the weather, for in the latter case the rain washes the ammonia out of it. On the other hand, dry guano found in a cave is the most dangerous for any one to work, for the fine dust would almost certainly cause the death of the workmen unless they could wear something like a diver's helmet and have air pumped through a hose.

In a
Typhoon.

Having obtained a good cargo, we sailed for Hong Kong and had heavy northwest gales and light southwester, finally encountering a typhoon. The wind first came from the north,

showing that the storm center bore east of us and would pass near where we were; consequently I ran towards the southwest till the wind changed to northwest, then hove to. At daybreak the wind suddenly lulled, but almost instantly came from the opposite quarter, carrying away our main boom. Later, when in Hong Kong I learned that a large four-masted English ship which passed through the same typhoon further north had three of her masts carried away and some of her crew killed.

Passing through Ballintang Channel, we encountered westerly winds and a current setting toward the northeast. The wind then died out and we were becalmed for two days, during which the current swept us dangerously near the rocks off the southern end of Formosa, but we finally caught a light breeze which took us into Hong Kong.

I sold out my interest in the business at a loss and paid my passage to San Francisco in one of the Pacific Mail steamers. After I left the vessel, S. engaged a navigator named Laurie to command the *Golden Fleece* and take her back to the Pelew Islands; but after reaching the latter place he left Laurie to shift for himself, and returned to his wild life among the

natives. The vessel soon ran out of provisions, but S. refused to furnish her with either provisions or a cargo, and at last, in despair, Laurie took her to the Truk Islands and secured what provisions and cocoanuts he could. He then held a consultation with his crew to decide what to do, and they decided to proceed to Yokohama, which they did. In the meantime

**The End
of the
Golden
Fleece.**

debts had piled up against the vessel and the firm to which she belonged in San Francisco had failed. The crew were in a starving condition when they reached Yokohama, and accordingly Consul McIvor, the representative

of the United States at the latter place, ordered the vessel to be sold to satisfy the claims of the crew. She was sold to a Japanese firm and was afterward wrecked in a gale near Manouran, on the coast of Japan.

This was not to be my last experience with incompetent companions. On a later voyage from San Francisco to Mexico I was unfortunate enough to be navigator with a most ignorant captain. Still later another impostor, named B., who claimed that he had a gold mine in Alaska, persuaded a number of men to join him in an expedition and engaged me as captain of his vessel, the *Prosper*. He narrowly escaped hanging when his fraud was discovered. He deserted his ship and party to save his own skin, and after our men had had enough of mining ventures we made our way back to San Francisco without the owner. I have always kept as a souvenir of that voyage a testimonial with which the men of the party closed a newspaper account of their experiences and of B.'s rascalities:

**A
Testimonial.** "We desire to publicly return our thanks to Captain Quinton for our safe return. We had no chronometer and not a single sailor in the party to assist him, and the card compass which we had proved to be so unreliable that we were obliged

to steer by a little pocket compass. We encountered several strong gales and the weather was so foggy that he was obliged to go for weeks at a time without being able to get an astronomical observation, but he brought us through safe and sound."

It was really a foolhardy enterprise to undertake such a voyage in so frail a vessel, for she went to Alaska again with a professional crew on board, but was wrecked in a gale and drowned all hands.

Later I took another vessel to Alaska to be delivered to the government representatives at St. Michaels, in charge of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. Again I was unfortunate in shipping, at the urgent request of the builder, a man for mate who was rather unfortunately near to being a lunatic. The vessel itself was a poorly built craft and we had many minor mishaps on our way.

**Beauties
of Dutch
Harbor.**

I stopped to coal in Dutch Harbor, which affords a picture of surpassing scenic beauty when the surrounding country is not enveloped in the almost endless fog, which renders navigation so dangerous in these seas.

Once, however, we did see the place clear of fog, and the beautiful scenery combined with the strikingly sweet songs of the birds to make a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

The songbirds here include the golden crowned song sparrow and the dwarf hermit thrush, but the most prominent of all is the Lapland longspur, which is seen everywhere. The longspurs are constantly seen hovering in the air and pouring out their delightful liquid notes, but they have a curious habit of suddenly dropping downward into the grass and flowers in the midst of their song.

The white inhabitants raise some fine cattle and the climate is so mild that they run out of doors all winter. The native Aleuts look so identically like Japanese that they might be

taken readily for them, and there seems to be little doubt that they are of Japanese origin.

Back to
San
Francisco.

This was at the time when people were rushing to Alaska in almost anything that would float, and on the way between Dutch Harbor and St. Michaels, I sighted a new steamer breaking up in latitude $58^{\circ} 15'$ N. longitude $167^{\circ} 40'$ W. I ran close to her to make sure there was no one on board, and the hull broke in two while we were looking at it. After delivering the vessel to the representative of the Coast and Geodetic Survey in St. Michaels, I had an opportunity to see the sights of the place before I secured a passage to San Francisco; and I could not help contrasting the desolate nature of the surrounding country with the beautiful scenery of Southern Alaska. About the only flowers which I saw here were iris, and the only specimen of a tree is a species of Arctic willow which grows about as thick as a man's thumb and creeps along the ground like a vine.

—Christian Herald—

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Christian Herald Almanac for 1913

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The new *Christian Herald Almanac* is a book of facts and figures that will be found constantly useful in every Christian household. In addition to the calendar and special information concerning dates, holidays, and facts pertaining to the year itself, it is a liberal compendium of useful knowledge on all subjects, but particularly those which have an immediate interest for **CHRISTIAN HERALD** readers.

Progress of Religion

For instance, there is an article entitled, "The Progress of Religion," which is a preface to eighteen pages of statistics and information relating to the various religious bodies or denominations in the United States—what they are, what they do and what they number. These statistics have been prepared especially for *The Christian Herald Almanac* by H. K. Carroll, LL.D., who was religious statistician of the United States Census.

Another section of the *Almanac* is devoted to the Government of the United States. It contains many statistics concerning the government officials, the various bureaus at Washington, the public debt of the United States, Post Office regulations, the Census, Immigration, etc.

Following this is a section devoted to comparative statistics of all States, showing their area, largest cities, population, agriculture, minerals, wealth, schools and public charities.

Other Features

"The Market Garden" is treated very fully, and so is "The Great American Hen."

A page entitled "The Liquor Traffic" shows the progress of prohibition throughout the world.

"The Realm of Woman" is full of interest for the homemaker.

"While Waiting for the Doctor" tells you what to do in case of accident before the physician arrives.

Of course there are tables of weights and measures, interest laws of the States, "Things the Farmer Should Know," "Household Hints," "Hints for the Care of Children," and "Facts Worth Remembering," concerning mountains, islands, rivers, cities, railroads, etc.

Finally there are fiction stories, great thoughts of great men, pages of humorous material and jokes—jokes which can be read with innocent enjoyment in any Christian household.

Address: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

The Portrait Life of Lincoln

By DR. FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

"The Portrait Life of Lincoln" is more than a book. It is a gallery containing every picture taken of Lincoln, the majority of which were part of the great collection of photographs made by Matthew B. Brady during the Civil War. These photographs are a revelation of historical truths. They are all of large size and many of them occupy full pages. The story of the greatest crisis in the history of the republic is told in these photographs.

Among the 110 treasures are the first portrait ever taken of Lincoln; photographs of Lincoln taken when his name first passed over the country during the Lincoln-Douglas debates; photographs taken while he was running for United States Senator; during the Missouri Compromise; on the battle ground of Antietam, the bloodiest day in the Civil War; last photograph of Lincoln ever taken; Secret Service photographs of Lincoln's assassins taken on the gallows; photographs of the funeral bier and procession while Lincoln was being taken on his sixteen-hundred-mile journey to Springfield, when twenty-five million people were attending memorial services to the martyred President.

"The Portrait of Lincoln," however, is not merely a collection of photographs. Accompanying them is a prose commentary by Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller, which throws further light on the life of this great man. As near as possible Dr. Miller has told it in Lincoln's own words, that is, with copious quotations from his speeches and sayings, which show the foundation of Lincoln's character; the influence of love on his life; his political principles; the rugged honesty of his heart; the problems that tested his strength; the gathering of humanity under his leadership; his fortitude in the hour of trial; his faith in the common people; his humility in the hour of victory; his sympathy for the unfortunate; the veil of sorrow that spread over the nation when he was assassinated. The volume contains Lincoln's first public speech and many of those delivered throughout his life, particularly the address at Gettysburg, in magnanimity of spirit, simplicity, brevity and historical import, the greatest speech in American annals.

The volume contains a chronology of the historical events in the growth of the American nation from the birth to the death of Lincoln.

Truly, this volume is one which should be used as a text-book by every one interested in the uplift and preservation of integrity of character. It is an inspiration.

Bound in cloth, with illustrated cover, this volume is offered as a premium by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The book retails at \$2. Send us \$2 and we will send you THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, *The Christian Herald Almanac* and *The Portrait Life of Lincoln*, all postpaid. Or we will send the book free, postpaid, as a premium for one new subscription for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at \$1.50.

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The Pictorial Life of Christ

Eighty Magnificent Sculptural Illustrations by the
Famous Italian Master-Sculptor

DOMENICO MASTROIANNI

A new master of art has arisen—a Prince of Sculptural Artists. For six years his genius has been devoted to illustrating the Gospel narrative of Jesus' earthly sojourn, and the result, now given to the world in eighty remarkable plastic pictures, has excited the wonder and admiration of connoisseurs on two continents. This already famous Italian Master-Sculptor, Domenico Mastroianni, has "imbibed the very spirit of the Holy Land." In his scenes, every figure stands out with vivid distinctness and almost startling clearness of detail. The characters, postures and surroundings are those of Nazareth and Jerusalem. We see the Saviour himself—a commanding figure of royal dignity blended with divine pity, yet withal intensely human—"in all things as we are."

These magnificent pictures are not paintings. They are something finer. The originals are combinations of sculpture and sculptural reliefs done in wax and clay and wonderfully grouped and photographed in such a way as to bring out in sharp contrast the lights and shadows and perspectives. The resulting photograph is something absolutely and entirely different in the history of art. There is a depth of space realized in looking at these pictures that you have never known in looking at a drawing or painting. Throughout all the pictures there is a reverence, an atmosphere of worship in the treatment of these themes, which is instantly appreciated. Never has the artist lost sight of the fact that his task was a sacred one. His work will be an inspiration to all who view it in this book. Splendid as a triumph of art, these pictures are priceless as the highest tribute that consecrated genius can pay to the greatest subject the artist could have chosen. He has brought us into intimate touch with the daily life of Jesus and shed a flood of radiance on the Life and Mission of the Saviour of men and brought them before us in vivid and realistic portrayal.

No expense has been spared in producing a book worthy in every respect of these wonderful pictures. The binding is an extremely handsome design in gold scroll-work with combination of red-and-gold letters upon the side and back of the cover, which measures 7x10 inches. This splendid volume will instantly attract attention wherever shown. *The New Pictorial Life of Christ* would ordinarily sell in bookstores for not less than \$4 a copy.

The *Christian Herald Almanac* for 1913—a 104-page Year Book of religious and general information—will be given to each subscriber free of charge. We will send *The New Pictorial Life of Christ*, a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the 1913 *Christian Herald Almanac*, all sent postpaid for \$3.

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